THE
OCEAN OF STORY

BEING

C. H. TAWNEY'S TRANSLATION

OF

SOMADEVA'S KATHĀ SARIT SĀGARA

(OR OCEAN OF STREAMS OF STORY)

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION, FRESH
EXPLANATORY NOTES AND TERMINAL ESSAY
BY

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IN TEN VOLUMES

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WITH A FOREWORD BY
Dr. M. GASTER Ph.D.

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FOREWORD

IT is with great diffidence that I venture to step in where the great masters of Indian scholarship found some difficulty to tread. It is a heavy task to follow in the wake of men like Sir Richard Temple and Sir George Grierson, to whom Sanskrit literature is an open book, but turning the leaves I found they had left some blank pages, and on these I shall endeavour to put down some of the thoughts which this new edition of Tawney's translation of Somadeva's great work has suggested to me. I am encouraged to undertake this work owing to the kind invitation with which Mr Penzer has honoured me, and by whom I have been granted the privilege of appreciating to the full the excellent work which he is performing in producing his *magnum opus*. By his illuminating notes, and by the extensive treatment of some *motifs* found in this collection, he has carried his investigations far beyond the narrow borders of the original home of the *Kathā Sarit Sāgara*. With immense industry and keen insight he has been able to accumulate a mass of literary parallels from all parts of the world which gives to this edition a value of its own, and places it in the forefront of modern studies in comparative literature.

It is from this point of view that I will address myself to the task thus placed before me. Many a problem arises from the contemplation of this Indian literature in its relation to the other literatures of a similar kind. In the first place, the students of folk-lore are returning again to the question as to whether the inland lake of Indian tales was the ocean which overflowed its banks and carried these tales on the crest of its waves to distant lands and many nations. Ever since Benfey published his famous introduction to the German translation of the *Pañchatantra*—and here I fully re-echo Mr Penzer's desideratum for an English translation brought up to date—this question has never ceased to agitate the mind of scholars. True, he was the first to show how great has been the influence of Indian literature upon mediæval fiction, but he also drew within the circle of his investigations a number of modern fairy-tales. His researches centred to a large extent round the literary products of India, notably those books which were unquestionably of Indian origin, and which had reached the West through manifold translations. *Kalila wa Dimna*, *Syntipas* and, to a certain extent, *Barlaam and Josaphat* are the typical representatives of this book-literature. It is now a fact that none of these books could have reached the West before the sixth century, the time when the first translation, at any rate, of the *Kalila wa Dimna* was made into Pahlavi by Barzoe at the Court of the Sassanian kings.

None of these books, then, reached Europe before the tenth or eleventh century at the earliest. Thus he merely touched the fringe of the greater problem as to the relation between the Indian and the European folk-tales and legends. Benfey's theory stimulated the question rather than answered it, and a reaction set in which put folk-lorists on a different scent. The question had not been rightly put. It was not to be reduced merely to the relation of the Indian tales to European folk-lore in connection only with these books, for Benfey endeavoured to trace it back as well to other Indian collections of tales, and among them he drew very often upon Somadeva's *Ocean*.

Mr Penzer has happily been able to fix the date of Somadeva's literary activity *c.* 1070. This is at least five hundred years later than the date of the translation of the *Pañchatantra*, and creates a new problem as to the antiquity of the tales so sedulously collected, and also to a large extent copied by him.

How old are these tales, and whence did he derive them? As Mr Penzer rightly remarks in his Introduction, many a river has flowed into this ocean and has swelled its size. Can we trace these rivers to their ultimate source, or tell how long it has taken them to cut through the gorges of the mountains until they reached the lake or the ocean? What elements did they carry in their course, and how long was it before these turgid waters mingled together and allowed their sediments to settle at the bottom of the ocean, so that the waters, clear and transparent, should be able to reflect the blue sky and the radiant light of the sun during the day, and the silvery rays of the moon should play gently upon the waves, slightly moved by lover or tossed heaven-high by the storm of human passion? I do not feel competent to touch upon the question raised with such consummate knowledge by Sir Richard Temple as to the Dravidian or Aryan elements in this ocean. I wish we knew more of anything that is purely Dravidian or purely Aryan in legend and tales, and even in customs and beliefs. There is no pure race in the world, and I believe nowhere has such a blending and mixing of races taken place as in Central Asia and also in India. Who to-day can disentangle the skein and separate every strand? If anywhere, it is in the world of spirit and fiction that this blending goes on so continuously and so profoundly, that I for one fear me to approach this problem with the hope of arriving at a definite and satisfactory result.

Beyond the limited border of known facts there lies the wide world of hypotheses. There the goblins of fancy disport themselves, and that is the land where the spirit roams freely. Happily there are no geographical or religious or national boundaries in that land of imagination and fancy. The whole of mankind dwells therein. There is that higher unity after which man is yearning, and only there is that bliss which gives to the tales their peculiar charm.

But now let us return to sober facts, lest we are carried away too far into dreamland and lose the ground under our feet. At the time when Somadeva made his collection, not far from Kashmir Firdusi wrote his great poem *Shahnameh*, the mighty epic of the Persian kings, embodying the ancient legends of Iran; and in the West we witness the rise of epic poems and the romances of chivalry, not to speak of the great Arabic poem of *Antar*, all dealing with the great heroes of the past. What epic poems may have been lost with the Pahlavi literature, at which Firdusi hints, none can tell, save for those remnants that are found in Georgian and other late translations. One point which they have in common is that they are all written in verse, just as Somadeva's *Ocean.* In looking for origins here we have a certain clue. They were all intended to be sung or recited with accompaniment to music. They formed from the beginning a written literature. The minstrels and troubadours in the West, the wandering Kaleki in Russia, did not read as prose those poems or ballads, but they sang them at the banqueting-tables of the great, or on the roadside to the poor, and on their pilgrimages to hallowed spots. The unwritten literature and the oral recital may have preceded the written poem. But it would not be easy to determine whether the oral tale preceded these poetic versifications, and what influence they may have exercised upon the imagination of the poet; but here they have become fixed and no longer float about, and form, as it will be seen, the starting-point of further development.

That Somadeva had used to a very large extent written literature there can be no doubt. Many of the *Jātakas* and tales from the *Pañchatantra*, which had been written down centuries before Somadeva, have indeed found their place in his *Ocean.* He may have used some oral traditions too, but, as just now mentioned, it would be very difficult to trace them. Thus far we would, then, have two sets of popular literature, but the process did not end by the writing down of the oral tale. The written book became in time the starting-point of a new set of oral lore. I shall return to these phases in the development of the popular literature when discussing the modern fairy-tale. For the time being it must suffice to have raised this question, and to hint at the possibility of Somadeva and of his immediate predecessors having made use also of some of the ballads and legends floating about only. But these may have been developed out of more ancient writings, thus forming a cycle which, however, did not lead to Nirvana.

If Indian tales and legends, Indian teachings, beliefs and customs have really spread Westwards at a time anterior to the translation of the writings mentioned before, it may have been done by word of mouth. Buddhist missionaries, as is well known, carried the teachings of the Master far and wide. Their presence in Alexandria in the second century B.C. is a well-established fact, and so one may mention parenthetically the presence of Buddhist monks in the north of Europe. What kind of seed did they carry in their bosom or their knapsack? Did they bring written *Jātakas*—if they were already then written down—or did they, as the story-teller to-day in the East, tell to a spellbound audience the miraculous life and adventures of the Great One?

Here Somadeva's *Ocean*, on the one side, which contains not a few of these *Jātakas*, and shows us how in the course of time they were adapted to changed circumstances, and Mr Penzer's scholarly notes on the other, help us to approach this problem with some hope of solution. Two remarkable beliefs suddenly come to light about that period.

Firstly, in the Hellenistic as well as Jewish Apocryphal literature we hear suddenly of a belief that, attracted by the beauty of women, angels fell from heaven. The love for women had overcome them and they lost their angelic status. Or, one of the angels, moved by insensate pride, lost his station in heaven and was cast down to earth, and henceforth acts as the inspirer of all evil. It is not here the place to do more than briefly refer to this extraordinary conception, and to the remarkable consequences to which it led, through the evolution of the idea of redemption and salvation. Whatever form this latter theory may have assumed in the religious system of Iran, the story of the fall of angels does not occur anywhere else except among the nations living in Egypt and Palestine, and in the tales of Somadeva, where we find it over and over again.

Many an Apsaras or Vidyādhara has lost his station as a divine being and has been cursed for his love of men and women exactly as in the Henochic literature. Is this of Indian origin?

Secondly, we have in Egypt, the home of aberrations of the mind and of morbid introspection and consciousness of human frailty, that peculiar development of extreme asceticism. The monks in the desert of Egypt mortify their flesh, and shun the pleasures of the world as so many temptations of the Evil One, giving their life up to the same morbid introspection to gain thereby heavenly bliss. There may have been some sects of an ascetic turn of mind along the banks of the Jordan and the banks of the Nile, like the Essenes and the Therapeuts—and who knows whether these also have not been influenced by Buddhist missionaries preaching the gospel of asceticism as the means of salvation—but they flourish nowhere so strongly as in Egypt, where the people were surrounded by tombs, by books and by monuments of the dead. Did they bring some of the parables found in the New Testament? To these questions Somadeva's *Ocean* gives the answer. If they can be shown to be as old as the *Jātakas*, those tales would carry us back at least one thousand years before they were written down in their actual form.

On the other hand, did not India receive from the West? Those who travelled Westwards returned also to the East; they carried and fetched; just as easily as they could bring tales and legends, so could they also carry back some of the rich stores accumulated in other lands. Either way it is very difficult to discover the hall-mark of origin. Each nation quarrying in the same way the same mine of the spirit, and even one nation borrowing the gold from the other, puts its own seal on the coins which it mints. A river or rivulet flowing from Egypt or Palestine towards India will mingle its waters with the mighty ocean and become so profoundly assimilated as not to be easily recognised.

The farther back we go the more difficult it gets, no doubt, to settle the question of the priority, especially when the chronological dates are missing. Difficult as it is in the case of the pre-Christian period and of Greek myths, carried in all probability along by the armies of Alexander, it becomes still more difficult if we are turning to old Babylonian and Assyrian traditions, customs and beliefs. One country borders practically on the other, and the recent discoveries of Babylonian or Sumerian tablets (inscriptions) in India more than countenanced the belief in direct intercourse between India and Babylon. What may have flowed from one country into the other must for the time being remain an object of speculation, which, however, in this case, rests on a solid basis of facts.

Again, if we remember the activity of Christian missionaries, some of whom, like St Thomas, have been directly connected with India, and others, especially the Nestorians, how many legends could they not have carried with them and contributed to increase the amount of the popular lore in India ? Besides, there is a rich material in the innumerable legends of the saints, which waits for the sifting hand and scholarly insight of men fully prepared for the task to examine the possible relations between Indian legends and Christian hagiology. Everywhere a strong assimilation has taken place. This is a regular process through which all the tales and legends are passing. One need not go farther than to remember the legend of Barlaam and Josaphat, who have become saints of the Church. Centuries have passed since their story was first circulated throughout Europe, and many a parable has become the property of the Western world, influencing even the genius of Shakespeare in the story of the Three Caskets, and it was only by the middle of the last century that Liebrecht recognised in them a Christianised form of the life and legends of Buddha, so thoroughly had their character been changed, and yet in essence they remain the same.

There is a profound psychological element in all these tales and legends, which appeals to the human heart and tends to explain to some extent the ready admission of such tales, quite indifferent as to their origin and the primitive meaning attached to them. The contemplation of the world and its miseries leads to two extremes—the asceticism of Buddha or the unbounded frivolity of the rich and the powerful. One, no doubt, produces the other. The contemplation of the Hedonism among the Greeks of Alexandria could create a reaction which culminated in that mortification of the flesh, and vice versa ; the morbid turning away from all pleasure and joy as well as from duty and responsibility may have created a revulsion in the opposite direction. Thus the *Decameron* was written at a time when the plague decimated the city of Florence, and Somadeva's *Ocean* was written, as Mr Penzer shows, at a time of murder and bloodshed, horror and despair. It is at such times that the soul takes refuge in a better and happier world as a consolation for the miseries of this world. Men wish to dream themselves away from the sore trials with which they are beset, and they grope instinctively for a world in which justice and mercy hold sway, righteousness triumphs over wickedness, and love finds its reward.

This is the general character of the fairy-tale to which I am now turning, and Mr Penzer has taken special pains to discover as many parallels as possible in the fairy-lore of the world. Here, again, we are confronted with a problem which is beginning practically to divide the two schools of thought. What has been the fate of these old stories and tales, and how have they become disseminated and known to the people? Nature abhors a vacuum and the spirit partakes of the same character. Everything is in constant flux, ebb and flow alternate. A literature that has reached the high-water mark does not keep it for long, and who can discover the water-sheds of literature, when they are running down from the heights of the palace and the cloister to mingle with the masses, and thus to become the real popular literature.

Leaving the ancient sources as a mere matter of speculation, we are more concerned with those facts which are easily discernible and can be followed up with greater accuracy and reliability. As hinted, many of these tales and stories deal either with the prowess of the hero on the battle-field, or with the spiritual wrestling of the saint. They have, one may surmise, in many cases a local origin; they can be localised geographically and connected with some outstanding personality, either a king or a Bodhisattva, with the former in epic poem tales, and with the latter in a pious legend. Here we have, then, indications as to the possible origin and date of some of these ancient tales at the time when they reached Somadeva, and also the way shown by which their dissemination may have been carried out. One outstanding characteristic of this literature is that a legend or tale after a time can be, and is, either slightly changed or entirely readapted in its further transmission. Yet in all this work of change and transmission I insist one must bear in mind that the written word remains the primary source for the later development. Those who were present at the recital by the bard at the court of the baron or king may then repeat the story by word of mouth, and those who join in pilgrimage to a holy place will listen with deep reverence and joy to the tales of miracles and wonders which have been performed by the saints in that special spot. Then these, scattering far and wide, and still following the great routes of pilgrimage, will at every halting-place and stage of their journey repeat and simplify, change and alter, the stories which they have heard.

Still another element assists in this development from the written to the oral—the picture and the sculpture. The stories are written in stones as well as on paper, and they in turn become the material upon which the imaginative power of the spirit feeds. At a certain period, almost contemporary with Somadeva, a rich store of Indian tales had been poured into Europe. A kind of levelling had been accomplished from East to West. We are in a better position to study here the gulf stream flowing from one part of the world to the other, and carrying with it some of the exotic trees and fruits of distant lands. They became quickly naturalised; they found everywhere a fertile soil and produced an unexpected crop, rich and luxuriant. Thus a vast amount of fiction has been accumulated, and as in the East so in the West it slowly glided down from the high places which it originally occupied to the lowly places in which men dwell. There the written book rules paramount, and the pictures which accompany it tend to make its contents familiar to larger circles.

The invention of the printing-press marks a turning-point and carries the written word far and wide among those who have now learned to master the mystery of the alphabet. Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* give us the best example of this literary migration and dissemination. The tales are told on a pilgrimage, just as in centuries before, but these are all of a literary origin, mostly from Boccaccio, and one, at least, from the cloisters.

Thus the oral literature develops step by step, East and West alike, drawing its inspiration ultimately from the written book. I know it is a view which is shared by very few, if by any. But a careful study of the history of the chap-books, or "La Littérature du Colportage," as Nisard called it, must lead to the same conclusion. The ancient romances slowly dwindle down to such small story-books as carried by the chapmen on their backs, and cheapened in the markets of the world, and are even still more reduced to illustrated broadsides. They show thus the slow decay which has overtaken the old written literature and has transformed it into the oral one.

We have now to go only one step farther, and in many cases the fairy-tale collected from the mouth of the people turns out to be a mere repetition of a printed chap-book. This brings me now to touch, as briefly as I can within the limited space afforded to me, upon that part in Mr Penzer's work in which he refers to the fairy-tales. There is no better guide than he in following up the parallels for modern fairy-tales so richly adduced by him.

A gap of close upon a thousand years separates Somadeva's *Ocean* from the small rivulets flowing out of it. The process of transformation has been the same in the East as in the West, and given the same motives the result must be similar. Here also there have been literary intermediaries at various stages between past and present, and in all probability the poetic imagination has ripened the fruit in the East much more quickly than in the West, and has produced what we call now the fairy-tale, with its glowing richness of fancy, some time before it assumed the shape in which we know it in Europe. Still one important fact must be retained—namely, that for a large number of incidents literary parallels can be adduced to prove irrefutably some connection between the written and the oral. The fairy-tale often turns out to be a replica of the old tale stripped of its geographical limitations and historical personages. It has freed itself from these trammels, it has broken down the barriers, and it is roaming freely over many countries.

The fact of the similarity of folk-tales in many parts of the world, discovered since Grimm started his collection, has given rise to many interpretations. Grimm's mythological theory, which recognises in the persons and incidents found in the fairy-tales remnants of ancient Teutonic mythology, has developed into a much wider anthropological theory. According to this latter the popular tales are nothing else but the depositories of primeval culture and primitive civilisation. These incidents are nothing else but survivals carried unconsciously by the people, who have lost every knowledge of their origin and character. But I see in these alleged "survivals" nothing else but some of the archaic details found in the written literature. The anthropological interpretation must fail when we find the very same story among nations that are almost of yesterday and are divided from one another by race, faith and tradition—*e.g.* Rumanians, Hungarians, Bulgarians and Turks—yet have practically the same tales in common. Still more curious is the fact that such tales as are found in the east of Europe among the varying races are also found in England, in which the greatest mixture of races has taken place. Picts and Celts, Romans and Angles, Saxons and Danes, no less than Normans, have all contributed towards the formation of the British nation. How could they bring their own traditions and blend them together in such a manner that out of that melting-pot should arise the modern fairy-tale, unlike any of them, and yet like the rest of the fairy-tales of the world? Not so, however, if we believe them to be of a somewhat more modern origin, carried to a large extent by word of mouth in this their latest shape of development. They are neither the most ancient property of the people nor are they of such permanent character as the followers of the anthropological school would postulate. One has only to compare the stories collected in the East and in the eastern parts of Europe with those collected in the West, and then those collected a century ago with those collected in our own times, to realise that when they reached the West they were shorn of most of their poetic beauty and that they are fast disappearing. If this could happen within a century, how could they have persisted for thousands of years? To these theories, therefore, I oppose what I may call the historical, an investigation which, instead of roaming far and wide and losing itself in the mists of the past, traces every tale and legend step by step from the modern type to a possibly more ancient written source, but directly and immediately connected with it in historical sequence. It is thus a question of tracing the literary influence upon popular lore and the possible reaction of the latter upon the former.

A careful examination of the tales from the stock of the European literature, and in fact of all the oral popular lore, reveals the surprising fact that they can all be reduced to a very limited number of types, not exceeding a hundred, and in all probability very much less. They are the elements out of which, through various combinations, the vast number of tales has been evolved. A rich material had already been accumulating in Europe during the previous centuries and a slight impetus and a few examples from the East would suffice to set the world of fancy in motion and to produce the new popular literature. The same shading down from the most perfect works of literary art has been taking place in the East as well as in the West, and this Mr Penzer shows by the parallels from Indian literature with the same results.

I now turn again to the present edition of the *Kathā Sarit Sāgara*. Not for their sins but for their virtues the tales are reborn over and over again, sometimes in a divine shape, sometimes in a human shape, for, travelling along the borders of this limitless ocean of poetry, the panorama changes and yet it remains the same. In the *Ocean* we do not find the modern novel with its psychological problem describing in detail the torture of the soul, but pictures of a life in which God and men play their parts often to bring happiness, but just as often telling us life as it is, with its ups and downs, with its hopes and disappointments, such as it has been lived in ancient India, and has always been lived throughout the world, and throughout all time.

To Mr Penzer the deepest thanks are due from all those who are interested in these entrancing studies.

M. GASTER.

LONDON, *3rd February* 1925.

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PREFACE

THE present volume contains more text than either of the two preceding ones, and Vol. IV will carry us to the end of Mr Tawney's first volume.

Dr Barnett continues his proof-reading and has given invaluable advice on a number of points. In the absence of Mr Fenton, who is pursuing his archæological studies in Central America, my old friend, Mr Douglas Marshall, has kindly read through the proofs, making many valuable suggestions.

Any fresh acknowledgments are duly made in the notes themselves.

N. M. P.

St John's Wood,
5th February 1925.

THE
OCEAN OF STORY

BOOK VI: MADANAMANCHUKĀ

CHAPTER XXVII

INVOCATION

MAY the god with the face of an elephant, who appears, with his head bowed down and then raised, to be continually threatening the hosts of obstacles, protect you.

I adore the God of Love, pierced with the showers of whose arrows even the body of Śiva seems to bristle with dense thorns, when embraced by Umā.

Now hear the heavenly adventures which Naravāhanadatta, speaking of himself in the third person, told from the very beginning, after he had obtained the sovereignty of the Vidyādharas, and had been questioned about the story of his life on some occasion or other by the seven Ṛishis and their wives.

[M] Then that Naravāhanadatta, being carefully brought up by his father, passed his eighth year. The prince lived at that time with the sons of the ministers, being instructed in sciences and sporting in gardens. And the Queen Vāsavadattā and Padmāvatī also, on account of their exceeding affection, were devoted to him day and night. He was distinguished by a body which was sprung from a noble stock, and bent under the weight of his growing virtues, and gradually filled out, as also by a bow which was made of a good bamboo, which bent as the string rose, and slowly arched itself into a crescent.[1] And his father, the King of

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[1] This is an elaborate pun in the original. *Guṇa* = "string" and "virtue"; *vanśa* = "race" and "bamboo."

Vatsa, spent his time in wishes for his marriage and other happiness, delightful because so soon to bear fruit.

Now hear what happened at this point of the story.

The Merchant's Son in Takshaśilā

There was once a city named Takshaśilā[1] on the banks of the Vitastā, the reflection of whose long line of palaces gleamed in the waters of the river, as if it were the capital of the lower regions come to gaze at its splendour. In it there dwelt a king named Kalingadatta, a distinguished Buddhist, all whose subjects were devoted to the great Buddha, the bridegroom of Tārā.[2] His city shone with splendid Buddhist temples densely crowded together, as if with the horns of pride elevated because it had no rival upon earth. He not only cherished his subjects like a father, but also himself taught them knowledge like a spiritual guide. Moreover, there was in that city a certain rich Buddhist merchant called Vitastadatta, who was exclusively devoted to the honouring of Buddhist mendicants. And he had a son, a young man named Ratnadatta. And he was always expressing his detestation of his father, calling him an impious man. And when his father said to him, "Son, why do you blame me?" the merchant's son answered with bitter scorn: "My father, you abandon the religion of the three Vedas and cultivate irreligion. For you neglect the Brāhmans and are always honouring Śramaṇas.[3] What have you to do with that Buddhist discipline, which all kinds of low-caste men resort to, to gratify their desire to have a convent to dwell in, released from bathing and other strict ordinances, loving to feed whenever it is convenient,[4] rejecting the Brāhmanical lock and other prescribed methods of doing the hair, quite at ease with only a rag round their loins ? "

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[1] The Taxila of the Greek writers. The Vitastā is the Hydaspes of the Greeks, now called Jhelum.

[2] Monier Williams says that Tārā was the wife of the Buddha Amoghasiddha. Benfey (*Orient u. Occident*, vol. i, p. 373) says she was a well-known Buddhist saint. The passage might perhaps mean, "The Buddha adorned with most brilliant stars." It has been suggested to me that Tārāvara may mean Śiva, and that the passage means that the Śaiva and Buddha religions were both professed in the city of Takshaśilā.

[3] *I.e.* Buddhist ascetics.

[4] A MS. in the Sanskrit College reads *sukāla* for *svakāla*: the meaning is much the same.

When the merchant heard that, he said : " Religion is not confined to one form ; a transcendent religion is a different thing from a religion that embraces the whole world. People say that Brāhmanism too consists in avoiding passion and other sins, in truth, and compassion to creatures, not in quarrelling causelessly with one's relations.[1] Moreover, you ought not to blame generally that school which I follow, which extends security to all creatures, on account of the fault of an individual. Nobody questions the propriety of conferring benefits, and my beneficence consists simply in giving security to creatures. So, if I take exceeding pleasure in this system, the principal characteristic of which is abstinence from injuring any creature, and which brings liberation, wherein am I irreligious in doing so ? "

When his father said this to him, that merchant's son obstinately refused to admit it, and only blamed his father the more. Then his father, in disgust, went and reported the whole matter to the King Kalingadatta, who superintended the religion of his people. The king, for his part, summoned on some pretext the merchant's son into his judgment-hall, and feigning an anger he did not feel, said to the executioner : " I have heard that this merchant's son is wicked and addicted to horrible crimes, so slay him without mercy as a corrupter of the realm." When the king had said this, the father interceded, and then the king appointed that the execution should be put off for two months, in order that he might learn virtue, and entrusted the merchant's son to the custody of his father, to be brought again into his presence at the end of that time. The merchant's son, when he had been taken home to his father's house, was distracted with fear, and kept thinking, " What crime can I have committed against the king ? " and pondering over his causeless execution which was to take place at the end of two months : and so he could get no sleep day or night, and was exhausted by taking less than his usual food at all times.

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[1] A MS. in the Sanskrit College reads *nigrahaḥ*, " blaming one's relations without cause."

Then, the reprieve of two months having expired, that merchant's son was again taken, thin and pale, into the presence of the king. And the king, seeing him in such a depressed state, said to him: "Why have you become so thin? Did I order you not to eat?" When the merchant's son heard that, he said to the king: "I forgot myself for fear, much more my food. Ever since I heard your Majesty order my execution I have been thinking every day of death slowly advancing." When the merchant's son said this, the king said to him: "I have by an artifice made you teach yourself what the fear of death is.[1] Such must be the fear which every living creature entertains of death, and tell me what higher piety can there be than the benefit of preserving creatures from that? So I showed you this in order that you might acquire religion and the desire of salvation,[2] for a wise man being afraid of death strives to attain salvation. Therefore you must not blame your father, who follows this religion." When the merchant's son heard this, he bowed and said to the king: "Your Majesty has made me a blessed man by teaching me religion, and now a desire for salvation has arisen in me; teach me that also, my lord." When the king heard that, as it was a feast in the city, he gave a vessel full of oil into the hand of the merchant's son and said to him: "Take this vessel in your hand and walk all round this city, and you must avoid spilling a single drop of it, my son; if you spill one drop of it these men will immediately cut you down."[3] Having said this, the king dismissed the merchant's son to walk round the city, ordering men with drawn swords to follow him.

The merchant's son, in his fear, took care to avoid spilling a drop of oil, and having perambulated that city with much difficulty, returned into the presence of the king. The king, when he saw that he had brought the oil without spilling it, said to him: "Did you see anyone to-day as you went along in your perambulation of the city?" When the merchant's son heard that, he clasped his hands and said to the king: "In truth, my lord, I neither saw nor heard anything, for at the time when I was perambulating the city I had my undivided attention fixed on avoiding spilling a drop of oil, lest the swords should descend upon me." When the merchant's son said this, the king said to him: "Because your whole soul was intent on looking at the oil you saw nothing. So practise religious contemplation with the same undivided attention. For a man who with intent concentration averts his attention from all outward operations has intuition of the truth, and after that intuition he is not entangled again in the meshes of works. Thus I have given you in a compendious form instruction in the doctrine of salvation." Thus the king spoke, and dismissed him, and the merchant's son fell at his feet and went home rejoicing to his father's house, having attained all his objects.

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[1] *Cf.* Ralston's *Russian Folk-Tales*, p. 122, and Bartsch's *Sagen, Märchen u. Gebräuche aus Meklenburg*, vol. i, p. 90.——See also Chauvin, *Bibliographie des Ouvrages Arabes*, viii, p. 181.—N.M.P.

[2] *Moksha* is the soul's final release from further transmigrations.

[3] Cf. *Gesta Romanorum*, cxliii (Bohn's edit.). This idea is found in the *Telapatta-Jātaka*, Fausböll, vol. i, p. 393.

This Kalingadatta, who superintended in this way the religion of his subjects, had a wife named Tārādattā, of equal birth with the king, who, being politic and well-conducted, was such an ornament to the king as language is to a poet, who delights in numerous illustrations. She was meritorious for her bright qualities and was inseparable from that beloved king, being to him what the moonlight is to the moon, the receptacle of nectar. The king lived happily there with that queen, and passed his days like Indra with Śachī in heaven.

The Apsaras Surabhidattā

At this point of my tale Indra, for some cause or other, had a great feast in heaven. All the Apsarases assembled there to dance, except one beautiful Apsaras named Surabhidattā, who was not to be seen there. Then Indra, by his divine power of insight, perceived her associating in secret with a certain Vidyādhara in Nandana. When Indra saw it wrath arose in his bosom, and he thought: "Ah! these two, blinded with love, are both wicked: the Apsaras because, forgetting us, she acts in a wilful manner; the Vidyādhara because he enters the domain of the gods and commits improprieties. Or rather, what fault is that miserable Vidyādhara guilty of? For she has enticed him here, ensnaring him with her beauty. A lovely one will sweep away with the sea of her beauty, flowing between the lofty banks of her breasts, even one who can restrain his passions. Was not even Śiva disturbed long ago when he beheld Tilottamā, whom the Creator made by taking an atom from all the noblest beings?"[1] And did not Viśvāmitra leave his asceticism when he beheld Menakā? And did not Yayāti come to old age for love of Śarmishthā? So this young Vidyādhara has committed no crime in allowing himself to be allured by an Apsaras with her beauty, which is able to bewilder the three worlds.[2] But this heavenly nymph is in fault, wicked creature, void of virtue, who has deserted the gods and introduced this fellow into Nandana." Thus reflecting, the lover of Ahalyā[3] spared the Vidyādhara youth, but cursed that Apsaras in the following words:—"Wicked one, take upon thyself a mortal nature; but after thou hast obtained a daughter not sprung from the womb, and hast accomplished the object of the gods, thou shalt return to this heaven."

In the meanwhile Tārādattā, the consort of that king in the city of Takshaśilā, reached the period favourable for procreation. And Surabhidattā, the Apsaras who had been degraded from heaven by the curse of Indra, was conceived in her, giving beauty to her whole body. Then Tārādattā beheld in a dream a flame descending from heaven and entering into her womb; and in the morning she described with astonishment her dream to her husband, the King Kalingadatta; and he, being pleased, said to her: "Queen, heavenly beings owing to a curse fall into human births, so I am persuaded that this is some divine being conceived in you. For beings, bound by various works, good and evil, are ever revolving in the state of mundane existence in these three worlds, to receive fruits blessed and miserable." When the queen was thus addressed by the king, she took the opportunity of saying to him: "It is true, actions, good and bad, have a wonderful power, producing the perception of joy and sorrow,[1] and in proof of it I will give you this illustration. Listen to me.

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[1] A kind of Pandora.

[2] *Cf.* the argument in the *Eunuchus* of Terence (Act III, sc. 6) which shocked St Augustine so much (*Confessions*, i, 16).

[3] *Et tonantem Jovem et adulterantem.*——See Vol. II, pp. 45, 46, of the *Ocean of Story.*—N.M.P.

30. *Story of King Dharmadatta and his Wife Nāgaśrī*

There once lived a king named Dharmadatta, the lord of Kośala; he had a queen named Nāgaśrī, who was devoted to her husband and was called Arundhatī on the earth, as, like her, she was the chief of virtuous women. And in course of time, O slayer of your enemies, I was born as the daughter of that king by that queen; then, while I was a mere child, that mother of mine suddenly remembered her former birth, and said to her husband: "O King, I have suddenly to-day remembered my former birth; it is disagreeable to me not to tell it, but if I do tell it it will cause my death, because they say that if a person suddenly remembers his or her former birth, and tells it, it surely brings death. Therefore, King, I feel excessively despondent." When his queen said this to him, the king answered her: "My beloved, I, like you, have suddenly remembered my former birth; therefore tell me yours, and I will tell you mine; let what will be, be; for who can alter the decree of fate?" When thus urged by her husband, the queen said to him: "If you press the matter, King, then I will tell you. Listen.

"In my former birth I was a well-conducted female slave in this very land, in the house of a certain Brāhman named Mādhava. And in that birth I had a husband named Devadāsa, an excellent hired servant in the house of a certain merchant. And so we two dwelled there, having built a house that suited us, living on the cooked rice brought from the houses of our respective masters. A water vessel and a pitcher, a broom and a brazier, and I and my husband formed three couples. We lived happy and contented in our house, into which the demon of quarrelling never entered, eating the little food that remained over after we had made offerings to the gods, the manes and guests. And any clothes which either of us had we gave to some poor person or other. Then there arose a grievous famine in our country, and owing to that the allowance of food, which we had to receive every day, began to come to us in small quantities. Then our bodies became attenuated by hunger, and we began to despond in mind, when once on a time at meal-time there arrived a weary Brāhman guest. To him we both gave all our own food, as much as we had, though we were in danger of our lives. When the Brāhman had eaten and departed, my husband's breath left him, as if angry that he respected a guest more than it. And then I heaped up in honour of my husband a suitable pyre, and ascended it, and so laid down the load of my own calamity. Then I was born in a royal family, and I became your queen; for the tree of good deeds produces to the righteous inconceivably glorious fruit."

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[1] I separate *balavad* from *bhogadāyi*.

When his queen said this to him, the King Dharmadatta said; "Come, my beloved, I am that husband of thine in a former birth; I was that very Devadāsa, the merchant's servant, for I have remembered this moment this former existence of mine." Having said this, and mentioned the tokens of his own identity, the king, despondent and yet glad, suddenly went with his queen to heaven.

In this way my parents went to another world, and my mother's sister brought me to her own house to rear me, and while I was unmarried there came a certain Brāhman guest, and my mother's sister ordered me to wait on him. And I diligently strove to please him as Kuntī[1] to please Durvāsas, and owing to a boon conferred by him I obtained you, a virtuous husband. Thus good fortune is the result of virtue, owing to which my parents were both born at the same time in royal families, and also remembered their former birth.

[M] Having heard this speech of the Queen Tārādattā, the King Kalingadatta, who was exclusively devoted to righteousness, answered her: "It is true, a trifling act of righteousness duly performed will bring much fruit, and in proof of this, O Queen, hear the ancient tale of the seven Brāhmans.

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[1] See Vol. II, pp. 23, 24.—N.M.P.

31. *Story of the Seven Brāhmans who devoured a Cow in time of Famine*[1]

Long ago, in a city called Kuṇḍina, a certain Brāhman teacher had for pupils seven sons of Brāhmans. Then that teacher, under pressure of famine, sent those pupils to ask his father-in-law, who was rich in cows, to give him one. And those pupils of his went, with their bellies pinched by hunger, to his father-in-law, who dwelt in another land, and asked him, as their teacher had ordered them, for a cow. He gave them one cow to support them, but the miserly fellow did not give them food, though they were hungry. Then they took the cow, and as they were returning and had accomplished half the journey, being excessively pained by hunger, they fell exhausted on the earth. They said: "Our teacher's house is far off, and we are afflicted by calamity far from home, and food is hard to obtain everywhere, so it is all over with our lives. And in the same way this cow is certain to die in this wilderness without water, wood, or human beings, and our teacher will not derive even the smallest advantage from it. So let us support our lives with its flesh, and quickly restore our teacher and his family with what remains over, for it is a time of sore distress."

Having thus deliberated, those seven students treated that cow as a victim, and sacrificed it on the spot according to the system prescribed in the sacred treatises.[2] After sacrificing to the gods and manes, and eating its flesh according to the prescribed method, they went and took what remained of it to their teacher. They bowed before him and told him all that they had done, to the letter, and he was pleased with them because they told the truth, though they had committed a fault. And after seven days they died of famine, but because they told the truth on that occasion they were born again with the power of remembering their former birth.

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[1] This appears to be found in a slightly different form in the *Harivanśa* (Lévêque, *Mythes et Légendes de l'Inde et de la Perse*, p. 220).

[2] For a note on the sacred cow of the Hindus see Vol. II, pp. 240-242.—N.M.P.

[M] "Thus even a small germ of merit, watered with the water of holy aspiration, bears fruit to men in general, as a seed to cultivators, but the same corrupted by the water of impure aspiration bears fruit in the form of misfortune, and *à propos* of this I will tell you another tale. Listen.

32. *Story of the Two Ascetics, one a Brāhman, the other a Chaṇḍāla*

Once on a time two men remained for the same length of time fasting on the banks of the Ganges, one a Brāhman and the other a Chaṇḍāla. Of those two, the Brāhman being overpowered with hunger, and seeing some Nishādas[1] come that way bringing fish and eating them, thus reflected in his folly: "O happy in the world are these fishermen, sons of female slaves though they be, for they eat to their fill of the fresh meat of fish!" But the other, who was a Chaṇḍāla, thought, the moment he saw those fishermen: "Out on these destroyers of life, and devourers of raw flesh! So why should I stand here and behold their faces?" Saying this to himself, he closed his eyes and remained buried in his own thoughts. And in course of time those two, the Brāhman and the Chaṇḍāla, died of starvation; the Brāhman was eaten by dogs on the bank, the Chaṇḍāla rotted in the water of the Ganges. So that Brāhman, not having disciplined his spirit, was born in the family of a fisherman, but owing to the virtue of the holy place he remembered his former existence. As for that Chaṇḍāla, who possessed self-control, and whose mind was not marred by passion, he was born as a king in a palace on that very bank of the Ganges, and recollected his former birth. And of those two, who were born with a remembrance of their former existence, the one suffered misery, being a fisherman, the other being a king enjoyed happiness.

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[1] The name of certain aboriginal tribes described as hunters, fishermen, robbers, etc.

[M] "Such is the root of the tree of virtue; according to the purity or impurity of a man's heart is without doubt the fruit which he receives." Having said this to the Queen Tārādattā, King Kalingadatta again said to her in the course of conversation: "Moreover, actions which are really distinguished by great courage produce fruit, since prosperity follows on courage; and to illustrate this I will tell the following wonderful tale. Listen.

33. *Story of King Vikramasinha and the Two Brāhmans*

There is in Avanti a city named Ujjayinī, famous in the world, which is the dwelling-place of Śiva,[1] and which gleams with its white palaces as if with the peaks of Kailāsa, come thither in the ardour of their devotion to the god. This vast city, profound as the sea, having a splendid emperor for its water, had hundreds of armies entering it, as hundreds of rivers flow into the sea, and was the refuge of allied kings, as the sea is of mountains that retain their wings.[2] In that city there was a king who had the name of Vikramasinha,[3] a name that thoroughly expressed his character, for his enemies were like deer and never met him in fight. And he, because he could never find any enemy to face him, became disgusted with weapons and the might of his arm, and was inwardly grieved, as he never obtained the joy of battle.

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[1] In the original Mahākāla, an epithet of Śiva in his character as the destroying deity.

[2] Generally only one mountain named Maināka is said to have fled into the sea, and retained its wings when Indra clipped those of the others. The passage is, of course, an elaborate pun.

[3] *I.e.* lion of valour.

Then his minister Amaragupta, who discovered his longing, said to him incidentally in the course of conversation: "King, it is not hard for kings to incur guilt, if through pride in their strong arms, and confidence in their skill in the use of weapons, they even long for enemies; in this way Bāna, in old time, through pride in his thousand arms, propitiated Śiva and asked for an enemy that was a match for him in fight, until at last his prayer was actually granted, and Vishṇu became his enemy, and cut off his innumerable arms in battle. So you must not show dissatisfaction because you do not obtain an opportunity of fighting, and a terrible enemy must never be desired. If you want to show here your skill in weapons and your strength, show it in the forest, an appropriate field for it, and in hunting. And since kings are not generally exposed to fatigue, hunting is approved to give them exercise and excitement, but warlike expeditions are not recommended.[1] Moreover, the malignant wild animals desire that the earth should be depopulated; for this reason the king should slay them; on this ground, too, hunting is approved. But wild animals should not be too unremittingly pursued, for it was owing to the vice of exclusive devotion to hunting that former kings, Pāṇḍu and others, met destruction."

When the wise minister Amaragupta said this to him, the King Vikramasinha approved the advice, saying: "I will do so." And the next day the king went out of the city to hunt, to a district beset with horses, footmen and dogs, and where all the quarters were filled with the pitching of various nets, and he made the heaven resound with the shouts of joyous huntsmen. And as he was going out on the back of an elephant he saw two men sitting together in private in an empty temple outside the walls. And the king, as he beheld them from afar, supposed that they were only deliberating together over something at their leisure, and passed on to the forest where his hunting was to be. There he was delighted with the drawn swords, and with the old tigers, and the roaring of lions, and the scenery, and the elephants. He strewed that ground with pearls fallen from the nails of elephant-slaying lions whom he killed, resembling the seeds of his prowess. The deer leaping sideways, being oblique-goers,[1] went obliquely across his path; his straight-flying arrows easily transfixing them first, reached afterwards the mark of delight.

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[1] The last part of this sentence seems strange; the D. text differs, and means, "for kings who have not exercised themselves in the way of fighting are disapproved." See Speyer, *op. cit.*, p. 108.—N.M.P.

And after the king had long enjoyed the sport of hunting, he returned, as his servants were weary, with slackened bowstring to the city of Ujjayinī. There he saw those two men whom he had seen as he was going out, who had remained the whole time in the temple occupied in the same way. He thought to himself: "Who are these, and why do they deliberate so long? Surely they must be spies, having a long talk over secrets." So he sent his warder and had those men captured and brought into his presence, and then thrown into prison. And the next day he had them brought into his judgment-hall, and asked them: "Who are you, and why did you deliberate together so long?" When the king in person asked them this, they entreated him to spare their lives, and one of these young men began to say: "Hear, O King; I will now tell the whole story as it happened.

33A. *The Double Elopement*

There lived a Brāhman, of the name of Karabhaka, in this very city of yours. I, whom you see here, am the son of that learned student of the Vedas, born by his propitiating the God of Fire in order to obtain a heroic son. And when my father went to heaven, and his wife followed him,[2] I, being a mere boy, though I had learned the sciences, abandoned the course of life suited to my caste, because I was friendless. And I set myself to practise gaming and the use of arms. What boy does not become self-willed if he is not kept in order by some superior? And, having passed my childhood in this way, I acquired overweening confidence in my prowess, and went one day to the forest to practise archery. And while I was thus engaged a bride came out of the city in a covered palankeen,[1] surrounded by many attendants of the bridegroom. And suddenly an elephant, that had broken its chain, came from some quarter or other at that very moment and attacked that bride in its fury. And through fear of that elephant all those cowardly attendants, and her husband with them, deserted the bride, and fled in all directions. When I saw that, I immediately said to myself in my excitement: "What! have these miserable wretches left this unfortunate woman alone? So I must defend this unprotected lady from this elephant. For what is the use of life or courage unless employed to succour the unfortunate?"

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[1] *I.e.* animals, horizontal-goers. The pun defies translation; the word I have translated "arrow" is literally "the not sideways-goer."

[2] *I.e.* by burning herself upon the funeral pyre.

Thus reflecting, I raised a shout and ran towards that huge elephant, and the elephant, abandoning the woman, charged down upon me. Then I, before the eyes of that terrified woman, shouted and ran, and so drew off that elephant to a distance. At last I got hold of a bough of a tree thickly covered with leaves, which had been broken off, and covering myself with it I went into the middle of the tree, and placing the bough in front of me I escaped by a dexterous oblique movement, while the elephant trampled the bough to pieces. Then I quickly went to that lady, who remained terrified there, and asked her whether she had escaped without injury. She, when she saw me, said with afflicted and yet joyful manner: "How can I be said to be uninjured, now that I have been bestowed on this coward, who has deserted me in such straits, and fled somewhere or other? But so far, at any rate, am I uninjured, in that I again behold you unharmed. So my husband is nothing to me; you henceforth are my husband, by whom, regardless of your life, I have been delivered from the jaws of death. And here I see my husband coming with his servants, so follow us slowly; for when we get an opportunity you and I will elope somewhere together."

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[1] This word is sometimes spelt *palanquin*, although it should always be pronounced as spelt in the present text. The origin of the word is doubtful. It came to England through the Portuguese *palanquim*, which was derived from the East Indian forms—Malay and Javanese *palangki*, Palī *pallanko*, Hindustanī *pālkī*. All these words are based on the Sanskrit *paryañka*, "a bed," from *pari*, "round," and *añka*, "a hook." The Spanish word *palanca* is used for a pole to carry loads on, and may have influenced the form of the word taken by the Portuguese. For fuller details see Yule's *Hobson Jobson* under "Palankeen"; and Russell, *Tribes and Castes of the Central Provinces*, vol. iii, pp. 292-294.—N.M.P.

When she said this, I consented. I ought to have thought: "Though this woman is beautiful, and flings herself at my head, yet she is the wife of another; what have I to do with her?" But this is the course of calm self-restraint, not of ardent youth. And in a moment her husband came up and greeted her, and she proceeded to continue her journey with him and his servants. And I, without being detected, followed her through her long journey, being secretly supplied with provisions for the journey by her, though I passed for someone unconnected with her.[1] And she, throughout the journey, falsely asserted that she suffered pain in her limbs, from a strain produced by falling in her terror at the elephant, and so avoided even touching her husband. A passionate woman, like a female snake, terrible from the condensed venom she accumulates within, will never, if injured, neglect to wreak her vengeance.

And in course of time we reached the city of Lohanagara, where was the house of the husband of that woman, who lived by trading. And we all remained during that day in a temple outside the walls. And there I met my friend, this second Brāhman. And though we had never met before, we felt a confidence in one another at first sight; the heart of creatures recognises friendships formed in a previous birth. Then I told him all my secret. When he heard it, he said to me of his own accord: "Keep the matter quiet; I know of a device by which you can attain the object for which you came here. I know here the sister of this lady's husband. She is ready to fly from this place with me and take her wealth with her. So with her help I will accomplish your object for you."

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[1] Brockhaus reads *paravat sadā*, and Tawney makes the best sense he can by ignoring *sadā*. The D. text has *paravartmanā*, "by another way," which gets rid of the difficulty.—N.M.P.

When the Brāhman had said this to me he departed, and secretly informed the merchant's wife's sister-in-law of the whole matter. And on the next day the sister-in-law, according to arrangement, came with her brother's wife and introduced her into the temple. And while we were there she made my friend at that very time, which was the middle of the day,[1] put on the dress of her brother's wife. And she took him so disguised into the city, and went into the house in which her brother lived, after arranging what we were to do. But I left the temple, and fleeing with the merchant's wife dressed as a man, reached at last this city of Ujjayinī. And her sister-in-law at night fled with my friend from that house, in which there had been a feast, and so the people were in a drunken sleep.

And then he came with her by stealthy journeys to this city; so we met here. In this way we two have obtained our two wives in the bloom of youth, the sister-in-law and her brother's wife, who bestowed themselves on us out of affection. Consequently, King, we are afraid to dwell anywhere; for whose mind is at ease after performing deeds of reckless temerity? So the king saw us yesterday from a distance, while we were debating about a place to dwell in, and how we should subsist. And your Majesty, seeing us, had us brought and thrown into prison on the suspicion of being thieves, and to-day we have been questioned about our history, and I have just told it; now it is for your Highness to dispose of us at pleasure.

33. *Story of King Vikramasinha and the Two Brāhmans*

When one of them had said this, the King Vikramasinha said to those two Brāhmans: "I am satisfied; do not be afraid, remain in this city, and I will give you abundance of wealth." When the king had said this, he gave them as much to live on as they wished, and they lived happily in his court, accompanied by their wives.

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[1] This seems rather unnecessary here. There is probably a corrupted reading. See Speyer, *op. cit.*, pp. 108, 109.—N.M.P.

[M] "Thus prosperity dwells for men even in questionable deeds, if they are the outcome of great courage, and thus kings, being satisfied, take pleasure in giving to discreet men who are rich in daring. And thus this whole created world with the gods and demons will always reap various fruits, corresponding exactly to their own stock of deeds, good or bad, performed in this or in a former birth. So rest assured, Queen, that the flame which was seen by you falling from heaven in your dream, and apparently entering your womb, is some creature of divine origin that, owing to some influence of its works, has been conceived in you." The pregnant Queen Tārādattā, when she heard this from the mouth of her own husband Kalingadatta, was exceedingly delighted.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THEN the Queen Tārādattā, the consort of King [M] Kalingadatta in Takshaśilā, slowly became oppressed with the burden of her unborn child. And she, now that her delivery was near, being pale of countenance, with tremulous eyeballs,[1] resembled the East in which the pale streak of the young moon is about to rise. And there was soon born from her a daughter excelling all others, like a specimen of the Creator's power to produce all beauty. The lights kept burning to protect the child against evil spirits, blazing with oil,[2] were eclipsed by her beauty, and darkened, as if through grief that a son of equal beauty had not been born instead. And her father, Kalingadatta, when he saw her born, beautiful though she was, was filled with despondency at the disappointment of his hope to obtain a son like her. Though he divined that she was of heavenly origin, he was grieved because he longed for a son. For a son, being embodied joy, is far superior to a daughter, that is but a lump of grief.[3] Then in his affliction the king went out of his palace to divert his mind, and he entered a monastery full of many images of Buddha. In a certain part of the monastery he heard this speech being uttered by a begging hermit, who was a religious preacher, as he sat in the midst of his hearers:

"They say that the bestowal of wealth in this world is great asceticism; a man who gives wealth is said to give life, for life depends on wealth. And Buddha, with mind full of pity, offered up himself for another, as if he were worthless straw, much more should one offer up sordid pelf.

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[1] The word *tārakā* means also "a star." So here we have one of those puns in which our author delights.

[2] Also "full of affection." This is a common pun.——See Vol. II, pp. 166-169.—N.M.P.

[3] Because she cannot perform the *śrāddha,* etc. Mohammedans describe a daughter by exactly similar expressions—viz. "a domestic calamity," etc. —N.M.P.

And it was by such resolute asceticism that Buddha, having got rid of desire and obtained heavenly insight, attained the rank of a Buddha. Therefore a wise man should do what is beneficial to other beings, by abstaining from selfish aspirations even so far as to sacrifice his own body, in order that he may obtain perfect insight."

34. *Story of the Seven Princesses*

Thus, long ago, there were born in succession to a certain king named Kṛita seven very beautiful princesses, and even while they were still youthful they abandoned, in disgust with life, the house of their father, and went to the cemetery, and when they were asked why they did it they said to their retinue: "This world is unreal, and in it this body and such delights as union with the beloved are the baseless fabric of a dream; only the good of others in this revolving world is pronounced to be real; so let us with these bodies of ours do good to our fellow-creatures, let us fling these bodies, while they are alive, to the eaters of raw flesh[1] in the cemetery; what is the use of them, lovely though they be?"

34a. *The Prince who tore out his own Eye*

For there lived in old time a certain prince who was disgusted with the world, and he, though young and handsome, adopted the life of a wandering hermit. Once on a time that beggar entered the house of a certain merchant, and was beheld by his young wife with his eyes long as the leaf of a lotus. She, with heart captivated by the beauty of his eyes, said to him: "How came such a handsome man as you to undertake such a severe vow as this? Happy is the woman who is gazed upon with this eye of yours!" When the begging hermit was thus addressed by the lady, he tore out one eye and, holding it in his hand, said: "Mother, behold this eye, such as it is; take the loathsome mass of flesh and blood, if it pleases you.[1] And the other is like it; say, what is there attractive in these?" When he said this to the merchant's wife, and she saw the eye, she

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[1] Beasts of prey, or possibly Rākshasas.

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[1] *Cf.* the translation of the Life of St Brigit by Whitley Stokes (*Three Middle Irish Homilies*, p. 65):

"Shortly after that came a certain nobleman unto Dubthach to ask for his daughter in marriage. Dubthach and his sons were willing, but Brigit refused. Said a brother of her brethren named Beccān unto her: 'Idle is the fair eye that is in thy head not to be on a pillow near a husband.' 'The son of the Virgin knoweth,' said Brigit, 'it is not lively for us if it brings harm upon us.' Then Brigit put her finger under her eye and drew it out of her head till it was on her cheek, and she said: 'Lo, here is thy delightful eye, O Beccān.' Then his eye burst forthwith. When Dubthach and his brethren saw that, they promised that she should never be told to go to a husband. Then she put her palm to her eye and it was whole at once. But Beccān's eye was not whole till his death."

That the biographers of Christian saints were largely indebted to Buddhist hagiology has been shown by Liebrecht in his "Essay on the Sources of Barlaam and Josaphat" (*Zur Volkskunde*, p. 441). In Mr Stokes' book, p. 34, will also be found a reference to the practice of showing reverence by walking round persons or things keeping the right hand towards them. This is pointed out by Mr Stokes in his Preface as an interesting link between Ireland and India. He has sent me the following quotation, in the *Revue Celtique*, vol. v, p. 130, from P. Cahier, *Characteristiques des Saints*, i, 105:—

"A certain virgin Lucia (doubtful whether of Bologna or of Alexandria), *se voyant fréquemment suivie par un jeune homme qui affectait de l'accompagner partout dès q'elle quittait sa maison, lui demanda enfin ce qui l'attachait si fort à ses pas. Celui-ci ayant répondu que c'etait le beauté de ses yeux, la jeune fille se servit de son fuseau pour faire sortir ses yeux de leur orbite, et dit à son poursuivant qu'il pouvait les prendre et la laisser désormais en repos. On ajoute que cette generosité effrayante changea si fort le cœur du jeune homme qu'il embrassa la profession religieuse.*" The story of the ascetic who conquered anger resembles closely the *Khantivādi-Jātaka*, No. 313 in Fausböll's edition, vol. iii, p. 39. It is also found in the *Bodhisattva Avadāna*, under the title "Kshānti Jātaka," and in the *Mahāvastu Avadāna* in a form closely resembling that of the Pāli *Jātaka* book. See Dr Rajendra Lāl Mitra's *Account of the Buddhist Literature of Nepal*, pp. 55, 159, 160.——

In the seventeenth vezir's story of *The History of the Forty Vezirs* (E. J. W. Gibb, 1886, p. 191 *et seq.*) and *Die Vierzig Veziere oder weisen Meister* (W. F. A. Behrnauer, 1851, p. 212), we read of a woman in Mecca who had a store of wheat. She fell in love with a youth and promised to give him some if he would lie with her. He feigned to consent, and going alone into a room of the house prepared to castrate himself, when he was miraculously saved from his dilemma. In the story of "Penta the Handless" in the *Pentamerone*, third day, second diversion (Burton, vol. i, p. 249 *et seq.*), the King was despondent, and said: "Alas! I, unhappy wretch that I am, have done an evil deed, in that I have become the cause of the tearing out of your eye!" When the beggar heard that, he said: "Mother, do not be grieved, for you have done me a benefit; hear the following example, to prove the truth of what I say:—

of Preta-secca wishes to commit incest with his sister. She can hardly believe he is really in earnest, but he makes this quite clear, declaring that her beautiful hands have especially fascinated him. She retires and gets a slave to cut off her hands. "Then she laid them in a faenza basin and sent them covered with a silken napkin to her brother, with a message that she hoped he would enjoy what he coveted most, and desiring him good health and twins, she saluted him."

As is well known, self-mutilation has entered largely into religion from very early times, and even exists to-day, though it is now chiefly found only among the practices of modern savagery. The connection between the religious rite and savage practice is one of considerable interest and difficulty. An examination of examples of the two varieties will show a closer relationship than may be at first expected, for the crudest savage practice may be based on a religious foundation, and is, in fact, merely a form of asceticism. The subject has been fully discussed by Herbert Spencer, *Ceremonial Institutions* (*Principles of Sociology*, part iv), London, 1879, pp. 52-80. He would reduce both classes to a common denomination by the theory that the practices were for the purpose of securing and indicating the marks of subjugation of the conquered to his conqueror, and that they were repeated as religious rites for the same reason—the subjugation of the worshipper to the god.

Evidence, however, shows that this view cannot be accepted. See Lawrence Gomme, "Mutilations," Hastings' *Ency. Rel. Eth.*, vol. ix, pp. 62, 63. Among other points Gomme notes that religious mutilations are personal and voluntary, in contradiction to savage practice, where mutilations are imposed by compulsion upon conquered enemies or enslaved peoples or persons. This contrast is illustrated by two independent pieces of evidence. Arnobius Orestes (*adv. Gentes*, v, 7) relates that the daughter of a Gallus cut off her breasts out of devotion to Aphrodite the mother. A curious passage in the *Old Irish Treatise on the Law of Adamnan* (ed. and trans. Kuno Meyer, Oxford, 1905, p. 3) says that before Adamnan's time "it was the head of a woman or her two breasts which were taken as trophies." The trophy and the sacrifice in those two cases do not seem to belong to the same plane of thought, and yet they belong to the same range of civilisation.

The list of mutilations is long and gruesome. It includes hair, scalp, eyes, nose, lips, cheeks, ears, jaws, fingers, circumcision, infibulation, excision, castration, blood-letting, etc.

For further details reference should be made to J. A. Macculloch, "Austerities," Hastings' *Ency. Rel. Eth.*, vol. ii, pp. 232-234; and V. Chauvin, *op. cit.*, viii, p. 136, under "Moyens pour échapper au danger."—N.M.P.

34AA. *The Ascetic who conquered Anger*

There lived long ago, in a certain beautiful garden on the banks of the Ganges, a hermit animated by the desire of experiencing all asceticism. And while he was engaged in mortifying the flesh it happened that a certain king came there to amuse himself with the women of his harem. And after he had amused himself he fell asleep under the influence of his potations, and while he was in this state his queens left him out of thoughtlessness and roamed about in the garden. And beholding in a corner of the garden that hermit engaged in meditation, they stood round him out of curiosity, wondering what on earth he could be. And as they remained there a long time, that king woke up, and not seeing his wives at his side, wandered all round the garden. And then he saw the queens standing all round the hermit, and being enraged he slashed the hermit with his sword out of jealousy. What crime will not sovereign power, jealousy, cruelty, drunkenness and indiscretion cause separately; much more deadly are they when combined, like five fires.[1] Then the king departed, and though the hermit's limbs were gashed, he remained free from wrath; whereupon a certain deity appeared and said to him: "Great-souled one, if you approve, I will slay by my power that wicked man who did this to you in a passion." When the hermit heard that, he said: "O goddess, say not so, for he is my helper in virtue, not a harmer of me. For by his favour I have attained the grace of patience. To whom could I have shown patience, O goddess, if he had not acted thus towards me? What anger does the wise man show for the sake of this perishing body? To show patience equally with regard to what is agreeable and disagreeable is to have attained the rank of Brahmā." When the hermit said this to the deity, she was pleased, and after healing the wounds in his limbs she disappeared.

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[1] They are compared to the five sacred fires——for which see p. 160n^1 of this volume.—N.M.P.

34A. *The Prince who tore out his own Eye*

"In the same way as that king was considered a benefactor by the hermit, you, my mother, have increased my asceticism by causing me to tear out my eye." Thus spake the self-subduing hermit to the merchant's wife, who bowed before him, and being regardless of his body, lovely though it was, he passed on to perfection.

34. *Story of the Seven Princesses*

"Therefore, though our youth be very charming, why should we cling to this perishable body? But the only thing which, in the eye of the wise man, it is good for is to benefit one's fellow-creatures. So we will lay down our bodies to benefit living creatures in this cemetery, the natural home of happiness." Having said this to their attendants, those seven princesses did so, and obtained therefrom the highest beatitude.

[M] "Thus you see that the wise have no selfish affection even for their own bodies, much less for such worthless things[1] as son, wife and servants."

When the King Kalingadatta had heard these and other such things from the religious teacher in the monastery, having spent the day there, he returned to his palace. And when he was there he was again afflicted with grief on account of the birth of a daughter to him, and a certain Brāhman, who had grown old in his house, said to him: "King, why do you despond on account of the birth of a pearl of maidens? Daughters are better even than sons, and produce happiness in this world and the next. Why do kings care so much about those sons that hanker after their kingdom and eat up their fathers like crabs? But kings like Kuntibhoja and others, by the virtue of daughters like Kuntī and others, have escaped harm from sages like the terrible Durvāsas.

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[1] Literally, "the worthless straw-heap of," etc.

And how can one obtain from a son the same fruit in the next world as one obtains from the marriage of a daughter? Moreover, I now proceed to tell the tale of Sulochanā. Listen to it.

35. *Story of Sulochanā and Sushenạ*

There was a young king named Sushenạ on the mountain of Chitrakūṭa, who was created like another God of Love by the Creator to spite Śiva. He made at the foot of that great mountain a heavenly garden, which was calculated to make the gods averse to dwelling in the garden of Nandana. And in the middle of it he made a lake with full-blown lotuses, like a new productive bed for the lotuses with which the Goddess of Fortune plays. This lake had steps leading down into it made of splendid gems, and the king used to linger on its banks without a bride, because there were no eligible matches for him.

Once on a time Rambhā, a fair one of heaven, came that way, wandering at will through the air from the palace of Indra. She beheld the king roaming in that garden like an incarnation of the Spring in the midst of a garden of full-blown flowers. She said: "Can this be the moon that has swooped down from heaven in pursuit of the Goddess of Fortune fallen into a cluster of lotuses of the lake? But that cannot be, for this hero's fortune in the shape of beauty never passes away.[1] Surely this must be the god of the flowery arrows come to the garden in quest of flowers. But where has Rati, his companion, gone?" Thus Rambhā described him in her eagerness, and descending from heaven in human form she approached that king. And when the king suddenly beheld her advancing towards him he was astonished, and reflected: "Who can this be of incredible beauty? She cannot surely be a human being, since her feet do not touch the dust, and her eye does not wink; therefore she must be some divine person. But I must not ask her who she is, for she might fly from me. Divine beings who visit men for some cause or other are generally impatient of having their secrets revealed." While such thoughts were passing in the monarch's mind she began a conversation with him, which led in due course to his throwing his arms round her neck then and there. And he sported long there with this Apsaras, so that she forgot heaven. Love is more charming than one's native home. And the land of that king was filled with heaps of gold, by means of the Yakshiṇīs, friends of hers, who transformed themselves into trees,[1] as the heaven is filled with the peaks of Meru. And in the course of time that excellent Apsaras became pregnant, and bore to King Susheṇa an incomparably beautiful daughter, and no sooner had she given her birth than she said to the king: "O King, such has been my curse, and it is now at an end; for I am Rambhā, a heavenly nymph that fell in love with you on beholding you; and as I have given birth to a child I must immediately leave you and depart.[2] For such is the law that governs us heavenly beings; therefore take care of this daughter; when she is married we shall again be united in heaven." When the Apsaras Rambhā had said this she departed, sorely against her will, and through grief at it the king was bent on abandoning life. But his ministers said to him: "Did Viśvāmitra, though despondent, abandon life when Menakā had departed after giving birth to Śakuntalā?" When the king had been plied by them with such arguments, he took the right view of the matter, and slowly recovered his self-command, taking to his heart the daughter who was destined to be the cause of their reunion. And that daughter, lovely in all her limbs, her father, who was devoted to her, named Sulochanā, on account of the exceeding beauty of her eyes.

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[1] Here there is a pun on the two meanings of Śrī.

In time she grew up to womanhood, and a young hermit, named Vatsa, the descendant of Kaśyapa, as he was roaming about at will, beheld her in a garden. He, though he was all compact of asceticism, the moment he beheld that princess, felt the emotion of love, and he said to himself then and there: "Oh! exceedingly wonderful is the beauty of this maiden. If I do not obtain her as a wife, what other fruit of my asceticism can I obtain?"

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[1] It is hard to understand why they had to turn themselves into trees. The explanation must be that Brockhaus misread *vṛishṭair* for *vṛikshair*. Thus the meaning would be that the Yakshiṇīs poured down the gold as rain from heaven, a much more likely interpretation. See Speyer, *op. cit.*, p. 109. —N.M.P.

[2] This reminds us of a similar incident in Kālidāsa's *Vikramorvaśī*. See Vol. II, p. 257.—N.M.P.

The Hermit marries Sulochanā

While thinking thus, the young hermit was beheld by Sulochanā, and he seemed to her all glorious with brightness, like fire free from smoke. When she saw him with his rosary and water vessel she fell in love also, and thought: "Who can this be that looks so self-restrained and yet so lovely?" And coming towards him, as if to select him for her husband, she threw over his body the garland[1] of the blue lotuses of her eyes, and bowed before that hermit. And he, with mind overpowered by the decree of Kāma, hard for gods and Asuras to evade, pronounced on her the following blessing:—"Obtain a husband." Then the excellent hermit was thus addressed by that lady, whose modesty was stolen away by love for his exceeding beauty, and who spoke with downcast face: "If this is your desire, and if this is not jesting talk, then, Brāhman, ask the king, my father, who has power to dispose of me."

Then the hermit, after hearing of her descent from her attendants, went and asked the King Susheṇa, her father, for her hand. He, for his part, when he saw that the young hermit was eminent both in beauty and asceticism, entertained him, and said to him: "Reverend sir, this daughter is mine by the nymph Rambhā, and by my daughter's marriage I am to be reunited with her in heaven; so Rambhā told me when she was returning to the sky. Consider, auspicious sir, how that is to be accomplished." When the hermit heard that, he thought for a moment: "Did not the hermit Ruru, when Pramadvarā, the daughter of Menakā, was bitten by a snake, give her the half of his life, and make her his wife?[2] Was not the Chaṇḍāla Triśanku carried to heaven by Viśvāmitra? So why should not I do the same by expending my asceticism upon it?" Having thus reflected, the hermit said: "There is no difficulty in it"; and exclaimed: "Hearken, ye gods! May this king mount with his body to heaven to obtain possession of Rambhā by virtue of part of my asceticism." Thus the hermit spoke in the hearing of the court, and a distinct answer was heard from heaven: "So be it." Then the king gave his daughter Sulochanā to the hermit Vatsa, the descendant of Kaśyapa, and ascended to heaven. There he obtained a divine nature, and lived happily with that Rambhā of god-like dignity, appointed his wife by Indra.

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[1] In the *svayaṃvara* the maiden threw a garland over the neck of the favoured suitor——as in the case of Draupadī (Vol. II, p. 16).—N.M.P.

[2] See Vol. I, pp. 188-189, where the form of the name is Prishaḍvarā. —N.M.P.

[M] "Thus, O King, Sushena obtained all his ends by means of a daughter. For such daughters become incarnate in the houses of such as you. And this daughter is surely some heavenly nymph, fallen from her high estate owing to a curse, and born in your house; so do not grieve, monarch, on account of her birth."

When King Kalingadatta had heard this tale from the Brāhman who had grown old in his house, he left off being distressed, and was comforted. And he gave to his dear young daughter, who gave pleasure to his eyes, as if she had been a digit of the moon, the name of Kalingasenā. And the Princess Kalingasenā grew up in the house of her father amongst her companions. And she sported in the palaces, and in the palace gardens, like a wave of the sea of infancy that is full of the passion[1] for amusement.

Once on a time the daughter of the Asura Maya, named Somaprabhā, as she was journeying through the sky, saw her on the roof of a palace engaged in play. And Somaprabhā, while in the sky, beheld her lovely enough to bewilder with her beauty the mind even of a hermit, and feeling affection for her, reflected: "Who is this? Can she be the form of the moon? If so, how is it that she gleams in the day? But if she is Rati, where is Kāma? Therefore I conclude that she is a mortal maiden. She must be some celestial nymph that has descended into a king's palace in consequence of a curse; and I am persuaded I was certainly a friend of hers in a former life. For my mind's being full of exceeding affection for her tells me so. Therefore it is fitting that I should again select her as my chosen friend." Thus reflecting, Somaprabhā descended invisible from heaven, in order not to frighten that maiden; and she assumed the appearance of a mortal maiden to inspire confidence, and slowly approached that Kalingasenā. Then Kalingasenā, on beholding her, reflected: "Bravo! Here is a princess of wonderful beauty come to visit me of her own accord. She is a suitable friend for me." So she rose up politely and embraced that Somaprabhā. And making her take a seat, she asked her immediately her descent and name. And Somaprabhā said to her: "Be patient, I will tell you all." Then in the course of their conversation they swore friendship to each other with plighted hands. Then Somaprabhā said: "My friend, you are a king's daughter, and it is hard to keep up friendship with the children of kings. For they fly into an immoderate passion on account of a small fault. Hear, with regard to this point, the story of the prince and the merchant's son which I am about to tell you."

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[1] *Rasa* also means "water."

36. *Story of the Prince and the Merchant's Son who saved his Life*[1]

In the city of Pushkarāvatī there was a king named Gūḍhasena, and to him there was born one son. That

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[1] This story is compared by Benfey (*Orient und Occident*, vol. i, p. 374) with that of the faithful servant Vīravara in the *Hitopadeśa*, which is also found in the *Vetālapanchavinśati* (see Chapters LIII and LXXVIII of this work). Vīravara, according to the latter version, hears the weeping of a woman. He finds it is the king's fortune deserting him. He accordingly offers up his son, and finally slays himself. The king is about to do the same when the goddess Durgā restores the dead to life.

The story of "Der treue Johannes" will at once occur to readers of Grimm's tales (No. 6, vol. iii, pp. 16, 17). It also appears in the *Pentamerone*, ninth diversion of the fourth day, as "The Crow" (Burton's trans., vol. ii, p. 449). See also Benfey, *Pañchatantra*, vol. i, p. 416. Sir G. Cox (*Mythology of the Āryan Nations*) compares the German story with one in Miss Frere's *Old Deccan Days* (No. 5, p. 66). Other parallels will be found in Grimm's third volume. A very striking one occurs in Bernhard Schmidt's *Griechische Märchen*, story No. 3, p. 68. In this story the three Moirai predict evil. The young prince is saved by his sister from being burned, and from falling prince was overbearing, and whatever he did, right or wrong, his father acquiesced in, because he was an only son. And once upon a time, as he was roaming about in a garden, he saw the son of a merchant, named Brahmadatta, who resembled himself in wealth and beauty. And the moment he saw him he selected him for his special friend, and those two, the prince and the merchant's son, immediately became like one another in all things.[1] And soon they were not able to live without seeing one another; for intimacy in a former birth quickly knits friendship. The prince never tasted food that was not first prepared for that merchant's son.

Once on a time the prince set out for Ahichchhatra in order to be married, having first decided on his friend's marriage. And, as he was journeying with his troops, in the society of that friend, mounted on an elephant, he reached the bank of the Ikshuvatī, and encamped there. There he had a wine-party when the moon arose; and after he had gone to bed he began to tell a story at the solicitation of his nurse. When he had begun his story, being tired

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over a precipice when a child, and from a snake on-his wedding day. See also De Gubernatis, *Zoological Mythology*, vol. ii, pp. 301-302.——*Cf.* the conclusion of Natēsa Sāstrī's *Dravidian Nights* where the faithful minister's son overhears two owls conversing. The male bird says: "My dear, the prince who is encamped under our tree is to die shortly by the falling on him of a big branch which is about to break." "And if he should escape this calamity?" quoth the female. "He will die to-morrow, then," replied the other, "in a river, in the bed of which he is to pitch his tent: the river will be dry at the time, but when midnight comes a heavy flood will rush down and carry him away." "And should he escape this second calamity also?" said the female. "Then," answered her mate, "he will surely die by the hands of his wife when he reaches his own city." "And should he escape this third calamity also?" "My dear love," said the male bird, "he cannot escape it. But if he does, he will reign as a king of kings for hundreds of years"; adding that if anyone happened to know this secret and revealed it, his head should burst instantly into a thousand pieces.

The incident occurs again in Day's *Folk-Tales of Bengal*, p. 40 *et seq.*, where the conversation between the two immortal birds, Bihangama and Bihangami, is overheard; *cf.* also Pedroso's *Portuguese Folk-Tales*, Folk-Lore Society, 1882, p. 26. For the "overhearing" *motif* see Note 2 at the end of the next chapter.—N.M.P.

[1] The same idea is found in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act III, sc. 2, beginning: "We, Hermia, like two artificial gods, etc."

and intoxicated, he was overcome with sleep, and his nurse also, but the merchant's son kept awake out of love for him. And when the others were asleep, the merchant's son, who was awake, heard in the air what seemed to be the voices of women engaged in conversation. The first said: "This wretch has gone to sleep without telling his tale, therefore I pronounce this curse on him. To-morrow he shall see a necklace, and if he take hold of it, it shall cling to his neck, and that moment cause his death." Then the first voice ceased and the second went on: "And if he escape that peril, he shall see a mango-tree, and if he eat the fruit of it he shall then and there lose his life." Having uttered this, that voice also ceased, and then the third said: "If he escape this also, then, if he enter a house to be married, it shall fall on him and slay him." Having said so much, that voice also ceased, and the fourth said: "If he escape this also, when he enters that night into his private apartments he shall sneeze a hundred times; and if someone there does not a hundred times say to him, 'God bless you,' he shall fall into the grasp of death. And if the person who has heard all this, shall inform him of it in order to save his life, he also shall die." Having said this, the voice ceased.[1]

And the merchant's son having heard all this, terrible as a thunderstroke, being agitated on account of his affection for the prince, reflected: "Beshrew this tale that was begun and not finished, for divinities have come invisible to hear it, and are cursing him out of disappointed curiosity. And if this prince dies, what good will my life do to me?

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[1] *Cf.* Ralston's *Russian Folk-Tales*, pp. 69, 71, for the three dangers. The custom of saying "God bless you," or equivalent words, when a man sneezes is shown by Tylor (*Primitive Culture*, vol. i, pp. 88-94) to exist in many parts of the world. He quotes many passages from classical literature relating to it. "Even the Emperor Tiberius, that saddest of men, exacted this observance." See also Sir Thomas Browne's *Vulgar Errors*, Book IV, chap. ix, "Of Saluting upon Sneezing." *Cf.* also Coelho's *Contos Populares Portuguezes*, No. 51, "Pedro e Pedrito," p. 118, and Grimm's *Irische Märchen*, pp. 106, 107. Zimmer in his *Alt-Indisches Leben*, p. 60, quotes from the *Atharva-Veda*, "*vor Unglück-bedeutendem Niesen.*"——This curious custom merits more than this short note, so I have discussed it at greater length in Appendix I (pp. 303-315).—N.M.P.

So I must by some artifice deliver my friend, whom I value as my life. And I must not tell him what has taken place, lest I too should suffer." Having thus reflected, the merchant's son got through the night with difficulty

And in the morning the prince set out with him on his journey, and he saw a necklace in front of him and wished to lay hold of it. Then the merchant's son said: "Do not take the necklace, my friend; it is an illusion, else why do not these soldiers see it?" When the prince heard that, he let the necklace alone, but going on further he saw a mango-tree, and he felt a desire to eat its fruit. But he was dissuaded by the merchant's son, as before. He felt much annoyed in his heart, and travelling on slowly, he reached his father-in-law's palace. And he was about to enter a building there for the purpose of being married, but just as his friend had persuaded him not to do so, the house fell down. So he escaped this danger by a hair's-breadth, and then he felt some confidence in his friend's prescience.

Then the prince and his wife entered at night another building. But the merchant's son slipped in there unobserved. And the prince, when he went to bed, sneezed a hundred times, but the merchant's son, underneath it, said a hundred times, "God bless you"; and then the merchant's son, having accomplished his object, of his own accord left the house in high spirits. But the prince, who was with his wife, saw him going out, and through jealousy, forgetting his love for him, he flew into a passion, and said to the sentinels at his gate: "This designing wretch has entered my private apartments when I wished to be alone, so keep him in durance for the present, and he shall be executed in the morning." When the guards heard that, they put him under arrest, and he spent the night in confinement; but as he was being led off to execution in the morning he said to them: "First take me into the presence of the prince, in order that I may tell him a certain reason which I had for my conduct, and then put me to death." When he said this to the guards, they went and informed the prince, and on their information and the advice of his ministers the prince ordered him to be brought before him. When he was brought, he told the prince the whole story, and he believed it to be true, for the fall of the house carried conviction to his mind. So the prince was satisfied, and countermanded the order for his friend's execution, and he returned with him to his own city, a married man. And there his friend, the merchant's son, married and lived in happiness, his virtues being praised by all men.

[M] " Thus the children of kings break loose from restraint and, slaying their guides, disregard benefits, like infuriated elephants. And what friendship can there be with those Vetālas, who take people's lives by way of a joke? Therefore, my princess, never abandon your friendship with me."

When Kalingasenā heard this story in the palace from the mouth of Somaprabhā, she answered her affectionate friend: " Those of whom you speak are considered Piśāchas, not the children of kings, and I will tell you a story of the evil importunity of Piśāchas.[1] Listen.

37. *Story of the Brāhman and the Piśācha*

Long ago there was a Brāhman dwelling on a royal grant, which was called Yajnasthala. He once upon a time, being poor, went to the forest to bring home wood. There a piece of wood, being cleft with the axe, fell, as chance would have it, upon his leg, and piercing it, entered deep into it. And as the blood flowed from him he fainted, and he was beheld in that condition by a man who recognised him and, taking him up, carried him home. There his distracted wife washed off the blood and, consoling him, placed a plaster upon the wound. And then his wound, though tended day by day, not only did not heal, but formed an ulcer. Then the man, afflicted with his ulcerated wound, poverty-stricken, and at the point of death, was thus advised in secret by a Brāhman friend who came to him: " A friend of mine, named Yajnadatta, was long very poor, but he gained the aid of a Piśācha by a charm, and so, having obtained wealth, lived in happiness. And he told me that charm; so do you gain, my friend, by means of it, the aid of a Piśācha; he will heal your wound."

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[1] There is a story illustrating the "pertinacity" of goblins in Wirt Sikes's *British Goblins*, p. 191.

Having said this, he told him the form of words, and described to him the ceremony as follows:—"Rise up in the last watch of the night, and with dishevelled hair and naked,[1] and without rinsing your mouth, take two handfuls of rice as large as you can grasp with your two hands, and muttering the form of words go to a place where four roads meet,[2] and there place the two handfuls of rice and return in silence without looking behind you. Do so always until that Piśācha appears and himself says to you: 'I will put an end to your ailment.' Then receive his aid gladly, and he will remove your complaint."

When his friend had said this to him, the Brāhman did as he had been directed. Then the Piśācha, being conciliated, brought heavenly herbs from a lofty peak of the Himālayas and healed his wound. And then he became obstinately persistent, and said to the Brāhman, who was delighted at being healed: "Give me a second wound to cure, but if you will not I will do you an injury or destroy your body."

When the Brāhman heard that, he was terrified, and immediately said to him, to get rid of him: "I will give you another wound within seven days." Whereupon the Piśācha left him, but the Brāhman felt hopeless about his life.[3]

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[1] See note on "Nudity in Magic Ritual," in Vol. II, p. 117 *et seq.*—N.M.P.

[2] See note at the end of this chapter.—N.M.P.

[3] Tawney omitted the rest of the story from this point, but, following the D. text, I have restored the missing portion, to make this edition of the *Kathā Sarit Sāgara* complete and unabridged in every detail.

Tawney remarked in a note that Wilson stated the story in our text to be precisely the same as that of *Le petit diable de Papefiguiere* of La Fontaine. I think, however, it would be more correct to say that it *resembles* the French version. La Fontaine has rather missed the humour and harmless fun of Somadeva's tale, and, by his omission of the latter part of the story, his lines seem pointless.

In the little Dutch edition of 1700 they read:

[M] Having reached this point in her story, Kalingasenā broke off in the middle from shame at its immodest ending, but presently she spoke again to Somaprabhā as follows :—

37. *Story of the Brāhman and the Piśācha*

Hereupon his cunning daughter, a widow, seeing her Brāhman father downcast at being unable to find another wound, having questioned him, said : " I will delude this Piśācha. Go back to him and say : ' Will you please heal my daughter's wound ? ' [Then leave the rest to me.]" Hearing this, and joyfully consenting, the Brāhman went off and brought the Piśācha to his daughter. Thereupon she displayed to him her *yoni*, saying privily : " Gentle sir, pray heal this wound of mine." The stupid Piśācha repeatedly

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" A ces mots au folet,
Elle fait voir. . . . Et quoy ? Choſe terrible.
Le diable en eut une peur tant horrible,
Qu'il ſe ſigna, penſa preſque tomber,
Onc n'avoit vû, ne lû, n'oüi conter,
Que coups de griſe euſſe ſemblable forme,
Bref auſſi-tôt qu'il apperçût l'énorme,
Solution de continuité,
Il demeura ſi fort épouventé,
Qu'il prit la fuite & laiſſa là Perrette,
Tous les voiſins chommerent la défaite,
De ce démon : le Clerge ne fut pas,
Des plus tardifs à prendre part au cas."

A version rather more closely resembling that of the original Sanskrit had already appeared, however, in Rabelais, Book IV, chap. lxvii. Tales of outwitting the devil occur in practically every large collection of stories throughout the world, while an incident similar to that in our text is found in quite a considerable number. See, for instance, O. Kallas, " Achtzig Märchen der Ljutziner Esten," *Verhandlungen der Gelehrten Estnischen Gesellschaft*, vol. xx, pt. ii, p. 192, No. 67 ; L. Lambert, " Contes populaires du Languedoc," *Revue des Langues Romanes*, June 1885, 3rd series, vol. xiii. (vol. xxviii of the whole collection), pp. 47-48 ; Ernst Wolgemuth, *Der Träumende Musen-Freund*, 1670, p. 83, No. 95 ; L. Foulet, " Le Roman de Renard," *Bibliothèque de l'École des Hautes Études*, Paris, 1914, p. 486 ; Nicolaides, *Contes Licencieux de Constantinople et de l'Asie mineure*, Paris, 1906, pp. 77 and 93 ; and *Anthropophyteia*, vol. i, pp. 129, 154, 364 and 494. These two latter I have not personally verified.—N.M.P.

applied an ointment to the fissure, but was unable to heal it. As time passed he began to grow tired, and, raising her slightly, examined her to see whether the wound was healing or not.

But as soon as he beheld beneath it another wound, he became greatly alarmed, and reflected: "Before the one wound is healed, lo! here is another one that has arisen. It is indeed a true adage that says: 'When cracks appear, misfortunes multiply.' Who is capable of closing the opened path of life whence people arise and by which they perish?"

Musing thus, the silly Piśācha, from fear of imprisonment at having obtained an opposite end [to that which he had been trying to reach], fled away and disappeared. And thus the Brāhman was released by his daughter deceiving the Piśācha, and remained in happiness, having surmounted his disease [of body and soul].

[M] "Such are Piśāchas; and some young princes are just like them, and, though conciliated, produce misfortune, my friend; but they can be guarded against by counsel. But princesses of good family have never been heard to be such. So you must not expect any injury from associating with me."

When Somaprabhā heard from the mouth of Kalingasenā in due course this sweet, entertaining and amusing tale, she was delighted. And she said to her: "My house is sixty *yojanas* [1] distant hence, and the day is passing away; I have remained long, so now I must depart, fair one." Then, as the lord of day was slowly sinking to the western mountain, she took leave of her friend, who was eager for a second interview, and in a moment flew up into the air, exciting the wonder of the spectators, and rapidly returned to her own house. And after beholding that wonderful sight Kalingasenā entered into her house with much perplexity, and reflected: "I do not know, indeed, whether my friend is a Siddha female, or an Apsaras, or a Vidyādharī. She is certainly a heavenly female that travels through the upper air. And heavenly females associate with mortal ones led by excessive love. Did not Arundhatī live in friendship with the daughter of King Pṛithu? Did not Pṛithu by means of her friendship bring Surabhi from heaven to earth? And did not he, by consuming its milk, return to heaven though he had fallen from it? And were not thenceforth perfect cows born upon earth?[1] So I am fortunate; it is by good luck that I have obtained this heavenly creature as a friend; and when she comes to-morrow I will dexterously ask her her descent and name." Thinking such thoughts in her heart, Kalingasenā spent that night there, and Somaprabhā spent the night in her own house, being eager to behold her again.

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[1] See Vol. I, p. $3n^1$.—N.M.P.

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[1] See Vol. II, p. 241.—N.M.P.

NOTE ON CROSS-ROADS

In nearly all countries, and at all times, special significance has been attached to the place where roads cross one another. In Christian times it was the spot chosen for the burial of suicides and condemned criminals. This practice seems to have arisen, not merely because the roads form the sign of the cross and so make the ground the next best burial-place to a properly consecrated churchyard, but because the ancient Teutons erected altars at cross-roads on which they sacrificed criminals. Thus cross-roads were of old regarded as execution-grounds. The chief fact prompting the choice of the special locality must be, I think, that just as a circle commands every direction, so cross-roads, pointing north, south, east and west, command every main direction, and the actual point of crossing is the only point where people coming from every direction must pass.

From a study of customs connected with cross-roads in different parts of the world, we find that the spot was particularly efficient in unburdening oneself of diseases, and, owing probably to its connection with illness and death, was a fit place to conjure up evil spirits. A few illustrations will explain these points.

I will take India first. At the funeral of a Brāhman, five balls of wheat-flour and water are offered to various spirits. The third ball is offered to the spirit of the cross-roads of the village through which the corpse will be carried (Stevenson, *Rites of the Twice-born*, 1920, p. 146). Lamps are also placed at cross-roads (Colebrooke, *Essays*, 1858, p. 102). Crooke tells us ("Indian Charms and Amulets," Hastings' *Ency. Rel. Eth.*, vol. iii, pp. 446-447) that at the marriage rite among the Bharvāds in Gujarāt a eunuch flings balls of wheat-flour towards the four quarters of the heavens, as a charm to scare evil spirits; and in the same province, at the Holī festival, the fire is lighted at a *quadrivium* (*Bombay Gazetteer*, vol. ix, pt. i, pp. 280, 357). In Bombay seven pebbles, picked up from a place where three roads meet, are used as a charm against the evil eye. Some of the Gujarāt tribes, apparently with the intention of dispersing the evil or passing it on to some traveller, sweep their houses on the first day of the month Kārttik (November), and lay the refuse in a pot at the cross-roads (Campbell, *Notes on the Spirit Basis of Belief and Custom*, Bombay, 1885, pp. 208, 329).

On the same principle, a common form of smallpox-transference is to lay the scabs or scales from the body of the patient at cross-roads, in the hope that some passer-by may take the disease with him. See W. Crooke, *Popular Religion and Folk-Lore of Northern India*, vol. i, p. 164 *et seq.*; and ditto, "Burial of Suicides at Cross-roads," *Folk-Lore*, vol. xx, pp. 88-89.

The consecration of idols is naturally an elaborate and very important affair, and one to which much ceremony is attached. One of the final rites is particularly interesting. A procession is formed in which one of the Brāhmans carries a pot containing black pulse, rice, areca nut, a copper coin, and a lamp filled with clarified butter. On arriving at the cross-roads, they sprinkle the junction with water for the purposes of purification, and leave the pot there as an offering to pacify any evil spirit that may happen to dwell at the cross-roads. When returning great care is taken never to look backwards (Stevenson, *op. cit.*, pp. 414, 415).

We will now consider the custom in places other than India.

In the ancient world we find the expression *suḳ irbitti*, "cross-roads," in Assyrian texts as the place where "atonement" is to be made (Campbell Thompson, *Semitic Magic*, pp. 200, 201, where numerous interesting references are given). In Hebrew medicine, in order to heal an issue of blood, the patient must sit at the parting of the ways with a cup of wine in her hand, and someone coming up behind her has to cry out suddenly: "Be healed of thine issue of blood" (Creighton, *Ency. Bibl.*, 3006). This is, of course, an instance of sympathetic magic, the cup of wine resembling the blood, and the sudden start, which causes it to spill, typifying what will happen to the issue.

In Africa cross-roads are largely used to effect cures. Thus among the Baganda there exists great fear of the ghosts of suicides, consequently their bodies were burned and removed to waste lands or cross-roads. Here, it was thought, the ghost would be incapable of doing harm, but in case it had survived the burning, grass and sticks were thrown on the spot by passers-by to prevent the ghost from catching them. The same precaution was taken with children born feet first. They were strangled and buried at cross-roads. (See J. Roscoe, *The Baganda*, pp. 20 *et seq.*, 46 *et seq.*, and 124 *et seq.*)

In Tanganyika Territory the cross-roads play an important part in disease transference. Thus among the Wagogo when a man is ill the native doctor takes him to a cross-road, where he prepares a medicine, part of which is given to the patient and part buried under an inverted pot at the juncture of the roads. It is hoped that someone will step over the pot, catch the disease, and so relieve the original sufferer (J. Cole, "Notes on the Wagogo of German East Africa," *Journ. Anth. Inst.*, vol. xxxiii, 1902, p. 313).

The magical rites connected with cross-roads are fully appreciated by the Hausas of Tripoli and Tunis. Some of their games and contests have a magical connection, thus in the *Koraiya* contest if a youth wished to become invincible he first had to drink medicine for ten days and then undergo a test of courage. He was sent to cross-roads at midnight with orders to stay there, and after a time a *bori* (spirit) would come along with a short, heavy stick, with which he would poke at the boy. He must, however, take no notice. After other *boris* had likewise failed to produce any effect, a half-man would appear. Him the boy would catch hold of and demand what he wanted. While returning home he must not look behind him or speak to anyone until he has entered his own hut (H. J. N. Tremearne, *The Ban of the Bori* [1914], pp. 208, 209).

The use of cross-roads as a place for disease-transference is widespread: examples of the custom from Japan, Bali (Indian Archipelago), Guatemala, Cochin-China, Bohemia and England are given by Frazer (*Golden Bough*, vol. iii, p. 59; vol. ix, pp. 10, 49, 68, 144).

Other useful references will be found in Westermarck, *The Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas*, vol. ii, pp. 256, 257.—N.M.P.

CHAPTER XXIX

THEN in the morning Somaprabhā took with her a [M] basket, in which she had placed many excellent mechanical dolls of wood[1] with magic properties in order to amuse her friend, and travelling through the air she came again to Kalingasenā. And when Kalingasenā saw her she was full of tears of joy, and rising up she threw her arms round her neck, and said to her, as she sat by her side: "The dark night of three watches has this time seemed to me to be of a hundred watches without the sight of the full moon of your countenance.[2] So, if you know, my friend, tell me of what kind may have been my union with you in a former birth, of which this present friendship is the result." When Somaprabhā heard this, she said to that princess: "Such knowledge I do not possess, for I do not remember my former birth; and hermits are not acquainted with this, but if any know, they are perfectly acquainted with the highest truth, and they are the original founders of the science by which it is attained." When she had spoken thus, Kalingasenā, being full of curiosity, again asked her in private in a voice tender from love and confidence: "Tell me, friend, of what divine father you have adorned the race by your birth, since you are completely virtuous like a beautifully rounded pearl.[3] And what, auspicious one, is your name, that is nectar to the ears of the world? What is the object of this basket? And what thing is there in it?" On hearing this affectionate speech from Kalingasenā, Somaprabhā began to tell the whole story in due course.

"There is a mighty Asura of the name of Maya,[4] famous in the three worlds. And he, abandoning the condition of an Asura, fled to Śiva as his protector. And Śiva having promised him security, he built the palace of Indra. But the Daityas were angry with him, affirming that he had become a partisan of the gods. Through fear of them he made in the Vindhya mountains a very wonderful magic subterranean palace, which the Asuras could not reach. My sister and I are the two daughters of that Maya. My elder sister, named Svayamprabhā, follows a vow of virginity, and lives as a maiden in my father's house. But I, the younger daughter, named Somaprabhā, have been bestowed in marriage on a son of Kuvera, named Naḍakūvara, and my father has taught me innumerable magic artifices, and as for this basket, I have brought it here to please you."

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[1] See Note 1 at the end of this chapter.—N.M.P.

[2] See Vol. I, p. 30, $30n^1$.—N.M.P.

[3] *Suvṛittayā* means "virtuous," and "beautifully rounded."

[4] We have already (Vol. I, p. 22) met his two sons and his younger daughter (p. 27 *et seq.* of this volume). We shall hear much more about him in Vol. IV.—N.M.P.

The Story of Somaprabhā

Having said this, Somaprabhā opened the basket and showed to her some very interesting mechanical dolls constructed by her magic, made of wood. One of them, on a pin in it being touched,[1] went through the air at her orders and fetched a garland of flowers and quickly returned. Another in the same way brought water at will[2]; another danced, and another then conversed. With such very wonderful contrivances Somaprabhā amused Kalingasenā for some time, and then she put that magic basket in a place of security, and taking leave of her regretful friend, she went, being obedient to her husband, through the air to her own palace. But Kalingasenā was so delighted that the sight of these wonders took away her appetite, and she remained averse to all food. And when her mother perceived that, she feared she was ill. However, a physician named Ānanda, having examined the child, told her mother that there was nothing the matter with her. He said: "She has lost her appetite through delight at something, not from disease; for her countenance, which appears to be laughing, with eyes wide open, indicates this." When she heard this report from the physician, the girl's mother asked her the real cause of her joy, and the girl told her. Then her mother believed that she was delighted with the society of an eligible friend, and congratulated her, and made her take her proper food.

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[1] *Cf.* Chaucer's *Squire's Tale*, line 316: "Ye moten trille a pin, stant in his ere."——See Note 1 at the end of this chapter.—N.M.P.

[2] This may remind the reader of the story of the pestle in Lucian's *Philopseudes* that was sent to fetch water. When the Egyptian sorcerer was away his pupil tried to perform the trick. But he did not know the charm for stopping the water-carrying process. Accordingly the house was flooded. In despair he chopped the pestle in two with an axe. That made matters worse, for both halves set to work to bring water. The story has been versified by Goethe, and the author of the *Ingoldsby Legends.*——See Crooke, *Popular Religion and Folk-Lore of Northern India*, vol. i, p. 50.—N.M.P.

Then the next day Somaprabhā arrived, and having found out what had taken place, she proceeded to say to Kalingasenā in secret: "I told my husband, who possesses supernatural knowledge, that I had formed a friendship with you, and obtained from him, when he knew the facts, permission to visit you every day. So you must now obtain permission from your parents, in order that you may amuse yourself with me at will without fear." When she had said this, Kalingasenā took her by the hand and immediately went to her father and mother, and there introduced her friend to her father, King Kalingadatta, proclaiming her descent and name, and in the same way she introduced her to her mother, Tārādattā, and they, on beholding her, received her politely in accordance with their daughter's account of her. And both those two, pleased with her appearance, hospitably received that beautiful wife of the distinguished Asura out of love for their daughter, and said to her: "Dear girl, we entrust this Kalingasenā to your care, so amuse yourselves together as much as you please."

And Kalingasenā and Somaprabhā, having gladly welcomed this speech of theirs, went out together. And they went, in order to amuse themselves, to a temple of Buddha built by the king. And they took there that basket of magic toys. Then Somaprabhā took a magic Yaksha, and sent it on a commission from herself to bring the requisites for the worship of Buddha. That Yaksha went a long distance through the sky, and brought a multitude of pearls, beautiful gems and golden lotuses. Having performed worship with these, Somaprabhā, exhibiting all kinds of wonders, displayed the various Buddhas with their abodes.

When the King Kalingadatta heard of that, he came with the queen and beheld it, and then asked Somaprabhā about the magic performance.

Then Somaprabhā said: "King, these contrivances of magic machines, and so on, were created in various ways by my father in old time. And even as this vast machine, called the world, consists of five elements, so do all these machines. I will describe them one by one. That machine, in which earth predominates, shuts doors and things of the kind. Not even Indra would be able to open what had been shut with it. The shapes produced by the water-machine appear to be alive. But the machine in which fire predominates pours forth flames. And the wind machine performs actions, such as coming and going. And the machine produced from ether utters distinct language. All these I obtained from my father; but the wheel-machine, which guards the water of immortality, my father knows and no one else." While she was saying this there arose the sound of conchs being blown in the middle of the day, that seemed to confirm her words.

Then she entreated the king to give her the food that suited her, and taking Kalingasenā as a companion, by permission of the king, she set out through the air for her father's house in a magic chariot, to return to her elder sister. And quickly reaching that palace, which was situated in the Vindhya mountains, she conducted her to her sister Svayamprabhā.

There Kalingasenā saw that Svayamprabhā, with her head encircled with matted locks, with a long rosary, a nun clothed in a white garment, smiling like Pārvatī, in whom love, the highest joy of earth, had undertaken a severe vow of mortification. And Svayamprabhā, when the princess, introduced by Somaprabhā, kneeled before her, received her hospitably, and entertained her with a meal of fruits. And Somaprabhā said to the princess: "My friend, by eating these fruits you will escape old age, which otherwise would destroy this beauty, as the nipping cold does the lotus; and it was with this object that I brought you here out of affection."

Then that Kalingasenā ate those fruits, and immediately her limbs seemed to be bathed in the Water of Life. And roaming about there to amuse herself, she saw the garden of the city, with tanks filled with golden lotuses, and trees bearing fruit as sweet as nectar: the garden was full of birds of golden and variegated plumage, and seemed to have pillars of bright gems; it conveyed the idea of walls where there was no partition, and where there were partitions, of unobstructed space. Where there was water it presented the appearance of dry land, and where there was dry land it bore the semblance of water. It resembled another and a wonderful world, created by the delusive power of the Asura Maya. It had been entered formerly by the monkeys searching for Sītā, which, after a long time, were allowed to come out by the favour of Svayamprabhā. So Svayamprabhā bade her adieu,[1] after she had been astonished with a full sight of her wonderful city, and had obtained immunity from old age; and Somaprabhā, making Kalingasenā ascend the chariot again, took her through the air to her own palace in Takshaśilā. There Kalingasenā told the whole story faithfully to her parents, and they were exceedingly pleased.

And while those two friends spent their days in this way, Somaprabhā once upon a time said to Kalingasenā: "As long as you are not married I can continue to be your friend, but after your marriage how could I enter the house of your husband? For a friend's husband ought never to be seen or recognised.[2] . . . As for a mother-in-law, she eats the flesh of a daughter-in-law as a she-wolf does of a sheep. And *à propos* of this hear the story of Kīrtisenā, which I am about to tell you.

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[1] This is obviously wrong, as it was Somaprabhā who had called on Svayamprabhā. It is, however, quite clear in the D. text, where we find it is Kalingasenā who takes her leave.—N.M.P.

[2] Here Dr Brockhaus supposes a line to be omitted. The transition is somewhat abrupt.——The D. text marks the hiatus of a line after the next paragraph, not before it.—N.M.P.

38. *Story of Kīrtisenā and her Cruel Mother-in-Law*[1]

Long ago there lived in the city of Pāṭaliputra[2] a merchant named, not without cause, Dhanapālita,[3] for he was the richest of the rich. And there was born to him a daughter, named Kīrtisenā, who was incomparably beautiful, and dearer to him than life. And he took his daughter to Magadha and married her to a rich merchant named Devasena. And though Devasena was himself very virtuous, he had a wicked mother as mistress in his house, for his father was dead. She, when she saw that her daughter-in-law Kīrtisenā was beloved by her husband, being inflamed with anger, ill-treated her in her husband's absence. But Kīrtisenā was afraid to let her husband know it, for the position of a bride in the power of a treacherous mother-in-law is a difficult one.

Once upon a time her husband Devasena, instigated by his relations, was preparing to go to the city of Valabhī for the sake of trade. Then that Kīrtisenā said to her husband: "I have not told you for this long time what I am now going to say: your mother ill-treats me though you are here, but I do not know what she will do to me when you are in a foreign country." When Devasena heard that, he was perplexed, and being alarmed on account of his affection for his wife he went and humbly said to his mother: "Kīrtisenā is committed to your care, mother, now that I am going to a foreign land; you must not treat her unkindly, for she is the daughter of a man of good family."

When Devasena's mother heard that, she summoned Kīrtisenā and, elevating her eyes, said to him then and there: "What have I done? Ask her. This is the way in which she eggs you on, my son, trying to make mischief in the house, but both of you are the same in my eyes."

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[1] *Cf.* with the story of Kīrtisenā the substance of two modern Greek songs given in Liebrecht, *Zur Volkskunde*, p. 187.——There is a certain similarity to the first part of the third day, nov. ix, of the *Decameron*. See A. C. Lee, *The Decameron, its Sources and Analogues*, 1909, p. 105.—N.M.P.

[2] See Vol. II, p. 39*n*1.—N.M.P.

[3] *I.e.* wealth-preserved.

When the good merchant heard that, he departed with his mind easy on her account. For who is not deceived by the hypocritically affectionate speeches of a mother?

But Kīrtisenā stood there silent, smiling in bewilderment; and the next day the merchant set out for Valabhī. Then, when Kīrtisenā began to suffer torture at being separated from her husband, the merchant's mother gradually forbade the female slaves to attend on her. And making an agreement with a handmaid of her own, who worked in the house, she took Kīrtisenā inside and secretly stripped her. And saying to her, "Wicked woman, you rob me of my son," she pulled her hair and, with the help of her servant, mangled her with kicks, bites and scratches. And she threw her into a cellar that was closed with a trap-door and strongly fastened, after first taking out all the things that were in it previously. And the wretch put in it every day half-a-plate of rice, in the evening, for the girl who was in such a state. And she thought: "I will say in a few days, 'She died of herself during her husband's absence in a distant land; take her corpse away.'"[1] Thus Kīrtisenā, who deserved all happiness, was thrown into a cellar by that cruel mother-in-law, and while there she reflected with tears: "My husband is rich, I was born in a good family, I am fortunately endowed and virtuous, nevertheless I suffer such calamity, thanks to my mother-in-law. And this is why relations lament the birth of a daughter, exposed to the terrors of mother-in-law and sister-in-law, marred with inauspiciousness of every kind."

While thus lamenting, Kīrtisenā suddenly found a small shovel in that cellar, like a thorn extracted from her heart by the Creator. So she dug a passage underground with that iron instrument, until by good luck she rose up in her private apartment. And she was able to see that room by the light of a lamp that had been left there before, as if she were lighted by her own undiminished virtue. And she took out of it her clothes and her gold, and leaving it secretly at the close of the night

Kīrtisenā makes her escape

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[1] Böhtlingk and Roth in their *Dictionary* explain the passage as follows:—*imam* (i.e. *patim*) *vyutthāpya yātā iti*, "she was unfaithful to her husband."

she went out of the city. She reflected: "It is not fitting that I should go to my father's house after acting thus; what should I say there, and how would people believe me? So I must manage to repair to my husband by means of my own ingenuity; for a husband is the only refuge of virtuous women in this world and the next." Reflecting thus, she bathed in the water of a tank, and put on the splendid dress of a prince. Then she went into the bazaar, and, after exchanging some gold for money, she sojourned that day in the house of a certain merchant.

The next day she struck up a friendship with a merchant named Samudrasena, who wished to go to Valabhī. And, wearing the splendid dress of a prince, she set out for Valabhī with the merchant and his servants in order to catch up her husband, who had set out beforehand. And she said to that merchant: "I am oppressed by my clansmen,[1] so I will go with you to my friends in Valabhī."

Having heard that, the merchant's son waited upon her on the journey, out of respect, thinking to himself that she was some distinguished prince or other; and that caravan preferred for its march the forest road, which was much frequented by travellers, who avoided the other routes because of the heavy duties they had to pay.

In a few days they reached the entrance of the forest, and while the caravan was encamped in the evening a female jackal, like a messenger of death, uttered a terrific howl. Thereupon the merchants, who understood what that meant,[2] became apprehensive of an attack by bandits, and the guards on every side took their arms in hand; and the darkness began to advance like the vanguard of the bandits; then

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[1] *Gotraja*, nearly equivalent to the Gentile of Roman law, and applied to kindred of the same general family connected by offerings of food and water; hence opposed to the Bandhu or cognate kindred. She represented that she was a prince whose clansmen were trying to disinherit him.

[2] Other unfavourable omens include a widow, lightning, fuel, smoky fire, pot of oil, leather, dog barking on a house-top, hare, crow flying from right to left, snake, new pot, blind man, lame man, sick man, salt, tiger, bundle of sticks, buttermilk, empty vessel, a quarrel, man with dishevelled hair, oil-man, leper and a mendicant. See Thurston, *Ethnographic Notes in Southern India*, pp. 242, 243.—N.M.P.

Kīrtisenā, in man's dress, beholding that, reflected: "Alas! the deeds of those who have sinned in a former life seem to propagate themselves with a brood of evils! Lo! the calamity which my mother-in-law brought upon me has borne fruit here also! First I was engulfed by the wrath of my mother-in-law as if by the mouth of death, then I entered the cellar like a second prison of the womb. By good fortune I escaped thence, being, as it were, born a second time, and having come here I have again run a risk of my life. If I am slain here by bandits, my mother-in-law, who hates me, will surely say to my husband: 'She ran off somewhere, being attached to another man.' But if someone tears off my clothes and recognises me for a woman, then again I run a risk of outrage, and death is better than that. So I must deliver myself, and disregard this merchant, my friend. For good women must regard the duty of virtuous wives, not friends and things of that kind." Thus she determined, and, searching about, found a hollow like a house in the middle of a tree, as it were an opening made for her by the earth out of pity. There she entered and covered her body with leaves and suchlike things, and remained supported by the hope of reunion with her husband. Then, in the dead of night, a large force of bandits suddenly fell upon the caravan with uplifted weapons, and surrounded it on all sides. And there followed a storm of fight, with howling bandits for thunder-clouds, and the gleam of weapons for long-continued lightning-flashes, and a rain of blood. At last the bandits, being more powerful, slew the merchant-prince Samudrasena and his followers, and went off with all his wealth.

In the meanwhile Kīrtisenā was listening to the tumult, and that she was not forcibly robbed of breath is to be ascribed to fate only.. Then the night departed, and the keen-rayed sun arose, and she went out from that hollow in the middle of the tree. Surely the gods themselves preserve in misfortune good women exclusively devoted to their husbands, and of unfailing virtue; for not only did a lion beholding her in the lonely wood spare her, but a hermit who had come from somewhere or other, when she asked him for information, comforted her and gave her a drink of water from his vessel, and then disappeared in some direction or other, after telling her the road to take. Then, satisfied as if with nectar, free from hunger and thirst, that woman, devoted to her husband, set out by the road indicated by the hermit.

The Rākshasī and her Sons

Then she saw the sun mounted on the western mountain, stretching forth his rays like fingers, as if saying: "Wait patiently one night"; and so she entered an opening in the root of a forest tree which looked like a house, and closed its mouth with another tree. And in the evening she saw through the opening of a chink in the door of her retreat a terrible Rākshasī approaching, accompanied by her young sons. She was terrified, thinking to herself: "Lo! I shall be devoured by this Rākshasī after escaping all my other misfortunes." And in the meanwhile the Rākshasī ascended that tree. And her sons ascended after her, and immediately said to that Rākshasī[1]: "Mother, give us something to eat." Then the Rākshasī said to her children: "To-day, my children, I went to a great cemetery, but I did not obtain any food, and though I entreated the congregation of witches, they gave me no portion; then grieved thereat I appealed to Śiva in his terrific form, and asked him for food. And the god asked me my name and lineage, and then said to me: 'Terrible one, thou art of high birth as belonging to the race of Khara and Dūshaṇa[1]; so go to the city of Vasudatta, not far from here. In that city there lives a great king named Vasudatta addicted to virtue; he defends this whole forest, dwelling on its border, and himself takes duties and chastises robbers. Now one day, while the king was sleeping in the forest, fatigued with hunting, a centipede quickly entered his ear unobserved. And in course of time it gave birth to many others inside his head. That produced an illness which now dries up all his sinews. And the physicians do not know what is the cause of his disease, but if someone does not find out he will die in a few days. When he is dead, eat his flesh; for by eating it you will, thanks to your magic power, remain satiated for six months.' In these words Śiva promised me a meal that is attended with uncertainty, and cannot be obtained for a long time, so what must I do, my children?"

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[1] *Cf.* Thorpe's *Yule-tide Stories*, p. 341, cited before in Vol. I, p. 48*n*[2], also *Sagas from the Far East*, p. 162. The Mongolian version supplies the connecting link between India and Europe. In the *Sagas from the Far East* the Rākshasas are replaced by crows. *Cf.* also the way in which the gardener in "Das Rosmarinsträuchlein" (Kaden, *Unter den Olivenbäumen*, p. 12) acquires some useful information. The story of Kīrtisenā from this point to the cure of the king closely resembles the latter half of "Die Zauberkugeln" in the same collection. See also Waldau's *Böhmische Märchen*, p. 272; Gaal, *Märchen der Magyaren*, p. 178; Coelho, *Contos Populares Portuguezes*, p. 47. In Waldau's story there is a strange similarity in the behaviour of the king, on first seeing the young physician, to that of Vasudatta.——A striking parallel appears in the *Pentamerone*, second diversion of the second day (Burton, vol. i, p. 152), where Nella, hidden in a tree, overhears the ghul being persuaded by the ghula to tell her how the wounded prince can be healed. "Now you must know," said the ghul, "that there is nought upon the face of the earth nor in the heavens that can save the prince from death, but by anointing the wounds with our own fat: that would detain the soul and hinder it from taking flight, and prevent it from forsaking its home, the body." By a clever trick Nella succeeds in making the necessary ointment. For a few specimens of the "overhearing" *motif* in Indian folk-tales see Note 2 at the end of this chapter.—N.M.P.

When the Rākshasī said this to her children, they asked her: "If the disease is discovered and removed, will that king live, mother? And tell us how such a disease can be cured in him." When the children said this, the Rākshasī solemnly said to them: "If the disease is discovered and removed, the king will certainly live. And hear how his great disease may be taken away. First his head must be anointed by rubbing warm butter on it, and then it must be placed for a long time in the heat of the sun intensified by noonday. And a hollow cane tube must be inserted into the aperture of his ear, which must communicate with a hole in a plate, and this plate must be placed above a pitcher of cool water. Accordingly the centipedes will be annoyed by heat and perspiration, and will come out of his head, and will enter that cane tube from the aperture of the ear, and desiring coolness will fall into the pitcher. In this way the king may be freed from that great disease."

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[1] Names of Rākshasas mentioned in the *Rāmāyaṇa*.

Thus spake the Rākshasī to her sons on the tree, and then ceased; and Kīrtisenā, who was in the trunk of the tree, heard it. And hearing it, she said to herself: "If ever I get safe away from here I will go and employ this artifice to save the life of that king. For he takes but small duties,[1] and dwells on the outskirts of this forest; and so all the merchants come this way because it is more convenient. This is what the merchant Samudrasena, who is gone to heaven, told me; accordingly that husband of mine will be sure to return by this very path. So I will go to the city of Vasudatta, which is on the borders of the forest, and I will deliver the king from his sickness, and there await the arrival of my husband." Thus reflecting, she managed, though with difficulty, to get through the night; in the morning, the Rākshasas having disappeared, she went out from the trunk of the tree.[2]

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[1] The sense seems obscure. The D. text reads *'vati* after *prāntasthito,* instead of *vahiḥ,* thus meaning, "by the small duties he takes he is a bliss for this forest region." See Speyer, *op. cit.*, p. 109.—N.M.P.

[2] The extraordinary cure mentioned above is the outcome of ancient Indian medical beliefs which still exist to-day amongst certain castes. The earliest views on medicine are found in the *Atharva-Veda,* where most diseases are attributed to the influence of demons, but a large number are ascribed to the presence of worms (practically a form of demon) located in various parts of the body. They are most fantastically described (see, for instance, *Atharva-Veda,* ii, 31 and 32; v, 23). Headache and ear and eye diseases, as well as intestinal illnesses, were attributed to worms. The belief received impetus by the teachings of the great Buddhist physician Jīvaka Komārabhachcha, a contemporary of the Buddha himself, whose cures included opening the skull and removing from the brain headache-producing centipedes. His treatises were translated into Tibetan, and stories of his cures appear in the *Kah-Gyur.* Thus in Schiefner and Ralston's *Tibetan Tales,* p. 103, we read: "At Vaiśālī there lived a man into whose ear a centipede had crept, and had therein given birth to seven hundred young ones. Tormented by his pains in the ear, this man went to Jīvaka and entreated him to cure him. Jīvaka said to himself, 'Hitherto I have acted in accordance with my teacher's instructions, but now I will act according to my own intelligence.' He said to the man, 'Go and make a hut out of foliage, carpet it with blue stuff, place a drum underneath, and make the ground warm.' The man provided everything as he was told. Then Jīvaka made the man lie down, sprinkled the ground with water, and beat the drum. Thereupon the centipede, thinking that the summer was come, crept out. Then Jīvaka placed a piece of meat on the ear. The reptile turned back, but presently came out again with its young

Then she travelled along slowly in the dress of a man, and in the afternoon she saw a good cowherd. He was moved to compassion by seeing her delicate beauty, and that she had accomplished a long journey, and then she approached him, and said: "What country is this, please tell me?" The cowherd said: "This city in front of you is the city of Vasudatta, belonging to the King Vasudatta: as for the king, he lies there at the point of death with illness." When Kīrtisenā heard that, she said to the cowherd: "If anyone will conduct me into the presence of that king, I know how

Kīrtisenā arrives at Vasudatta

ones, and they all laid hold of the piece of meat. Whereupon Jīvaka flung it into the flesh-pot, and the man recovered his health."

In the great medical work of Suśruta, produced about the commencement of the Christian era, we find remedies which "should be particularly employed in destroying the different classes of vermin which infest the regions of the head, heart, mouth and the nostrils. The liquid expressed out of horse-dung should be dried and then successively soaked several times in the decoction of *Vidanga*. The preparation should be blown into the nostrils." Similar treatment, we are told, should be used in cases of *Dantāda* worms—*i.e.* vermin that have taken lodgment in the teeth (see *Suśruta Saṃhitā*, Bhishagratna's trans., Calcutta, vol. iii, 1916, pp. 342, 343).

In modern India practically the same cure for carious teeth as that described in our text is still employed by the Beḍiyā, Beṛiyā (Beria or Bedia) caste. In an article on "The Gypsies of Bengal" (*Memoirs read before the Anth. Soc. Ldn.*, vol. iii, 1870, p. 127) Bābu Rājendralāla Mitra describes the different tricks employed by the Beḍiyānī: "Palmistry is her special vocation; and cupping with buffalo-horns, and administering moxas and drugs for spleen and rheumatism, take a great portion of her time. She has a peculiar charm for extracting maggots from the root of carious teeth. When a boy, the writer of this note was subject to irritation and swelling of the gums from carious teeth, and for it the affection of a fond mother, and the general ignorance of the healing art at that time, suggested no better remedy than the mantra of the village Beḍiyānī. On three different occasions we had to submit to her, and thrice she charmed out small communities of little maggots by dint of repeating a variety of most indecent verses. She used to apply a tube of straw to the root of the carious tooth, and every now and then bring out a maggot in its barrel. Once spun cotton was used instead of straw, but with no diminution of success. The operation was, no doubt, a deception, but the relief felt was unmistakable and permanent."

For further details about this caste see Russell's *Tribes and Castes of the Central Provinces*, vol. ii, p. 220 *et seq.* I can find no exact analogues to the above in European folk-lore. Schiefner and Ralston (*op. cit.*, p. li) mention a modern Greek story in which a girl is relieved from the presence of a to remove his disease." When the cowherd heard that, he said: "I am going to that very city, so come with me, that I may point it out to you." Kīrtisenā answered, "So be it," and immediately that herdsman conducted her to the city of Vasudatta, wearing her male dress. And telling the circumstances exactly as they were, he immediately commended that lady with auspicious marks to the afflicted warder. And the warder, having informed the king, by his orders introduced the blameless lady into his presence.

The King Vasudatta, though tortured with his disease, was comforted the moment he beheld that lady of wonderful beauty. The soul is able to distinguish friends from enemies. And he said to the lady who was disguised as a man: "Auspicious sir, if you remove this disease I will give you half my kingdom. I remember a lady stripped off from me in my dream a black blanket, so you will certainly remove this my disease." When Kīrtisenā heard that, she said: "This day is at an end, O King; to-morrow I will take away your disease; do not be impatient." Having said this, she rubbed cow's butter on the king's head; that made sleep come to him, and the excessive pain disappeared. And then all there praised Kīrtisenā, saying: "This is some god come to us in the disguise of a physician, thanks to our merits in a previous state of existence."

And the queen waited on her with various attentions, and appointed for her a house in which to rest at night, with female attendants. Then on the next day, at noon, before the eyes of the ministers and ladies of the harem, Kīrtisenā extracted from the head of that king, through the aperture of the ear, one hundred and fifty centipedes, by employing the wonderful artifice previously described by the Rākshasī. And after getting the centipedes

And cures the King

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number of snakes which had taken up their abode within her, by being suspended from a branch of a tree above a cauldron of boiling milk, the vapour arising from which induced the reptiles to come forth. A cobra story, similar to that in our text, appears in Frere's *Old Deccan Days* (see p. 62).

For details and further references on Indian medicine see J. Jolly, "Disease and Medicine (Hindu)," Hastings' *Ency. Rel. Eth.*, vol. iv, pp. 753-755; and G. M. Bolling, "Disease and Medicine (Vedic)." *idem*, pp. 762-772. —N.M.P.

into the pitcher she comforted the king by fomenting him with milk and melted butter.

The king having gradually recovered, and being free from disease, everybody there was astonished at beholding those creatures in the pitcher. And the king, on seeing these harmful insects that had been extracted from his head, was terrified, puzzled and delighted, and considered himself born again. And he made high feast, and honoured Kīrtisenā, who did not care for half the kingdom, with villages, elephants, horses and gold. And the queens and the ministers loaded her with gold and garments, saying that they ought to honour the physician who had saved the life of their sovereign. But she deposited for the present that wealth in the hand of the king, waiting for her husband, and saying: "I am under a vow for a certain time."

So Kīrtisenā remained there some days in man's clothes, honoured by all men, and in the meanwhile she heard from the people that her own husband, the great merchant Devasena, had come that way from Valabhī. Then, as soon as she knew that that caravan had arrived in the city, she went to it, and saw that husband of hers as a peahen beholds the new cloud. And she fell at his feet, and her heart, weeping from the pain of long separation, made her bestow on him the *argha*[1] with her tears of joy. Her husband, for his part, after he had examined her, who was concealed by her disguise, like the form of the moon invisible in the day on account of the rays of the sun, recognised her. It was wonderful that the heart of Devasena, who was handsome as the moon, did not dissolve like the moonstone[2] on beholding the moon of her countenance.

Then, Kīrtisenā having thus revealed herself, and her husband remaining in a state of wonder, marvelling what it could mean, and the company of merchants being astonished, the King Vasudatta, hearing of it, came there full of amazement. And Kīrtisenā, being questioned by him, told in the presence of her husband her whole adventure, that was due to the wickedness of her mother-in-law. And her husband Devasena, hearing it, conceived an aversion to his mother, and was affected at the same time by anger, forbearance, astonishment and joy.

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[1] Water is the principal ingredient of the offering called *argha* or *arghya*.

[2] This gem is formed from the congelation of the rays of the moon, and dissolves under the influence of its light. There is, of course, an elaborate pun in *chandrakānta*.

And all the people present there, having heard that wonderful adventure of Kīrtisenā, exclaimed joyfully: "Chaste women, mounted on the chariot of conjugal affection, protected by the armour of modesty, and armed with the weapon of intellect, are victorious in the struggle." The king too said: "This lady, who has endured affliction for the sake of her husband, has surpassed even Queen Sītā, who shared the hardships of Rāma. So she is henceforth my sister in the faith, as well as the saviour of my life." When the king said that, Kīrtisenā answered him: "O King, let your gift of affection, which I deposited in your care, consisting of villages, elephants and horses, be made over to my husband." When she said this to the king, he bestowed on her husband Devasena the villages and other presents, and, being pleased, gave him a turban of honour. Then Devasena, having his purse suddenly filled with stores of wealth, part of which was given by the king, and part acquired by his own trading, avoiding his mother and praising Kīrtisenā, remained dwelling in that town. And Kīrtisenā, having found a happy lot, from which her wicked mother-in-law was removed, and having obtained glory by her unparalleled adventures, dwelt there in the enjoyment of all luxury and power, like all the rich fruit of her husband's good deeds incarnate in a body.

[M] "Thus chaste women, enduring the dispensation of hostile fate, but preserving in misfortune the treasure of their virtue, and protected by the great power of their goodness, procure good fortune for their husbands and themselves. And thus, O daughter of a king, many misfortunes befall wives, inflicted by mothers-in-law and sisters-in-law, therefore I desire for you a husband's house of such a kind that in it there shall be no mother-in-law and no cruel sister-in-law."

Hearing this delightful and marvellous story from the mouth of the Asura princess Somaprabhā, the mortal princess Kalingasenā was highly delighted. Then the sun, seeing that these tales, the matter of which was so various, had come to an end, proceeded to set,[1] and Somaprabhā, having embraced the regretful Kalingasenā, went to her own palace.

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[1] A really beautiful exaggeration, showing how, in the East, everything must give way to the telling of a tale.—N.M.P.

NOTE 1.—AUTOMATA

The mechanical dolls of wood and "contrivances of magic machines" mentioned in this chapter, as well as the city peopled by wooden automata which we shall come across in Chapter XLIII, give rise to the question as to when and where such objects originated. As is the case with nearly all such inquiries, we have very largely to be content with bringing together what fragmentary evidence we can find, in the hope that it may give rise to further research or attract to it fresh references from unexpected quarters.

The earliest legends about moving figures, flying machines and so forth are connected with the mythical Greek architect and sculptor Dædalus. He it was who built the hollow wooden cow, covered with hide, into which Pasiphaë crept in order to satisfy her passion for the bull. He also constructed the famous Cretan labyrinth for King Minos, in which the Minotaur was confined, and made the wonderful bronze figure of a man which drove back the Argonauts. Incurring the anger of Minos, he built a pair of wings, by the help of which he fled, with his son Icarus, from Crete across the Ægean Sea to Sicily. He is regarded as the inventor of carpentry and of most of its tools.

The magic tripods, bellows, and golden handmaids of Hephaistos, the magic car of Medea drawn by dragons, the flying sandals of Hermes, and Pegasus, the famous winged horse which sprang from the headless trunk of Medusa, are all too legendary to have any place in this note. At the same time it is interesting to notice these early devices of Greek mythology, which, to a certain extent, correspond with the magic car, flying throne, Garuḍa bird, etc., of Hindu fiction. (See Burton, *Nights*, vol. v, p. $2n^2$, and Clouston, *Popular Tales and Fictions*, vol. i, pp. 373-380.) In a Mongolian story (Jülg, *Die Märchen des Siddhi-Kür*, 1866, first tale, p. 57 *et seq.*) the plot centres round a wooden Garuḍa bird made by a carpenter's son to help a friend of his to rescue his stolen wife. When inside it if the top is knocked the bird flies upwards, and if the bottom is struck it descends. We are, however, given no further details as to its mechanism.

The first scientific inventor of such objects as are mentioned in our text was probably Archytas (*c.* 428-347 B.C.), the Greek philosopher of Tarentum. Apart from his mathematical inventions, he constructed a kind of flying machine, consisting of a wooden figure balanced by a weight suspended from a pulley, and set in motion by "hidden and enclosed air" (Aul. Gell., *Noctes Atticæ*, X, xii, 9). This was apparently air escaping from a valve—in fact, an anticipation of the hot-air balloon. Archytas is also regarded as the inventor of the kite.

In the Middle Ages numerous attempts at inventing automata are recorded. In Europe the names of Ctesibius, Vitruvius, Hero of Alexandria, Regiomontanus, Roger Bacon and Albertus Magnus may be mentioned; while those of Wilkins, Leonardo da Vinci, Fleyder, Borelli, etc., are all connected with early attempts at flying.

Vitruvius was a Roman architect and engineer of the time of Julius Cæsar. The tenth book of his famous *De Architectura Decem* is entirely devoted to mechanical inventions of all kinds. It is particularly interesting to note that, like Somaprabhā in our text, he states that the influence of astrology on machines is of considerable importance and that all machinery is derived from nature, and is founded on the teaching and instruction of the revolution of the firmament (X, i, 4). He claims to have constructed the first water organs, that he "discovered the natural pressure of the air and pneumatic principles . . . devised methods of raising water, automatic contrivances, and amusing things of many kinds . . . blackbirds singing by means of waterworks, and *angobatæ*, and figures that drink and move, and other things that have been found to be pleasing to the eye and the ear."

Hero of Alexandria, now considered to have flourished in the second century A.D., invented numerous complicated magic jugs and drinking animals. He wrote many works on his inventions, including *Catoptrica*, *Pneumatica*, and *Automatopoietica*. Several inventions mentioned in the *Pneumatica* bear a certain resemblance to those in our text. There are mechanical birds made to sing by driving air through a pipe by the pressure of flowing water. In other chapters a dragon is made to hiss and a thyrsus to whistle by similar methods. By the force of compressed air water is made to spurt forth and automatons to sound trumpets. The heat of the sun's rays is used to warm air which expands and causes water to trickle out. In a number of cases as long as a fire burns on an altar the expansion of enclosed air caused thereby opens temple doors by the aid of pulleys, or causes statues to pour libations, dancing figures to revolve, and a serpent to hiss. The force of steam is used to support a ball in mid-air, revolve a sphere, and make a bird sing or a statue blow a horn. Inexhaustible lamps are described as well as inexhaustible goblets, and a self-trimmed lamp in which a float resting on the oil turns a cog-wheel which pushes up the wick as it and the oil are consumed. Floats and cog-wheels are also used in some of the tricks already mentioned. In another the flow of a liquid from a vessel is regulated by a float and a lever. Cog-wheels are also employed in constructing the neck of an automaton so that it can be cut completely through with a knife and yet the head not be severed from the body. A cupping glass, a syringe, a fire-engine pump with valves and pistons, a hydraulic organ and one worked by wind include the chief devices mentioned (Lynn Thorndike, *A History of Magic and Experimental Science*, vol. i, p. 192).

In both the Middle and Far East the manufacture of automata of one sort or another was quite common at the royal courts, as we can judge by the casual mention of such articles by early travellers.

Friar Odoric (1286-1331), in describing the palace of the Great Khan, says (Yule and Cordier, *Cathay and the Way Thither*, vol. ii, p. 222, Hakluyt Society, 1913): "In the hall of the palace also are many peacocks of gold. And when any of the Tartars wish to amuse their lord then they go one after the other and clap their hands; upon which the peacocks flap their wings and make as if they would dance. Now this must be done either by diabolic art, or by some engine underground."

Then there is the work of Al-Jazarī to be considered. He was in the service of the Sulṭān Maḥmūd al-Malik aṣ-Ṣāliḥ at Āmida, and it was at his orders that in 1206 he wrote his *Kitāb fī ma'rifat al-ḥiyal al-handasīya* ("Book of the Knowledge of Ingenious Contrivances"). The work is in six sections:

1. On the construction of clocks from which can be told the passage of the regular secular hours (10 chapters).
2. On the construction of vessels and figures suitable for use at carousals (10 chapters).
3. On the construction of ewers and cups for bloodletting and washing (10 chapters).
4. On the construction of fountains in tanks which change their form, and on perpetual flutes (10 chapters).
5. On the construction of instruments for raising water from shallow bodies of water, and from running water (5 chapters).
6. On the construction of various things of different sorts (5 chapters).

Eight of the plates accompanying the work have been recently published by the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston (*The Treatise of Al-Jazarī on Automata*, Ananda K. Coomaraswamy, No. 6, 1924). It will suffice to give the description of one of them (pp. 15, 16). It is a peacock apparatus for washing the hands, and occurs in the ninth chapter of the third section of Al-Jazarī's treatise.

The body of the peacock is filled with water; the ring at the tip of the tail is attached to a plug which closes the body chamber, preventing the entry of air, so that no water can flow out until the plug is lifted by pulling the ring. The peacock stands on a "castle," consisting of a chamber which rests on four columns standing in a basin which rests on a hollow base. The dirty water flows into the hollow base and can afterwards be drawn off by the faucet.

The chamber ("castle") below the peacock has two doors side by side, each with two swinging wings opening very easily. Behind the first door stands a servant holding a bowl of alkaline vegetable ashes, used as soap. When the water enters the base of the apparatus it pushes up the lower float, and this raises the rod attached to it and pushes up the board on which the servant stands, so that the door opens and he emerges offering the "soap" for the king's use. Behind the second door stands another servant with a towel. When still more water has entered the lower chamber (and by this time most of the water in the peacock has been used, and the king will have completed his ablutions) the second float, which is attached to a shorter rod, will also be raised, and in the same way as before the second figure with the towel will emerge. When the dirty water is drawn off, the two floats fall and the figures retire. The total height of the apparatus would be about six spans.

The above examples of early mechanical inventing are almost entirely confined to what we might describe as clever toys. They are, in fact, analogous to those which Somaprabhā produced from her basket in order to amuse her friend Kalingasenā.

In Chapter XLIII, p. 281, Naravāhanadatta comes across a city entirely populated by wooden automata that move as if they are alive. They had been made by one Rājyadhara, a carpenter, to compensate for his loneliness in the empty city which he had discovered. We are at once reminded of the Golem of Jewish legend, about which I am able to give a short account owing to the assistance of Dr Gaster.

The first reference to a man created from clay in Rabbinical literature is found in the Talmud (Sanhedrin, f. *65b*), where Rabba made a man of clay by means of the "Book of Creation" and sent him to the son of Rabbi Zira. The latter spoke to him, but received no reply, so he caused the automaton to return to its origin.

There is no similar legend until the time of Aben Gabirol of the eleventh century. It is related that by means of the mystical name of God he was able to create a servant who did his bidding. He was denounced to the sultan, but was able to prove that it was only of a mechanical nature which derived its strength from the Divine Name placed either in the forehead or else in the mouth of the automaton.

There was a certain Rabbi Elijah of Chelm, in Poland, who was credited with having the knowledge of the mystic creative name of God, and to have applied it for the purpose of making an automaton. The figure grew to such an extent that the people became frightened and he was forced to destroy it.

The most famous of these automatons, however, is the one that lives in the legend connected with the name of the "Exalted Rabbi Löw of Prague." He flourished at the end of the sixteenth century and fashioned a figure known as a Golem—that is to say, "something rolled together," a "lump." This automaton worked on all days of the week, and was able to carry out the work by means of a plate placed under its tongue on which was inscribed the Divine Name. Every Friday evening the plate was removed so that the Golem should not desecrate the Sabbath. On one occasion, however, Rabbi Löw forgot to do this, and on that evening he stopped the service before intoning the introductory psalm to the Sabbath service in order to get hold of the Golem and remove the plate in time. But the Golem fell to bits, and legend has it that to this day the pieces are still preserved in the attic of the synagogue (A. M. Tendlau, "Der Golem des Hoch-Rabbi-Löb," *Das Buch der Sagen und Legenden Jüdischer Vorzeit*, 1845, 2nd edit., p. 16 *et seq.*).

Rabbi H. B. Fassel in his *Neun Derusch Vorträge*, Gross Kanizsa, 1867, p. 93, refers to a similar legend where such a Golem is used and works by means of the Divine Name placed under his tongue all day, being removed at night.

The most modern idea of the mechanical figure is, of course, the Robot invented by Karel Kapek. *Robot* is the Czech word to express a being with capacity for work, but not for thinking. It is interesting to note that it was also at Prague that Kapek first conceived the idea, for as he watched the crowds of men and women being herded in and out of the suburban trains, he began to think of them, not as individuals, or even animals, but as machines —and so the idea of the Robot originated in the very town where, according to legend, the broken pieces of the Golem still repose.—N.M.P.

NOTE 2.—THE "OVERHEARING" *MOTIF*

I have already given notes on this *motif* of overhearing in Vol. I, p. 48*n*[1], and Vol. II, p. 107*n*[1] *et seq.* It also occurred in the "Story of the Golden City" (Vol. II, p. 219), and in Vol. III, pp. 48, 49.

Several good examples of the *motif* are found in the *Jātakas.* In the *Siri-Jātaka,* No. 284 (Cambridge edition, vol. ii, p. 280), two cocks are overheard talking on a tree, their indiscretion being their undoing. They abuse one another, and one says: "What power have *you*?" The other replies: "Anybody who kills me, and eats my flesh roasted on the coals, gets a thousand pieces of money in the morning!" But the first cock continues: "Pooh, pooh, don't boast about a little thing like that! Anybody who eats my fleshy parts will become king; if he eats my outside, he'll become commander-in-chief or chief queen, according as he's a man or woman; if he eats the flesh by my bones he'll get the post of royal treasurer, if he be a householder; or, if a holy man, will become the king's favourite!"

In the *Kharaputta-Jātaka,* No. 386 (Cambridge edition, vol. iii, p. 175), which I consider to be the original of the well-known "Tale of the Bull and the Ass" in the *Nights* (Burton, vol. i, p. 16 *et seq.*), four young Nāga youths enter a king's room to "destroy him like chaff by the breath of their nostrils" and are luckily persuaded to desist from their intention by overhearing a conversation between the king and his consort.

An ordinary case of human overhearing occurs in the *Takkala-Jātaka,* No. 446 (Cambridge edition, vol. iv, p. 29).

In Tawney's *Kathākoça* (Oriental Translation Fund, New Series, ii, 1895, Royal Asiatic Society) there are several examples of the *motif* under discussion. In the "Story of the Couple of Parrots" (p. 42 *et seq.*), which begins with the *Dohada motif* (see Vol. I, p. 224), the soul of the hen-parrot is troubled by discovering that her Vidyādhara brother has unwittingly carried off his own mother with the intention of marrying her. She wishes to save the situation in as tactful a manner as possible, and considers the best way is for them to overhear a conversation. They are sitting under a tree and so the hen-parrot assumes two forms, that of a male and that of a female ape, and comes to the tree.

Then the male ape said to the female ape: "My dear, this is called the bathing-place of the aspirant: animals that plunge in this water attain the condition of humanity; men that plunge in here acquire, owing to the virtue of this bathing-place of the aspirant, the condition of gods; about this there is no doubt. Now there are two human beings sitting here in the shade of this fragrant mango-tree." The female ape said: "Think intently of their form, and leap into this well, that you may become a woman, and I will become a man." Then the monkey said: "Fie! fie! who would mention the name of this man who has carried off his mother with the idea of marrying her? What desire have we for the form of that villain?" When they heard this speech of the monkey, both the Vidyādhara and his mother were astonished.

The Vidyādhara said to himself: "How can I be her son?" The queen said to herself: "How can this Vidyādhara be my son?" While they were both engaged in these reflections, the Vidyādhara said to the male monkey: "Great sir, how can this be true?" The monkey replied: "It is indeed true; about this matter there can be no doubt; if you do not believe it, in this mountain-thicket there is a hermit, who possesses absolute knowledge, now performing austerities in the statuesque posture; go and ask him." When the two monkeys had finished this conversation they disappeared. Thereupon the Vidyādhara prince, accompanied by his mother, went into the mountain-thicket, and said to the hermit that possessed absolute knowledge: "Reverend sir, is the thing asserted by the monkey true?" The hermit replied: "It is indeed true. . . ."

The ingenious introduction of the *motif* in the above extract is a fine example of the story-teller's art.

In the next story in the same collection Queen Madanāvalī is confined to a lonely palace in the middle of the forest owing to an evil bodily smell that nothing can eradicate. The queen bears her exile with fortitude, consoling herself with the thought that her fate must be due to evil actions in a former life. Here is an excellent opportunity for the "overhearing" *motif*.

A hen-parrot and her mate are chatting in a fragrant mango-tree. The queen listens and is surprised to hear a recital of her present and former lives. The evil smell is discussed. "My lord," asks the hen-parrot, "is there any remedy for her complaint?" The cock-parrot said: "This evil smell has attached to her in this life because in a former birth she showed disgust at a hermit; if for seven days she worships the mighty Jina three times with sweet-smelling substances, she will be relieved from this affliction in the form of an evil smell." Then Madanāvalī, hearing this, threw down all her ornaments as a present in front of the parrot couple; but they, after holding this conversation, instantly disappeared.

To quote a final tale from the *Kathākoça* (p. 164), we find in the "Story of Lalitānga" (already mentioned in Vol. I, p. 48n^2, and Vol. II, pp. 113n^1 and 220n) that a blind prince is sitting under a banyan-tree when some *bhāruṇda* birds begin to converse. An old bird is relating to a young one the happenings in the neighbouring city, where the princess is also blind. "Father," says the young bird, "is there any means by which her eyes may be restored afresh?" The old bird said:

"My child, I will tell you in the day, after looking round, and not at night;
Very cunning people wander about under the banyan-tree, like Vararuchi.

For that reason do not ask now; at the time of dawn I will tell you of a means." The young bird would not desist from its importunity, but asked very persistently, saying: "I will not let you off without telling me." The old bird said: "A creeper embraces the root of this banyan-tree, and extends over it. If her eyes are sprinkled with the juice of that plant they will be restored again immediately." When the prince, who was under the banyan-tree, heard this speech of the bird, he first sprinkled that juice into the sockets of his own eyes. His eyes became clear as before.

The prince then proceeds to the city, and cures the princess, receiving her and half the kingdom as a reward. Cf. *Suvābahuttarīkathā*, 72 (J. Hertel, "Ueber die Suvābahuttarīkathā," *Festschrift für Ernst Windisch*, pp. 150-151).

Similar tales occur in Frere's *Old Deccan Days*; thus in the seventh story we read (p. 121) of a king who suffered agony owing to a cobra which had become lodged in his throat and could not be extracted. His bride happens to overhear two cobras talking about her affairs. "Can no one get it out?" asked the first cobra, referring to the snake in the king's throat. "No," replied the other; "because they do not know the secret." "What secret?" asked the first cobra. "Don't you know?" said the second. "Why, if his wife only took a few marking-nuts and pounded them well, and mixed them in coco-nut oil, and set the whole on fire, and hung the Rajah, her husband, head downwards up in a tree above it, the smoke, rising upwards, would instantly kill the cobra in his mouth, which would tumble down dead." "I never heard of that before," said the first cobra. "Didn't you!" exclaimed the second. "Why, if they did the same thing at the mouth of your hole they'd kill you in no time, and then, perhaps, they might find all the fine treasure you have there!" "Don't joke in that way," said the first cobra, "I don't like it," and he crawled away quite offended, and the second cobra followed him.

Needless to say the princess cures the king and gets the cobra's jewels. The cure somewhat resembles that in our present text (p. 49). *Cf.* with this story that in the *Pañchatantra* (Benfey, vol. ii, pp. 257, 258) in which the princess learns, from overhearing the conversation of two snakes, secrets which bring about their own death.

In story No. 9 of the same collection the Panch-Phul Ranee learns from two jackals how to restore her dead husband's life. The juice of the leaves of a tree is the medium of the miracle (p. 139).

The fifth tale also contains the "overhearing" *motif*, where the owl tells Luxman's future adventures as he listens below the tree (p. 75).

Very similar is an incident in the tale of Phakir Chand in Lal Behari Day's *Folk-Tales of Bengal*, p. 40 *et seq.* Both these latter references have already been given (p. 29*n*) as analogues to the story of "The Prince and the Merchant's Son" (p. 28 *et seq.*). See also Day (*op. cit.*, pp. 106, 107), where the Brāhman overhears a conversation between two calves in the cow-house. As will be seen, this story is similar to that of the "Two Parrots" in the *Kathākoça* already mentioned.

In the story of Prince Sobur in the same collection (pp. 135, 136) the princess overhears from two divine birds, whom she has just saved from being devoured by a serpent, how she can bring back to health Prince Sobur, who is dying through a trick played on him by his sisters-in-law.

To conclude, I would give one final example of this *motif.* It is found in Bernhard Jülg's *Mongolische Märchen Sammlung, Die Neun Märchen des Siddhi-Kür und die Geschichte des Ardschi-Bordschi Chan*, Innsbruck, 1868, tale 15, p. 147 *et seq.*

Long ago there lived, in Western India, a king who had a very clever son. This son he sent with the minister's son into the Diamond Kingdom of

Central India to learn every kind of wisdom. Here they stayed for many years as pupils of two wise lamas. Finally they started on their homeward journey. While they travelled along the minister's son thought to himself: "The king has been equally generous to us both, but his son has profited far more than I have," and in this manner he plotted against the prince.

One night they halted on the top of a mountain and there the minister's son killed the prince, who with his last breath cried out: "Abaraschika." Then the son of the minister returned to his country, where he reported that the prince had died suddenly of a fatal disease, and had only been able to utter the word "Abaraschika." Then the king commanded all the wise men of the land to come before him, and he asked them what that word meant, but no one could tell him. Thereupon they were given seven days in which to find out the meaning, after which, if they failed, they were all to be executed.

Six days went by and the wise men were prepared to die. In the meantime one of their number, a priest of little significance, had crept away and taken flight. He hid himself at the foot of a tree in the forest, and while he sat there a child began to cry in the top of the tree. His father cried: "Do not cry, my son; to-morrow the king is to have a thousand men executed; if we do not eat their flesh, who will do so?" After a time the child cried again: "I am hungry." Then his mother comforted him, saying: "Do not cry, my son; to-morrow the king is to have a thousand men executed; who but we will eat their flesh and blood?" When the boy asked them why the thousand men were to be executed, the father answered: "Because they do not know the meaning of the word 'Abaraschika.'" "What is the meaning?" asked the boy. "The meaning," answered the father, "is easy. It is: 'This, my bosom friend, led me into a dense wood. There he wounded me and trod on my neck and beat me and cut off my head.'"

Hardly had the priest heard that than he ran off and told the other wise men what he had heard. Thus the wicked minister's son was found out and duly punished for his crime.

Other references to examples of the *motif* will be found in Bloomfield, *Life and Stories of Pārçvanātha*, p. 185. For ancient Jewish legends containing the "Overhearing" *motif* see Gaster, *Exempla of the Rabbis*, Nos. 110, 447 and 449 (pp. 79, 180 and 181), and the variants on p. 269.—N.M.P.

CHAPTER XXX

THEN Kalingasenā out of love went to the top of a [M] palace on the highroad, to follow with her eyes the course of Somaprabhā, who had set out for her own home, and by chance a young king of the Vidyādharas, named Madanavega, travelling through the air, had a near view of her. The youth, beholding her, bewildering the three worlds with her beauty, like the bunch of peacock feathers of the juggler Kāma, was much troubled. He reflected: "Away with the Vidyādhara beauties! Not even the Apsarases deserve to be mentioned in presence of the surpassing loveliness of this mortal lady. So if she will not consent to become my wife, what is the profit of my life? But how can I associate with a mortal lady, being a Vidyādhara?" Thereupon he called to mind the science named Prajñapti,[1] and that science, appearing in bodily form, thus addressed him: "She is not really a mortal woman; she is an Apsaras, degraded in consequence of a curse, and born in the house of the august King Kalingadatta." When the Vidyādhara had been thus informed by the science, he went off delighted and distracted with love; and, averse from all other things, reflected in his palace: "It is not fitting for me to carry her off by force; for the possession of women by force is, according to a curse, fated to bring me death. So, in order to obtain her, I must propitiate Śiva by asceticism, for happiness is procurable by asceticism, and no other expedient presents itself."

Thus he resolved, and the next day he went to the Ṛishabha mountain, and standing on one foot performed penance without taking food.[2] Then the husband of Ambikā was soon won over by Madanavega's severe asceticism, and appearing to him, thus enjoined him: "This maiden, named Kalingasenā, is famous for beauty on the earth, and she cannot find any husband equal to her in the gift of loveliness. Only the King of Vatsa is a fitting match for her, and he longs to possess her, but, through fear of Vāsavadattā, does not dare to court her openly. And this princess, who is longing for a handsome husband, will hear of the King of Vatsa from the mouth of Somaprabhā, and repair to him to choose him as her husband. So, before her marriage takes place, assume the form of the impatient King of Vatsa and go and make her your wife by the *gāndharva* ceremony.[1] In this way, fair sir, you will obtain Kalingasenā." Having received this command from Śiva, Madanavega prostrated himself before him, and returned to his home on the slope of the Kālakūṭa mountain.

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[1] See Vol. II, p. $212n^1$.—N.M.P.

[2] See Vol. I, p. $79n^1$.—N.M.P.

Then Kalingasenā went on enjoying herself in the city of Takshaśilā, in the society of Somaprabhā, who went every night to her own home, and came back every morning to her friend, in her chariot that travelled through the air; and one day she said to Somaprabhā in private: "My friend, you must not tell anyone what I tell you. Listen, and I will give you a reason that makes me think the time of my marriage has arrived. Ambassadors have been sent here by many kings to ask me in marriage. And they, after an interview with my father, have always hitherto been dismissed by him as they came. But now the king of the name of Prasenajit, who lives in Śrāvastī, has sent a messenger, and he alone has been received with honourable distinction by my father. And that course has been recommended by my mother, so I conjecture the king, my suitor, has been approved of by my father and mother as of sufficiently noble lineage. For he is born in that family in which were born Ambā and Ambālikā, the paternal grandmothers of the Kurus and Pāṇḍus. So, my friend, it is clear that they have now determined to bestow me in marriage on this King Prasenajit, in the city of Śrāvastī."

When Somaprabhā heard this from Kalingasenā, she suddenly shed from grief a copious shower of tears, creating, as it were, a second necklace. And when her friend asked her the cause of her tears, that daughter of the Asura Maya, who had seen all the terrestrial world, said to her: "Of the desirable requisites in a suitor, youth, good looks, noble birth, good disposition and wealth, youth is of the greatest importance; high birth, and so on, are of subordinate importance. But I have seen that King Prasenajit, and he is an old man: who cares about his high lineage, as he is old, any more than about the birth of the jasmine flower? You will be to be pitied when linked to him, who is white as snow, as the lotus-bed when linked to the winter, and your face will be a withered lotus. For this reason despondency has arisen in me, but I should be delighted if Udayana, the King of Vatsa, were to become your husband, O auspicious lady. For there is no king upon the earth equal to him in form, beauty, lineage, daring and riches. If, fair one, you should be married to that fitting mate, the display which the Creator has made in your case of his power to create beauty would have brought forth fruit."

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[1] See Vol. I, pp. 87-88.—N.M.P.

By means of these speeches, artfully framed by Somaprabhā, the mind of Kalingasenā was impelled as if by engines, and flew towards the King of Vatsa. And then the princess asked the daughter of Maya: "Friend, how is it that he is called the King of Vatsa? In what race was he born? And whence was he named Udayana? Tell me." Then Somaprabhā said: "Listen, friend, I will tell you that.

The History of the King of Vatsa

"There is a land, the ornament of the earth, named Vatsa. In it there is a city named Kauśāmbī, like a second Amarāvatī; and he is called the King of Vatsa because he rules there. And hear his lineage, my friend, related by me. Arjuna of the Pāṇḍava race had a son named Abhimanyu, and he, skilled in breaking the close rings of the hostile army, destroyed the force of the Kauravas. From him there sprang a king named Parīkshit, the head of the race of Bharata, and from him sprang Janamejaya, who performed the snake-sacrifice. His son was Śatānīka, who settled in Kauśāmbī, and he was slain in a war between the gods and Asuras after slaying many giants. His son was King Sahasrānīka, an object of praise to the world, to whom Indra sent his chariot, and he went to heaven and returned thence. To him was born this

Udayana by the Queen Mṛigāvatī, the ornament of the race of the Moon, a king that is a feast to the eyes of the world. Hear, too, the reason of his name. That Mṛigāvatī, the mother of this high-born king, being pregnant, felt a desire to bathe in a lake of blood, and her husband, afraid of committing sin, had a lake made of liquid lac and other coloured fluids, in which she plunged. Then a bird of the race of Garuḍa pounced upon her, thinking she was raw flesh, and carried her off, and, as fate would have it, left her alive on the mountain of the sunrise. And there the hermit Jamadagni saw her, and comforted her, promising her reunion with her husband, and she remained there in his hermitage. For such was the curse inflicted upon her husband by Tilottamā, jealous on account of his neglecting her, which caused him separation from his wife for a season. And in some days she brought forth a son in the hermitage of Jamadagni, on that very mountain of the sunrise, as the sky brings forth the new moon. And because he was born on the mountain of the sunrise the gods then and there gave him the name of Udayana, uttering from heaven this bodiless voice: 'This Udayana, who is now born, shall be sovereign of the whole earth; and there shall be born to him a son, who shall be emperor of all the Vidyādharas.'[1]

"Sahasrānīka, for his part, who had been informed of the real state of the case by Mātali, and had fixed his hope on the termination of his curse, with difficulty got through the time without that Mṛigāvatī. But when the curse had expired the king obtained his token from a Śavara who, as fate would have it, had come from the mountain of the sunrise. And then he was informed of the truth by a voice from heaven, and making that Śavara his guide, he went to the mountain of the sunrise. There he found his wife Mṛigāvatī like the success of his wishes, and her son Udayana like the realm of fancy. With them he returned to Kauśāmbī, and appointed his son crown prince, pleased with the excellence of his qualities; and he gave him the sons of his ministers, Yaugandharāyaṇa and others. When his son took the burden of the kingdom off his shoulders he enjoyed pleasures for a long time in the society of Mṛigāvatī. And in time the king established his son, that very Udayana, on the throne, and being old went with his wife and ministers on the long journey. So Udayana has obtained that kingdom that belonged to his father, and having conquered all his enemies, rules the earth with the help of Yaugandharāyaṇa."

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[1] This has already been described in greater detail in Vol. I, pp. 97-100. —N.M.P.

Having in these words quickly told her in confidence the story of Udayana, she again said to her friend Kalingasenā: "Thus that king is called the King of Vatsa, fair one, because he rules in Vatsa, and since he comes of the Pāṇḍava lineage, he is also descended from the race of the sun. And the gods gave him the name of Udayana because he was born on the mountain of the sunrise, and in this world even the God of Love is not a match for him in beauty. He alone is a husband fit for you, most beautiful lady of the three worlds, and he, being a lover of beauty, no doubt longs for you, who are famous for it. But, my friend, his head wife is Vāsavadattā, the daughter of Chaṇḍamahāsena. And she selected him herself, deserting her relations in the ardour of her passion, and so sparing the blushes of Ushā, Śakuntalā and other maidens. And a son has been born to him by her, called Naravāhanadatta, who is appointed by the gods as the future emperor of the Vidyādharas. So it is through fear of her that the King of Vatsa does not send here to ask for your hand, but she has been seen by me, and she does not vie with you in the gift of beauty." When her friend Somaprabhā said this, Kalingasenā, being in love with the King of Vatsa,[1] answered her: "I know all this; but what can I do, as I am under the power of my parents? But in this you, who know all things and possess magic power, are my refuge." Somaprabhā then said to her: "The whole matter depends on destiny; in proof of it hear the following tale:—

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[1] For examples of falling in love by mere description see Chauvin, *Bibliographie des Ouvrages Arabes*, v, p. 132. The ten stages of Hindu love-sickness have already been described in Vol. II, p. 9*n*². *Cf.* also the humorous story of "The Unwise Schoolmaster who fell in Love by Report," *Nights*, Burton, vol. v, pp. 117, 118; and ditto, vol. ix, p. 222, "Ibrahim and Jamilah."—N.M.P.

39. *Story of Tejasvatī*[1]

Once on a time there lived in Ujjayinī a king named Vikramasena, and he had a daughter named Tejasvatī, matchless in beauty. And she disapproved of every king who sued for her hand. But one day, while she was on the roof of her palace, she saw a man, and, as fate would have it, she felt a desire to meet him as he was very handsome, and she sent her confidante to him to communicate to him her desire. The confidante went and entreated the man, who shrank from such an audacious step, and at last, with much difficulty, she made him, against his will, agree to an assignation, saying: "Await, good sir, the arrival of the princess at night in this retired temple which you see here." After saying this, she took leave of him, and went and told the Princess Tejasvatī, who for her part remained watching the sun. But that man, though he had consented, fled somewhere else out of fear: a frog is not capable of relishing the fibres of a bed of red lotuses.

In the meanwhile a certain prince of high lineage came, as his father was dead, to visit the king, who had been his father's friend. And that handsome young prince, named Somadatta, whose kingdom and wealth had been taken by pretenders, arriving at night, entered by accident, to pass the night there, that very temple in which the confidante of the princess had arranged a meeting with the man. While he was there the princess, blind with passion, approached him, without distinguishing who he was, and made him her self-chosen husband. The wise prince gladly received in silence the bride offered him by fate, who foreshadowed his union with the future Fortune of Royalty. And the princess soon perceived that he was very charming, and considered that she had not been deceived by the Creator. Immediately they conversed together, and the two separated according to agreement; the princess to her own palace, while the king spent the rest of the night there.

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[1] *Cf.* the *Pañchatantra,* Benfey, vol. ii, p. 183 (first part of the fourth book), where the merchant's son becomes the lover of the princess in mistake for someone else. When she discovers her error she lets him go on his uttering a maxim about predestination being the lot of man. This resembles the saying of Somadatta in the "Story of Phalabhūti" (No. 24 of this work, Vol. II, p. 97).

There is a very slight resemblance to the *Decameron,* day 2, nov. 2, where Rinaldo takes the place of the Marquis Azzo, but in this case the fair lady is merely using Rinaldo as a "second best."—N.M.P.

In the morning the prince went and announced his name by the mouth of the warder, and, being recognised, entered into the presence of the king. There he told his sorrow on account of his kingdom having been taken away, and other insults, and the king agreed to assist him in overthrowing his enemies. And he determined to give him the daughter he had long desired to give away, and then and there told his intention to the ministers. Then the queen told the king his daughter's adventure, having been informed of it before by herself, through the mouths of trusty confidantes. Then the king was astonished at finding that calamity had been averted and his desire attained by mere chance, as in the fable of the crow and the palm,[1] and thereupon one of the ministers said to the king: "Fate watches to ensure the objects of auspicious persons, as good servants of their masters, when the latter are not on the look-out. And to illustrate this I will tell you the following tale. Listen.

39*a*. *The Brāhman Hariśarman*

There was a certain Brāhman in a certain village, named Hariśarman.[2] He was poor and foolish and in evil case for want of employment, and he had very many children, that he might reap the fruit of his misdeeds in a former life. He wandered about begging with his family, and at last he reached a certain city, and entered the service of a rich householder called Sthūladatta. He made his sons keepers of this householder's cows and other possessions, and his wife a servant to him, and he himself lived near his house, performing the duty of an attendant.

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[1] This is well known in India now. A crow alighted on a palm-tree when just about to fall, and so it appeared that his weight made it fall. For this and many other hints I am indebted to Paṇḍit S. C. Mookerjea, of the Hindu School.

[2] Benfey considers that this, as well as "Haripriya," means "blockhead" (*Orient und Occident*, vol. i, p. 374).

One day there was a feast on account of the marriage of the daughter of Sthūladatta, largely attended by many friends of the bridegroom, and merry-makers. And then Hariśarman entertained a hope that he would be able to fill himself up to the throat with ghee and flesh and other dainties, together with his family, in the house of his patron. While he was anxiously expecting that occasion, no one thought of him. Then he was distressed at getting nothing to eat, and he said to his wife at night: "It is owing to my poverty and stupidity that I am treated with such disrespect here; so I will display, by means of an artifice, an assumed knowledge, in order that I may become an object of respect to this Sthūladatta, and when you get an opportunity, tell him that I possess supernatural knowledge." He said this to her, and after turning the matter over in his mind, while people were asleep he took away from the house of Sthūladatta a horse on which his son-in-law rode. He placed it in concealment at some distance, and in the morning the friends of the bridegroom could not find the horse, though they searched in every direction.

Then, while Sthūladatta was distressed at the evil omen, and searching for the thieves who had carried off the horse, the wife of Hariśarman came and said to him: "My husband is a wise man, skilled in astrology and sciences of that kind, and he will procure for you the horse; why do you not ask him?" When Sthūladatta heard that, he called that Hariśarman, who said: "Yesterday I was forgotten, but to-day, now the horse is stolen, I am called to mind." And Sthūladatta then propitiated the Brāhman with these words: "I forgot you, forgive me," and asked him to tell him who had taken away their horse. Then Hariśarman drew all kinds of pretended diagrams, and said: "The horse has been placed by thieves on the boundary line south from this place. It is concealed there, and before it is carried off to a distance, as it will be at close of day, quickly go and bring it." When they heard that, many men ran and brought the horse quickly, praising the discernment of Hariśarman.

Then Hariśarman was honoured by all men as a sage, and dwelt there in happiness, honoured by Sthūladatta.

Then, as days went on, much wealth, consisting of gold and jewels, was carried off by a thief from the palace of the king. As the thief was not known, the king quickly summoned Hariśarman on account of his reputation for supernatural knowledge. And he, when summoned, tried to gain time, and said: "I will tell you to-morrow," and then he was placed in a chamber by the king and carefully guarded. And he was despondent about his pretended knowledge.[1] Now in that palace there was a maid named Jihvā,[2] who, with the assistance of her brother, had carried off that wealth from the interior of the palace; she, being alarmed at Hariśarman's knowledge, went at night and applied her ear to the door of that chamber in order to find out what he was about. And Hariśarman, who was alone inside, was at that very moment blaming his own tongue, that had made a vain assumption of his knowledge. He said: "O tongue, what is this that you have done, through desire of enjoyment? Ill-conducted one, endure now punishment in this place." When Jihvā heard this, she thought in her terror that she had been discovered by this wise man, and by an artifice she managed to get in where he was, and falling at his feet, she said to that supposed sage: "Brāhman, here I am, that Jihvā whom you have discovered to be the thief of the wealth, and after I took it I buried it in the earth in a garden behind the palace, under a pomegranate-tree. So spare me, and receive the small quantity of gold which is in my possession." When Hariśarman heard that, he said to her proudly: "Depart, I know all this; I know the past, present and future; but I will not denounce you, being a miserable creature that has implored my protection. But whatever gold is in your possession you must give back to me." When he said this to the maid, she consented, and departed quickly. But Hariśarman reflected in his astonishment: "Fate, if

Hariśarman's Supernatural Knowledge is put to the Test propitious, brings about, as if in sport, a thing that cannot be accomplished, for in this matter, when calamity was near, success has unexpectedly been attained by me. While I was blaming my tongue [*jihvā*] the thief Jihvā flung herself at my feet. Secret crimes, I see, manifest themselves by means of fear."

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[1] A MS. in the Sanskrit College reads *jñānavijna—i.e.* "the knowing one," "the astrologer."

[2] This word means "tongue."

In these reflections he passed the night happily in the chamber. And in the morning he brought the king by some skilful parade of pretended knowledge into the garden, and led him up to the treasure, which was buried there, and he said that the thief had escaped with a part of it. Then the king was pleased, and proceeded to give him villages. But the minister, named Devajnānin, whispered in the king's ear: "How can a man possess such knowledge unattainable by men without having studied treatises? So you may be certain that this is a specimen of the way he makes a dishonest livelihood, by having a secret intelligence with thieves. So it will be better to test him by some new artifice." Then the king of his own accord brought a new-covered pitcher, into which he had thrown a frog, and said to that Hariśarman: "Brāhman, if you can guess what there is in this pitcher I will do you great honour to-day." When the Brāhman Hariśarman heard that, he thought that his last hour had come, and he called to mind the pet name of "frog" which his father had given him in his childhood in sport, and impelled by the deity he apostrophised himself by it, lamenting his hard fate, and suddenly exclaimed there: "This is a fine pitcher for you, frog, since suddenly it has become the swift destroyer of your helpless self in this place." The people there, when they heard that, made a tumult of applause, because his speech chimed in so well with the object presented to him, and murmured: "Ah! a great sage; he knows even about the frog!" Then the king, thinking that this was all due to knowledge of divination, was highly delighted, and gave Hariśarman villages, with gold, umbrella,[1] and vehicles of all kinds. And immediately Hariśarman became like a feudal chief.

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[1] See Vol. II, p. 263 *et seq.*—N.M.P.

39. *Story of Tejasvatī*

"Thus good objects are brought about by fate for those whose actions in a former life have been good. Accordingly Fate made that daughter of yours, Tejasvatī, approach Somadatta, a man of equal birth, and kept away one who was unsuited to her." Hearing this from the mouth of his minister, the King Vikramasena gave his daughter to that prince as if she were the Goddess of Fortune. Then the prince went and overcame his enemies by the help of his father-in-law's host, and being established in his own kingdom, lived happily in the company of his wife.

[M] "So true is it that all this happens by the special favour of Fate; who on earth would be able to join you, lovely as you are, with the King of Vatsa, though a suitable match for you, without the help of Fate? What can I do in this matter, friend Kalingasenā?" Kalingasena, hearing this story in private from the mouth of Somaprabhā, became eager in her soul for union with the King of Vatsa, and, in her aspirations after him, began to feel in a less degree the fear of her relations and the warnings of modesty. Then the sun, the great lamp of the three worlds, being about to set, Somaprabhā, the daughter of the Asura Maya, having with difficulty taken leave, until her morning return, of her friend, whose mind was fixed upon her proposed attempt, went through the air to her own home.

1. NOTE ON THE "DOCTOR KNOWALL" *MOTIF*

The story of Hariśarman resembles closely that of "Doctor Allwissend" in Grimm's *Tales*. It is shown by Benfey to exist in various forms in many countries. It is found in the *Siddhī-Kür* (Jülg, No. 4, p. 73 *et seq.*), the Mongolian form of the Sanskrit *Vetālapanchaviṅśati*. In this form of the story the incident of the frog in the pot is omitted, and the other incidents are considerably altered. Instead of the king's treasure we find a magic gem, on which the prosperity of the country depends; it is not stolen, but lost by the king's daughter. Instead of the horse we have the cure of a sick Khān who had been driven mad by evil spirits. The folly of the man who represents the Brāhman consists in his choosing worthless presents for his reward. (The story is the fourth in *Sagas from the Far East.*) Benfey considers the fullest form of the story to be that in Schleicher's *Lithuanian Legends*. In this form of the story we have the stealing of the horse, but in other points it resembles the Mongolian version. The Brāhman is represented by a poor cottager, who puts up over his door a notice saying that he is a doctor, who knows everything and can do everything. The third exploit of the cottager is the finding of a stolen treasure which is the second in the Indian story, but his second is a miraculous cure which is in accordance with the *Siddhī-Kür*. The latter is probably a late work; and we may presume that the Mongols brought the Indian story to Europe, in a form more nearly resembling that in the *Kathā Sarit Sāgara* than that in the *Siddhī-Kür*. In the third exploit of the cottager in the Lithuanian tale, which corresponds to the second in the Indian, the treasure has been stolen by three servants. They listen outside while the doctor is alone in his room. When the clock strikes one, he says: "We have one." When it strikes two, he says: "We have two." When it strikes three, he says: "We have now three." In their terror they go to the doctor and beg him not to betray them. He is richly rewarded.

But, after all, Grimm's form of the tale is nearest to the Sanskrit. The dish with crabs in it, the contents of which the doctor has to guess, makes him exclaim: "*Ach ich armer Krebs!*" This might almost have been translated from the Sanskrit, it is so similar in form. The guilty servants who stole the gold are detected by the doctor's saying to his wife, "Margaret, that is the first," meaning the first who waited at table, and so on.

The story is also found in the *Faceliæ* of Henricus Bebelius, 1506. Here a poor charcoal-burner represents the Brāhman. He asks for three days to consider. The king gives him a good dinner, and while the first thief is standing at the window he exclaims: "*Jam unus accessit!*"—meaning, "one day is at an end." The next day the second thief comes to listen. The charcoal-burner exclaims: "*Secundus accessit!*"—and so with the third; whereupon they all confess.

Benfey conceives himself to have found the incident of the horse in *Poggii Facetiæ* (86th edit., Cracov, 1592, p. 59). Here a doctor boasts a wonder-working pill. A man who has lost his ass takes one of these pills.

It conducts him to a bed of reeds where he finds his ass. (The article from which I have taken these parallels is found in Benfey's *Orient und Occident*, vol. i, p. 371 *et seq.*)

——The story in Grimm is No. 98, and in Margaret Hunt's *Grimm's Household Tales* (Bohn Library, 2 vols., 1884) it appears in vol. ii, pp. 56, 57, as "Doctor Knowall." Grimm's notes to this tale will be found on p. 401 of the same volume. See also J. Bolte, *Anmerkungen zu den Kinder-und Hausmärchen der Brüder Grimm*, vol. ii, p. 401 *et seq.*

Apart from the Benfey reference already given, see also his *Pañchatantra*, vol. i, p. 374.

Cf. "The Tale of the Weaver who became a Leech by order of his Wife" in the *Nights* (Burton, Supp., vol. i, pp. 282-287). In this tale the weaver learns the jargon of an itinerant quack, copies his methods, and makes quite a good living. This is as far as the "impostor" part goes, for the various clever deductions he makes are not guess-work or luck, so that this latter part of the story really belongs to the "quintessence" *motif*, which I shall discuss in a long note to Chapter LXXXII. In the *Nights* (Burton, Supp., vol. ii, pp. 341-343), W. A. Clouston refers to the tale of the charcoal-burner in Dasent's *Tales from the Fjeld*, and to the amusing story of Ahmed the Cobbler in Sir John Malcolm's *Sketches of Persia*, chap. xx. He gives a long extract from this latter story, which is supplementary to that already given in his *Popular Tales and Fictions*, vol. ii, pp. 413-421. Here will be found several other references, including one to Crane's *Italian Popular Tales*, pp. 293, 314; and to a Sinhalese variant translated by W. Goonetilleke in the *Orientalist* for February 1884.

See also Cosquin, *Contes populaires de Lorraine*, vol. ii, pp. 187-193; Sébillot, *Folk-Lore de France*, vol. iii, p. 335; Montaiglon, *Fabliaux*, iii, p. 370; Kennedy, *Fireside Stories*, p. 116; Green, *Modern Arabic Stories*, p. 52; Lidzbarski, *Geschichten und Lieder aus den neuaramäischen Handschriften zu Berlin*, 1896, p. 65; Bompas, *Folklore of the Santal Parganas*, No. 68, p. 206; and Parker, *Village Folk-Tales of Ceylon*, No. 23, p. 179.

Cf. the sixth fable of night 13 of *Straparola* (trans. W. G. Waters, London, 1894, vol. ii, pp. 277-279), in which the widow's foolish son Lucilio, misunderstanding his mother's meaning, goes to the city to look for "the good day." Three men, on their way to dig up a treasure they have found, wish him, in turn, a good day. Each time Lucilio says; "Aha! I have one of them!"—meaning one of the good days. The men become frightened, and Lucilio gets a good share of the treasure. Several analogues to the tale are given on p. 322 of the same volume. Those which have not already been mentioned are as follows:—

Morlini, *Novellæ fabulæ et comediæ*, nov. 29, "De matre quæ desidiosum filium ut repetiret bonum diem misit"; Visentini, *Fiabe Mantovani*, No. 41, "Gambara"; Gonzenbach, *Sicilianische Märchen*, No. 57; and Irubriani, *Novellaja Milanese*, nov. 10.

Chauvin, *Bibliographie des Ouvrages Arabes*, viii, pp. 105, 106, gives a few further references.—N.M.P.

2. METRICAL VERSION OF THE STORY OF HARIŚARMAN

The following metrical version of the Story of Hariśarman was translated by the Rev. B. Hale Wortham and printed in the *Journ. Roy. As. Soc.*, vol. xviii, N.S., 1886, pp. 16-20. It is reproduced here in full by kind permission of the Royal Asiatic Society.

Once on a time within a certain town
There lived a Brāhman; he was very poor,
And foolish too. Moreover, he had naught
Wherewith to earn a livelihood; his case
Was altogether very bad. Besides he had
No end of children; thus the deity
Would punish him for all the wicked deeds
Committed in some former life. So then
The Brāhman (Hariśarman was his name)
Wandered about, with all his family,
To beg for alms: and in his wanderings
He chanced upon a village. There he stayed,
And in a rich householder's family
He entered into service. While his sons
Tended the cows, and kept their master's goods,
His wife served him, and in a dwelling near
He lived himself, performing day by day
The tasks appointed in his master's house.
One day the daughter of the householder
Was married, and a mighty feast was made,
And friends from far and near invited came.
Then was the Brāhman pleased, because he thought
That he would cram himself up to the throat
With dainties; but no one remembered him
Nor asked him to the feast. When night had come,
Filled with distress because his hopes had failed,
He called his wife to him:—"Stupid," he said,
"And poor am I: men therefore with disdain
Put me aside: now by an artifice
Will I deceive them, and I shall appear
Wise and discerning. This must be your part
To tell my master, when you have the chance,
That I am learned in magic art. Respect
Shall then be paid me." So a plan he formed
And secretly by night he stole the horse
On which the bridegroom rode. When morning came,
The bridegroom's men searched far and near, but found
Him not, for Hariśarman had concealed

The horse in some far-distant place. Then came
The Brāhman's wife and said: "Why not consult
My husband? for he knows astrology
And all the sciences. Lo! he will find
The horse for you." Therefore the householder
Sent messengers to ask the Brāhman's help.
Then Hariśarman said: "To-day the horse
Is stolen, and you call me to your house,
'Twas only yesterday I was ignored."
"I pray thee pardon," said the householder;
"Indeed we did forget"—with such-like words
He turned aside the Brāhman's wrath, and said:
"Tell me, where is the horse?" The Brāhman drew
Elaborate diagrams, and feigned to make
Deep calculations. "You will find the horse
(At last he said) in such and such a place,
Be quick and fetch him home, before the thieves
Convey him further." Then they went and found
The horse and brought him back, praising the skill
Of Hariśarman. All men honoured him
And took him for a sage. It came to pass
After some time the palace of the king
Was entered by a thief, who carried off
Jewels and gold. Now Hariśarman's fame
Had reached the royal ears, therefore the king
Sent for the Brāhman. He, when summoned, came,
But gave no answer, trying to evade
The question. "When to-morrow comes," he said,
"An answer I will give you." Then the king
Locked Hariśarman up within a room
And placed a watch. Filled with despondency,
The Brāhman thought but little would avail
All his pretended wisdom. In that place
There was a maid called Jihvā; it so chanced
That she, helped by her brother, was the thief.
This maid, o'ercome with terror at the skill
Of Hariśarman, listened at the door
By night, intent on finding out, if possible,
What he might be about. Just at that time
The Brāhman, who was in the room alone,
Taking to task his tongue, which had assumed
To know that which it knew not, said:—"Alas!
O Jihvā, what is this that thou hast done
Through lust of pleasure? Evil one! endure
Thy punishment." The servant, terrified,
Thought that her crime was known, and entering in,
Fell at the Brāhman's feet, whom she supposed

To have all knowledge, and she said: "O sir,
'Tis true! I am the thief! I Jihvā stole
The gold and jewels, and I buried them
Under the roots of a pomegranate-tree
Behind the palace. Take the gold, I pray,
Which I have left, and spare me; I confess
My crime." When Hariśarman heard these words,
He said with haughtiness: "I know all this!
Depart! The future, past and present lie
Within my ken; but I will not denounce
You as the thief, because you are a wretch
Who have implored my mercy. Bring to me
Whatever gold you have." Without delay
The maid departed. Then the Brāhman thought
In wonder: "That which seemed impossible
Fate has accomplished, as it were in sport—
Fate well disposed to me. Calamity
Seemed close at hand, but yet I have attained
Success beyond my hopes. I blamed my tongue,
The cause of all my ills, when suddenly
Before my very feet Jihvā the thief
Falls prostrate. Secret crimes are brought to light
(This I perceive) by fear." With thoughts like these
He passed the night rejoicing. Morning dawned,
And then he led the king, with much pretence
Of wisdom, to the garden where the gold
Had been concealed. Showing him what remained,
He said the thief had carried part away.
Then was the king delighted, and he gave
To Hariśarman honours and rewards.
But Devajnānin, the chief minister,
Said to the king in private, whispering
Into his ear: "How should a man possess
Knowledge like this, which ordinary men
May not attain, seeing his ignorance.
He knows naught of the Śāstras—of the books
Treating of science. So you may be sure
He has a secret partnership with thieves,
And makes his living by dishonest means.
Try him again by some new artifice—
And test his wisdom." To this scheme the king
Gladly assented, and he placed a frog
Within a covered pitcher, newly bought,
And said to Hariśarman: "Tell me now,
What is within this pitcher? If you guess
Aright, then will I honour you indeed."
The Brāhman heard these words, and thought his end

Had come at length: then rose within his mind
The name of "frog," by which in sportiveness
His father used to call him; suddenly,
Impelled by some divinity, he spoke,
Lamenting his untimely fate, and said,
Addressing thus himself: "Poor little frog!
Surely this pitcher is the overthrow
Of all your hopes, for on you in this place
Destruction swiftly falls." Then all who heard
The Brāhman's words, with loud applause exclaimed:
"Indeed, a mighty sage! he even saw
Within the pitcher." Then, indeed, the king,
Thinking that Hariśarman's skill was due
To magic art, gave to him villages
And wealth, and outward marks of royal state.
The humble Brāhman thus became a prince.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE next morning Somaprabhā arrived, and Kalinga-[M] senā said to her friend in her confidential conversation: "My father certainly wishes to give me to Prasenajit; I heard this from my mother; and you have seen that he is an old man. But you have described the King of Vatsa in such a way in the course of conversation[1] that my mind has been captivated by him entering in through the gate of my ear. So first show me Prasenajit, and then take me there, where the King of Vatsa is. What do I care for my father or my mother?" When the impatient girl said this, Somaprabhā answered her: "If you must go, then let us go in the chariot that travels through the air. But you must take with you all your retinue, for as soon as you have seen the King of Vatsa you will find it impossible to return. And you will never see or think of your parents, and when you have obtained your beloved you will forget even me, as I shall be at a distance from you. For I shall never enter your husband's house, my friend." When the princess heard that she wept, and said to her: "Then bring that King of Vatsa here, my friend, for I shall not be able to exist there a moment without you. Was not Aniruddha brought to Ushā by Chitralekhā? And though you know it, hear from my mouth that story.

40. *Story of Ushā and Aniruddha*

The Asura Bāṇa had a daughter, famous under the name of Ushā. And she propitiated Gaurī, who granted her a boon in order that she might obtain a husband, saying to her: "He to whom you shall be united in a dream shall be your husband." Then she saw in a dream a certain man looking like a divine prince. She was married to him according to the *gāndharva* form of marriage,[1] and after obtaining the joy of union with him she woke up at the close of night. When she did not see the husband she had seen in her dream, but beheld the traces of his presence, she remembered the boon of Gaurī, and was full of disquietude, fear and astonishment. And being miserable without the husband whom she had seen in her dream, she confessed all to her friend Chitralekhā, who questioned her. And Chitralekhā, being acquainted with magic, thus addressed that Ushā, who knew not the name of her lover nor any sign whereby to recognise him: "My friend, this is the result of the boon of the goddess Gaurī. What doubt can we allege in this matter? But how are you to search for your lover, as he is not to be recognised by any token? I will sketch for you the whole world, gods, Asuras and men, in case you may be able to recognise him[2]; and point him out to me among them in order that I may bring him."

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[1] Tawney obviously found some difficulty in *kathārūpe*. In the D. text we read *yathā rūpe*, which makes the sense much better: "but you have described the beauty of the King of Vatsa in such a way that——" See Speyer, *op. cit.*, pp. 109, 110.—N.M.P.

Thus spoke Chitralekhā, and when Ushā answered, "By all means!" she painted for her with coloured pencils the whole world in order. Thereupon Ushā exclaimed joyfully: "There he is!" and pointed out with trembling finger Aniruddha, in Dvāravatī, of the race of Yadu. Then Chitralekhā said: "My friend, you are fortunate, in that you have obtained for a husband Aniruddha, the grandson of the adorable Vishṇu. But he lives sixty thousand *yojanas*[3] from here." When Ushā heard that, she said to her, overpowered by excessive longing: "Friend, if I cannot to-day repair to his bosom cool as sandal-wood,[1] know that I am already dead, being burned up with the uncontrollable fire of love." When Chitralekhā heard this, she consoled her dear friend, and immediately flew up and went through the air to the city of Dvāravatī; and she beheld it in the middle of the sea, producing with its vast and lofty palaces an appearance as if the peaks of the Churning Mountain[2] had again been flung into the ocean. She found Aniruddha asleep in that city at night, and woke him up, and told him that Ushā had fallen in love with him on account of having seen him in a dream. And she took the prince, who was eager for the interview, looking exactly as he had before appeared in Ushā's dream,[3] and returned from Dvāravatī in a moment by the might of her magic. And flying with him through the air, she introduced that lover secretly into the private apartments of Ushā, who was awaiting him.

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[1] See Vol. I, pp. 87, 88.—N.M.P.

[2] *Cf.* Ralston's *Russian Folk-Tales*, p. 240. So Arthur in the *Romance of Artus de la Bretagne* (Liebrecht's Dunlop, p. 107) falls in love with a lady he sees in a dream. Liebrecht in his note at the end of the book tells us that this is a common occurrence in romances, being found in *Amadis of Greece*, *Palmerin of Oliva*, the *Romans des Sept Sages*, the *Fabliau* of the Chevalier à la Trappe, the *Nibelungenlied*, etc., and ridiculed by Chaucer in his *Rime of Sir Topas*. He also refers to Athenæus, p. 575, and the *Hermotimus* of Lucian. ——See also Chauvin, *op. cit.*, v, p. 132.—N.M.P.

[3] See Vol. I, p. 3n^1.—N.M.P.

When Ushā beheld that Aniruddha arrived in bodily form, resembling the moon, there was a movement in her limbs resembling the tide of the sea.[4] Then she remained there with that sweetheart who had been given her by her friend, in perfect happiness, as if with Life embodied in visible form. But her father Bāṇa, when he heard it, was angry; however, Aniruddha conquered him by his own valour and the might of his grandfather. Then Ushā and Aniruddha returned to Dvāravatī and became inseparable, like Śiva and Pārvatī.[5]

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[1] *Cf.* Kamalāvatī's outburst of grief when she thinks the parrot (Vikrama) is dead. Bloomfield, "On the Art of Entering Another's Body," *Proc. Amer. Phil. Soc.*, vol. lvi, 1917, p. 40.—N.M.P.

[2] *I.e.* Mandara. See Vol. I, p. *3n*[2].—N.M.P.

[3] The B. text is obscure. The D. text reads *asvapnavṛittāntam* for *svapnāvatāra*; thus the meaning is: "took him, having made him know the story of her dream, just as it was." See Speyer, *op. cit.*, p. 110.—N.M.P.

[4] *Velātā* is evidently corrupt.——It is indeed. The *śloka* in the D. text ends *nāngeshv avartata*, the whole sense being: "When U. beheld A. arrived in bodily form, her limbs could not contain the emotion within her, as little as the sea-tide can do so under the influence of the moon." See Speyer, *op. cit.*, p. 110.—N.M.P.

[5] This is to be understood literally of Śiva and Pārvatī, but metaphorically of Ushā and Aniruddha.

[M] "Thus Chitralekhā united Ushā with her lover in one day, but I consider you, my friend, far more powerful than her. So bring me the King of Vatsa here; do not delay." When Somaprabhā heard this from Kalingasenā, she said: "Chitralekhā, a nymph of heaven, might take up a strange man and bring him, but what can one like myself do in the matter, who never touch any man but my husband? So I will take you, my friend, to the place where the King of Vatsa is, having first shown you your suitor Prasenajit." When Somaprabhā made this proposal to Kalingasenā, she consented, and immediately ascended with her the magic chariot prepared by her, and setting out through the air with her treasures and her retinue, she went off unknown to her parents. For women impelled by love regard neither height nor depth in front of them, as a horse urged on by his rider does not fear the keenest sword-edge.

First she came to Śrāvastī, and beheld from a distance the King Prasenajit white with age, who had gone out to hunt, distinguished by a *chowrie*[1] frequently waved, which seemed at a distance to repel her, as if saying: "Leave this old man." And Somaprabhā pointed him out with a scornful laugh, saying: "Look! this is the man to whom your father wishes to give you." Then she said to Somaprabhā: "Old age has chosen him for her own, what other female will choose him? So take me away from here quickly, my friend, to the King of Vatsa." Immediately Kalingasenā went with her to the city of Kauśāmbī through the air. Then she beheld from a distance with eagerness that King of Vatsa, pointed out by her friend, in a garden, as the female partridge beholds the nectar-rayed moon.

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[1] The *chowrie* or *chowry* (Skt. *chāmara*) is the fly-whisk made from the bushy tail of the Tibetan yak (*Bos grunniens*). It has already been mentioned several times in Vol. II (pp. 80, 90, 111 and 162). The *chowrie* has been an emblem of royalty in Asia from a very early date, where, with the umbrella, it forms part of the regalia. We noticed (Vol. II, p. 264) that it figured in the regalia of the Burmese kings. We also saw (Vol. II, p. 162) that the auspicious marks of Naravāhanadatta at his birth were those on his feet which resembled umbrellas and *chowries*, at once showing his fitness to become a great king.

As a fly-whisk it was often set in a costly gold, silver or ivory handle. Thus Mas'ūdī says: "They export from this country the hair named *al-zamar* (or *al-chamar*) of which those fly-flaps are made, with handles of silver or ivory, which attendants held over the heads of kings when giving audience" (I, 385). It was also used like a plume in the horse-trappings. Thus, in describing the great speed at which a horse is moving, Kālidāsa says in his *Vikramorvaśī* (Act I):

> "The waving *chowrie* on the steed's broad brow
> Points backward, motionless as in a picture."
> (Wilson, *Theatre of the Hindus*, vol. ii, 1827, pp. 17, 18.)

Cosmas of Alexandria, the merchant and traveller who turned monk about A.D. 545, gives an amusing description of the yak in his *Topographia Christiana* (Book XI):

With dilated eye and hand placed on the heart, she seemed to say: "He has entered my soul by this path." Then she exclaimed: "Friend, procure me a meeting here with the King of Vatsa this very day; for having seen him I am not able to wait a moment." But when she said this her friend Somaprabhā answered her: "I have seen to-day an

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"This Wild Ox is a great beast of India, and from it is got the thing called *Tupha*, with which officers in the field adorn their horses and pennons. They tell of this beast that if his tail catches in a tree he will not budge, but stands stock-still, being horribly vexed at losing a single hair of his tail; so the natives come and cut his tail off, and then when he has lost it altogether he makes his escape! Such is the nature of the animal." (See Yule and Cordier, *Cathay and the Way Thither*, Hakluyt Society, vol. i, p. 223.) See also Yule and Cordier's interesting note on the wild and tame yak in their edition of *Marco Polo*, vol. i, pp. 277-279.

In Book III, chap. xviii, Polo writes: "They have such faith in the ox, and hold it for a thing so holy, that when they go to the wars they take of the hair of the wild ox, whereof I have elsewhere spoken, and wear it tied to the necks of their horses; or, if serving on foot, they hang this hair to their shields, or attach it to their own hair. And so this hair bears a high price, since without it nobody goes to the wars in any good heart. For they believe that anyone who has it shall come scatheless out of battle." In a note on this passage, Yule, *op. cit.*, vol. ii, p. 359*n*[6], says: "The use of the Yak's tail as a military ornament had nothing to do with the sanctity of the Brahmani ox, but is one of the Pan-Asiatic usages, of which there are so many. A vivid account of the extravagant profusion with which swaggering heroes in South India used those ornaments will be found in *P. della Valle*, ii, 662."

For further references see Yule's *Hobson Jobson*, under "Chowry" and "Yak."—N.M.P.

unfavourable omen,[1] so remain, my friend, this day quiet and unobserved in this garden; do not, my friend, send go-betweens backwards and forwards. To-morrow I will come and devise some expedient for your meeting; at present, O thou whose home is in my heart, I desire to return to the home of my husband." Having said this, Somaprabhā departed thence, after leaving her there; and the King of Vatsa, leaving the garden, entered his palace. Then Kalingasenā, remaining there, sent her chamberlain, giving him her message explicitly, to the King of Vatsa; and this she did, though

Kalingasenā is impatient to meet the King of Vatsa previously forbidden by her friend, who understood omens. Love, when recently enthroned in the breasts of young women, is impatient of all restraint. And the chamberlain went and announced himself by the mouth of the warder, and immediately entering, thus addressed the King of Vatsa: "O King, the daughter of Kalingadatta, the king who rules over Takshaśilā, Kalingasenā by name, having heard that you are most handsome, has come here to choose you for a husband, abandoning her relatives, having accomplished the journey in a magic car that travels through the air, together with her attendants; and she has been conducted here by her confidante, named Somaprabhā, who travels invisible, the daughter of the Asura Maya, the wife of Naḍakūvara. I have been sent by her to inform you; do you receive her; let there be union of you two as of the moonlight and the moon." When the king heard this from the chamberlain, he welcomed him, saying: "I consent," and, being delighted, he honoured him with gold and garments. And summoning his chief minister, Yaugandharāyaṇa, he said to him: "The daughter of King Kalingadatta, who is called Kalingasenā, has come of her own accord to choose me as a husband; so tell me quickly, when shall I marry her? for she is not to be rejected."

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[1] On p. 46*n*² I gave a list of unfavourable omens from Southern India. I now add a few from various castes of Central India, taken from Russell's *Tribes and Castes of the Central Provinces*, 1916.

If a Gond, when starting on a journey in the morning, should meet a tiger, cat, hare, or a four-horned deer, he will return and postpone his journey (vol. iii, p. 105). Among the Korkus it is inauspicious when starting out on any business to see a black-faced monkey or a hare passing either on the left or right, or a snake crossing in front. It is also a bad omen for a hen to cackle or lay eggs at night (vol. iii, p. 564). The Parjas consider a snake, jackal, hare, or a dog wagging its ears are unlucky objects to see when starting a journey—also a "dust devil" blowing along in front (vol. iv, p. 377).

The following is a list of unfavourable omens given by a member of the Sānsia caste of wandering criminals:—

"If we see a cat when we are near the place where we intend to commit a dacoity, or we hear the relations of a dead person lamenting, or hear a person sneeze while cooking his meal, or see a dog run away with a portion of any person's food, or a kite screams while sitting on a tree, or a woman breaks the earthen vessel in which she may have been drawing water, we consider the omen unfavourable. If a person drops his turban, or we meet a corpse, or the Jemādār has forgotten to put some bread into his waistbelt, or any dacoit forgets his axe or spear, or sees a snake whether dead or alive; these omens are also considered unfavourable and we do not commit the dacoity" (vol. iv, p. 493).

Another interesting list of unfavourable omens is given by Kṛishnājī, the author of *Ratan-mālā*. In describing the reasons for the defeat of an army he says that on its way to the field, "First . . . a man sneezed when he met them, a dog howled—an omen not good—a cat passed them on the right hand, a donkey brayed, and a kite cried terribly. Meeting them, came a widow and a Sunyāsee, a Brahmin without a teeluk on his forehead, a person dressed in mourning garments, one who carried a plate of flour, and a woman with her hair dishevelled." (See Forbes, *Rās Mālā*, edited by H. G. Rawlinson, vol. ii, 1924, p. 316.)—N.M.P.

The minister Yaugandharāyaṇa, when the King of Vatsa said this to him, regarding what would be best for his master in the long run, reflected for a moment as follows[1]: "Kalingasenā is certainly famed for beauty in the three worlds; there is no other like her; even the gods are in love with her. If this King of Vatsa obtain her, he will abandon everything else, and then the Queen Vāsavadattā will lose her life, and then the Prince Naravāhanadatta will perish, and Padmāvatī out of love for him will find life hard to retain; and then Chaṇḍamahāsena and Pradyota, the fathers of the two queens, will lose their lives or become hostile; and thus utter ruin will follow. On the other hand, it will not do to forbid the match, since the vicious passion of this king will increase if he is thwarted. So I will put off the time of his marriage in order to attain a favourable issue."

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[1] I read *evam* for *eva*.

Having thus reflected, Yaugandharāyaṇa said to the King of Vatsa: "O King, you are fortunate in that this Kalingasenā has of her own accord come to your house, and the king, her father, has become your servant. So you must consult the astrologers, and marry her in accordance with good custom at an auspicious time, for she is the daughter of a great king. To-day give her a suitable palace to dwell in by herself, and send her male and female slaves, and robes and ornaments." When his chief minister gave him this advice, the King of Vatsa approved it, and with glad heart performed it all with special attention. Then Kalingasenā entered the palace assigned her for residence, and considering her desire attained, was exceedingly delighted.

Yaugandharāyaṇa tries to gain time

The wise Yaugandharāyaṇa, for his part, immediately left the king's court, went to his own house, and reflected: "Often procrastination serves to avert an inauspicious measure. For long ago, when Indra had fled on account of having caused the death of a Brāhman, and Nahusha obtained the sovereignty over the gods, he fell in love with Śachī,[1] and she was saved by the preceptor of the gods,[2] to whom she had fled for refuge. For in order to gain time he kept saying, 'She will come to you to-day or to-morrow,' until Nahusha was destroyed by the curse of a Brāhman, uttered with an angry roar, and Indra regained the sovereignty of the gods. In the same way I must keep putting off my master." Having thus reflected, the minister secretly made an arrangement with the astrologers that they were to fix a distant date.

Then the Queen Vāsavadattā found out what had taken place, and summoned the prime minister to her palace. When he entered and bowed before her, the queen said to him, weeping: "Noble sir, you said to me long ago: 'Queen, as long as I remain where I am you shall have no other rival but Padmāvatī,' and observe now, this Kalingasenā is about to be married here; and she is beautiful, and my husband is attached to her, so you have proved a prophet of falsehood and I am now a dead woman." When the minister Yaugandharāyaṇa heard this, he said to her: "Be composed, for how could this happen, Queen, while I am alive? However, you must not oppose the king in this matter, but must, on the contrary, take refuge in self-restraint, and show him all complaisance. The sick man is not induced to place himself in the physician's hands by disagreeable speeches, but he is by agreeable speeches, if the physician does his work by a conciliatory method. If a man is dragged against the current he will never escape from the stream of a river, or from a vicious tendency, but if he is carried with the current he will escape from both. So when the king comes into your presence, receive him with all attentions, without anger, concealing your real feelings. Approve at present of his marrying Kalingasenā, saying that his kingdom will be made more powerful by her father also becoming his ally. And if you do this the king will perceive that you possess in a high degree the virtue of magnanimity, and his love and courtesy towards you will increase, and thinking that Kalingasenā is within his reach, he will not be impatient, for the desire of a man for any object increases if he is restrained. And you must teach this lesson to Padmāvatī also, O blameless one, and so that king may submit to our putting him off in this matter. And after this, I ween, you will behold my skill in stratagem. For the wise are tested in difficulty, even as heroes are tested in fight. So, Queen, do not be despondent." In these words Yaugandharāyaṇa admonished the queen, and, as she received his counsels with respect, he departed thence.[1] But the King of Vatsa, throughout that day, neither in light nor darkness entered the private apartments of either of the two queens, for his mind was eager for a new well-matched union with Kalingasenā, who had approached him in such an ardour of spontaneous choice. And then the queen and the prime minister and the king and Kalingasenā spent the night in wakefulness like that of a great feast, apart in their respective houses, the second couple through impatience for a rare delight, and the first through very profound anxiety.

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[1] The wife of Indra.

[2] *I.e.* Bṛihaspati.

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[1] For *san* I should prefer *sa*, which is read in a MS. lent me by the Principal of the Sanskrit College.

CHAPTER XXXII

THEN the artful minister Yaugandharāyaṇa came the [M] next morning to the King of Vatsa, who was expecting him, and made the following representation:—"O King, why do you not immediately inquire about an auspicious moment for celebrating the happy marriage of your Highness with Kalingasenā, the daughter of Kalingadatta, the King of Takshaśilā?"[1] When the king heard that, he said: "The same desire is fixed in my heart, for my mind cannot endure to remain a moment without her."

Having said this, the simple-minded monarch gave orders to a warder, who stood before him, and summoned the astrologers. When he questioned them, they, having had their cue previously given them by the prime minister, said: "For the king there will be a favourable moment in six months from this time."

When Yaugandharāyaṇa heard this, he pretended to be angry, and the cunning fellow said to the king: "Out on these blockheads! That astrologer whom your Highness previously honoured on the ground of his cleverness has not come to-day, ask him, and then do what is proper." When he heard this speech of his minister's, the King of Vatsa immediately summoned that very astrologer, with mind in an agony of suspense. He also stuck to his agreement, and in order to put off the day of the marriage he named, when asked, after some reflection, a moment six months off. Then Yaugandharāyaṇa, pretending to be distracted, said to the king: "Let your Majesty command what is to be done in this matter!"

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[1] Takshaśilā has been identified by General Cunningham with the ruins of an ancient city near Shah-deri, one mile to the north-east of Kāla-ka-serai. Mr Growse has pointed out to me that I made a mistake in stating (after Wilson), in a note, that the precise site of Kauśāmbī, the capital of the King of Vatsa, which Kalingasenā reached in one day in the magic chariot, has not been ascertained. He says: "It has been discovered by General Cunningham. The place is still called Kosam, and is on the Yamunā, about thirty miles above Allahābād. The ruins consist of an immense fortress, with earthen ramparts from 30 to 35 feet high, and bastions considerably higher, forming a circuit of 23,100 feet, or exactly 4 miles and 3 furlongs. The parapets were of brick and stone, some of the bricks measuring 19 by 12½ by 2½ inches, which is a proof of their great antiquity. In the midst of these ruins is a large stone monolith, similar to those at Allahābād and Delhi, but without any inscription. The portion of the shaft above-ground is 14 feet in length, and an excavation at the base for a depth of 20 feet did not come to the end of it. Its total length probably exceeds 40 feet. There was, I believe, some talk of removing it to Allahābād and setting it up there, but it was found to be too expensive an undertaking." Śrāvastī, which Kalingasenā passed on the way from Takshaśilā, has been identified by General Cunningham with Sāhet-Mahet, on the south bank of the Rapti, in Oudh.

The king, being impatient and longing for a favourable moment, said, after reflecting: "You must ask Kalingasenā, and see what she says." When Yaugandharāyaṇa heard this, he took with him two astrologers and went into the presence of Kalingasenā. She received him politely, and, beholding her beauty, he reflected: "If the king were to obtain her he would abandon the whole kingdom in his reckless passion." And he said to her: "I am come with these astrologers to fix the moment of your marriage; so let these servants inform me of the particular star in the lunar mansions under which you were born."

When the astrologers heard the lunar mansion stated by her attendants, they pretended to investigate the matter, and kept saying in the course of their calculations: "It is not on this side; it must be after that." At last, in accordance with their agreement with the minister, they named again that very moment at the end of six months. When Kalingasenā heard that distant date fixed she was cast down in spirit, but her chamberlain said: "You must first fix a favourable moment, so that this couple may be happy all their lives; what matters it whether it be near or far off?"

When they heard this speech of the chamberlain's, all there immediately exclaimed: "Well said!" And Yaugandharāyaṇa said: "Yes; and if an inauspicious moment is appointed for us the King Kalingadatta, our proposed connection, will be grieved." Then Kalingasenā, being helpless, said to them all: "Let it be as you appoint in your wisdom," and remained silent. And at once accepting that speech of hers, Yaugandharāyaṇa took leave of her, and went with the astrologers into the presence of the king. Then he told the proceedings to the King of Vatsa, exactly as they had happened, and so, having settled his mind by an artifice, he went to his own house.

The Marriage is successfully postponed

So having attained his object of putting off the marriage, in order to complete the scheme he had in view, he called to mind his friend, the Brāhman-Rākshasa, named Yogeśvara.[1] He, according to his previous promise, when thought of, readily came to the minister and bowed before him and said: "Why am I called to mind?" Then Yaugandharāyaṇa told him the whole incident of Kalingasenā which was tempting his master to vice, and again said to him: "I have managed to gain time, my friend; in that interval do you, remaining concealed, observe by your skill the behaviour of Kalingasenā. For the Vidyādharas and other spirits are without doubt secretly in love with her, since there is no other woman in the three worlds equal to her in beauty. So, if she were to have an intrigue with some Siddha or Vidyādhara, and you were to see it, it would be a fortunate thing. And you must observe the divine lover, though he come disguised, when he is asleep, for divine beings when asleep assume their own form.[2] If in this way we are able to discover any offence in her by means of your eyes, the king will be disgusted with her, and will accomplish that object of ours."

When the minister said this to him the Brāhman-Rākshasa answered: "Why should I not by some artifice cause her to fall, or slay her?" When the great minister Yaugandharāyaṇa heard that, he said to him: "This must not be done, for it would be a very wicked deed. And whoever goes his own way without offending against the God of Justice finds that that god comes to his assistance to enable him to attain his objects. So you must discover in her, my friend, a fault self-caused, in order that through your friendship the king's objects may be accomplished by me." Having received this order from the excellent minister, the Brāhman-Rākshasa departed, and, disguised by magic, entered the house of Kalingasenā.

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[1] We met this gentleman in Vol. I, p. 136, when Yaugandharāyaṇa learned a charm to alter his shape. He appears again in the next chapter. —N.M.P.

[2] An idea made familiar in Europe by the "Cupid and Psyche" and "Beauty and the Beast" cycles of stories.—N.M.P.

In the meanwhile Somaprabhā, her friend, the daughter of the Asura Maya, went again into the presence of Kalingasenā. And the daughter of Maya, after asking her friend what had happened in the night, said to her who had abandoned her relations, in the hearing of that Rākshasa: "I came here in the forenoon after searching for you, but I remained concealed at your side, seeing Yaugandharāyaṇa. However, I heard your conversation, and I understood the whole state of affairs. So why did you make this attempt yesterday though you were forbidden to do so by me? For any business which is undertaken, my friend, without first counteracting the evil omen will end in calamity. As a proof of this hear the following tale:—

41. *Story of the Brāhman's Son Vishṇudatta and his Seven Foolish Companions*

Long ago there lived in Antarvedi a Brāhman named Vasudatta, and he had a son born to him named Vishṇudatta. That Vishṇudatta, after he reached the age of sixteen years, set out for the city of Valabhī in order to acquire learning. And there joined him seven other young Brāhmans his fellows; but those seven were fools, while he was wise and sprung from a good family. After they had taken an oath not to desert one another, Vishṇudatta set out with them at night without the knowledge of his parents. And after he had set forth he saw an evil omen[1] presenting itself in front of him, and he said to those friends of his who were travelling with him: "Ha! Here is a bad omen! It is advisable to turn back now. We will set out again with good hope of success when we have auspicious omens with us."

When those seven foolish companions heard that, they said: "Do not entertain groundless fear, for we are not afraid of the omen. If you are afraid, do not go, but we will start this moment; to-morrow morning our relations will abandon us when they hear of our proceedings." When those ignorant creatures said that, Vishṇudatta set out with them, urged on by his oath, but he first called to mind Hari, the dispeller of sin. And at the end of the night he saw another evil omen, and again mentioned it, and he was rebuked by all those foolish friends of his in the following words:—"This is our evil omen, you coward afraid to travel, that you have been brought by us, since you shudder at a crow at every step you take; we require no other evil omen."

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[1] See notes on pp. 46*n*² and 86*n*¹.—N.M.P.

Having reviled him in these words, they continued their journey, and Vishṇudatta went with them, as he could not help it, but kept silence, reflecting: "One ought not to give advice to a fool bent on going his own crooked way, for it only entails ridicule, being like the beautifying of ordure. A single wise man fallen among many fools, like a lotus in the path of the waves, is surely overwhelmed.[1] So I must not henceforth give these men either good or bad advice, but I must go on in silence; destiny will educe prosperity."

Engaged in these reflections, Vishṇudatta proceeded on the way with those fools, and at the end of the day he reached a Śavara village. There he wandered about in the night and reached a certain house inhabited by a young woman, and asked the woman for a lodging there. She gave him a room, and he entered it with his friends, and those seven in a moment went to sleep. He alone remained awake, as he had entered a house belonging to a savage. For the stupid sleep resolutely; how can the understanding sleep?

And in the meanwhile a certain young man secretly entered the inner apartment of the house, and went into the presence of that woman. And she remained in confidential conversation with him, and, as fate would have it, they both fell asleep. And Vishṇudatta, perceiving it all through the half-open door by the light of a candle, reflected despondently: "Alas! have we entered the house of a profligate woman? Surely this is her paramour, and not the husband of her youth, for otherwise we should not have this timid secret proceeding; I saw at the first that she was of a flighty disposition; but we have entered here as mutual witnesses, for lack of others." While he was thinking he heard outside a noise of men, and he saw entering a young chief of the Śavaras with a sword, looking about him, while his attendants remained in the sleeping apartment.

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[1] In the D. text the simile is better brought out: "The one wise man fallen among many fools is like a lotus fallen on the waves." See Speyer, *op. cit.*, p. 111.—N.M.P.

Vishṇudatta witnesses Strange Happenings

When the chief said: "Who are you?" Vishṇudatta, supposing him to be the master of the house, said in his terror: "We are travellers." But the Śavara entered, and seeing his wife in such a position, he cut off with his sword the head of her sleeping paramour. But he did not punish or even wake his wife; but placing his sword on the ground he went to sleep on another couch. Seeing that by the light of the candle, Vishṇudatta reflected: "He did right not to kill his wife, but to kill the adulterer; but that he should sleep here in confidence, after performing such a deed, is an act of surprising courage, characteristic of men of mighty minds."

While Vishṇudatta was thus reflecting, that wicked woman awoke and beheld her paramour slain[1] and that husband of hers asleep. So she rose up, and took on her shoulder the body of her lover, and carrying his head in one hand, she went out. And going outside quickly, she threw into an ash-heap the trunk with the head, and came secretly back. And Vishṇudatta going out beheld it all from a distance, and again entering, remained as he was, in the midst of his sleeping companions. But the wicked woman came back and, entering the room, cut off with that very sword the head of her sleeping husband. And going out she raised a cry so as to make all the servants hear: "Alas! I am ruined; my husband has been slain by these travellers."

Then the servants, hearing the cry, rushed forward, and beholding their master slain, ran upon Vishṇudatta and his friends with uplifted weapons. And when those others, his companions, rose up in terror, as they were about to be slain, Vishṇudatta said quickly: "Cease your attempt to slay Brāhmans! We did not do this deed; this wicked woman herself did it, being in love with another man. But I saw the whole affair from the very beginning through a half-open door, and I went out and observed what she did, and if you will have patience with me I will tell you."

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[1] *Cf.* the "Tale of the Jewish Doctor," *Nights*, Burton, vol. i, p. 294. —N.M.P.

Vishṇudatta with these words restrained the Śavaras, and told them the whole affair from the beginning, and took them out and showed them the trunk with the head freshly severed, and thrown by the woman on that heap of refuse. Then the woman confessed the truth by the paleness of her face, and all there reviled the wanton, and said: "Whom will not a wicked woman kill, when won over by another man, like a sword in an enemy's hand, since enticed by love she commits reckless crime without being taught?"[1] Having said this, they thereupon let Vishṇudatta and his companions go; and then the seven companions praised Vishṇudatta, saying: "You became to us, while we were asleep at night, a protecting jewel-lamp[2]; through your kindness we escaped to-day from death produced by an evil omen." In these words they praised Vishṇudatta, and ceased henceforth their reviling, and after bowing before him they set out in the morning on their errand, accompanied by him.

[M] Having told this story to Kalingasenā in their mutual conversation, Somaprabhā again said to that friend of hers in Kauśāmbī: "Thus, my friend, an evil omen presenting itself to people engaged in any undertaking, if not counteracted by delay and other methods, produces misfortune. And so people of dull intelligence, neglecting the advice of the wise, and acting impetuously, are afflicted in the end. Accordingly you did not act wisely in sending a messenger to the King of Vatsa, asking him to receive you, when there was an inauspicious omen. May Fate grant you to be married without any impediment, but you came from your house in an unlucky moment, therefore your marriage is far off. And the gods too are in love with you, so you must be on your guard against this. And you must think of the minister Yaugandharāyaṇa, who is expert in politic wiles; he, fearing that the king may become engrossed in pleasure, may throw impediments in your way in this business; or he may even bring a charge against you after your marriage is celebrated: but no, being virtuous, he will not bring a false accusation; nevertheless, my friend, you must at all events be on your guard against your rival wife. I will tell you a story illustrative of this. Listen.

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[1] The words "without being taught" seem strange here. The word in the B. text is *aśikshitā,* but in the D. text it is *aśankitā,* "without any scruple," which seems much more likely.—N.M.P.

[2] See Vol. II, p. 169.—N.M.P.

42. *Story of Kadalīgarbhā*

There is in this land a city named Ikshumatī, and by the side of it there runs a river called by the same name; both were created by Viśvāmitra. And near it there is a great forest, and in it a hermit of the name of Mankaṇaka had made himself a hermitage and performed penance with his heels upwards. And while he was performing austerities he saw an Apsaras of the name of Menakā coming through the air, with her clothes floating on the breeze.

Then his mind was bewildered by Kāma, who had found his opportunity; the holy man's seed fell upon a fresh plantain-flower, and there was born to him a daughter named Kadalīgarbhā, beautiful in every limb. And since she was born in the interior of a plantain, her father, the hermit Mankaṇaka, gave her the name of Kadalīgarbhā. She grew up in his hermitage like Kṛipī, the wife of Droṇa, who was born to Gautama on his beholding Rambhā. And once on a time Dṛiḍhavarman, a king born in Madhyadeśa,[1] who in the excitement of the chase was carried away by his horse, entered that hermitage. He beheld Kadalīgarbhā clothed in garments of bark, having her beauty exceedingly set off by the dress appropriate to the daughter of an ascetic. And she, when seen, captivated the heart of that king so completely that she left no room in it for the women of his harem.

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[1] The country lying between the Himālayas on the north, the Vindhya mountains on the south, Vinaśana on the west and Prayāga (Allahābād) on the east.

While thinking to himself, " Shall I be able to obtain as a wife this daughter of some hermit or other, as Dushyanta obtained Śakuntalā, the daughter of the hermit Kanva ? " the king beheld that hermit Mankaṇaka coming with fuel and *kuśa* grass. And leaving his horse, he approached him and worshipped at his feet, and when questioned, discovered himself to that hermit. Then the hermit gave the following order to Kadalīgarbhā : " My dear child, prepare the *argha*[1] for this king our guest." She said, " I will do so," and bowing, prepared the hospitable offering, and then the king said to the hermit : " Whence did you obtain this maiden who is so beautiful ? "

Then the hermit told the king the story of her birth, and her name, Kadalīgarbhā, which indicated the manner of it. Then the king, considering the maiden born from the hermit's thinking on Menakā to be an Apsaras, earnestly craved her hand of her father. And the sage gave him that daughter named Kadalīgarbhā, for the actions of the sages of old time, guided by divine insight, were without hesitation.

And the nymphs of heaven, discovering the fact by their divine power, came there out of love for Menakā, and adorned her for the wedding. And on that very occasion they put mustard-seeds into her hand and said to her : " As you are going along the path, sow them, in order that you may know it again.[2] If, daughter, at any time your husband should scorn you, and you should wish to return here, then you will be able, as you come along, to recognise the path by these, which will have sprung up." When they had said this to her, and her marriage had been celebrated, the King Dṛiḍhavarman placed Kadalīgarbhā on his horse and departed thence. His army came up and escorted him, and in company with that bride of his, who sowed the mustard-seeds all along the path, he reached his own palace. There he became averse to the society of his other wives and dwelt with that Kadalīgarbhā, after telling her story to his ministers.

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[1] See Vol. II, p. 77n^1.—N.M.P.

[2] See note on p. 104n^2.—N.M.P.

The Queen becomes jealous

Then his principal wife, being exceedingly afflicted, said to his minister in secret, after reminding him of the benefits she had conferred upon him: "The king is now exclusively attached to his new wife and has deserted me, so take steps to make this rival of mine depart." When that minister heard that he said: "Queen, it is not appropriate for people like me to destroy or banish their masters' wives. This is the business of the wives of wandering religious mendicants, addicted to jugglery and such practices, associating with men like themselves. For those hypocritical female ascetics, creeping unforbidden into houses, skilled in deception, will stick at no deed whatever."

When he said this to her, the queen, as if abashed, said to him in affected shame: "Then I will have nothing to do with this proceeding disapproved of by the virtuous." But she laid up his speech in her heart, and, dismissing that minister, she summoned by the mouth of her maid a certain wandering female ascetic. And she told her all that desire of hers from the beginning, and promised to give her great wealth if the business were successfully accomplished. And the wicked female ascetic, from desire of gain, said to the afflicted queen: "Queen, this is an easy matter; I will accomplish it for you, for I know very many expedients of various kinds."

Having thus consoled the queen, that female ascetic departed; and after reaching her house she reflected, as one afraid: "Alas! whom will not excessive desire of gain delude, since I rashly made such a promise before the queen? But the fact is, I know no device of the kind, and it is not possible to carry on any deception in the palace, as I do in other places, for the authorities might perhaps find it out and punish me. There may be one resource in this difficulty, for I have a friend, a barber, and as he is skilled in devices of the kind all may yet go well, if he exert himself in the matter."

After thus reflecting, she went to the barber and told him all her plan that was to bring her prosperity. Then the barber, who was old and cunning,[1] reflected: "This is good luck, that an opportunity of making something has now presented itself to me. So we must not kill the king's new wife, but we must preserve her alive, for her father has

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[1] The barber caste in India is known by several names—*e.g.* Nai, Nao, Mhāli, Hajjām, Bhandāri, Mangala. He is an important personage, and combines with his duties as barber those of surgeon, masseur and matrimonial agent. His wife also assists at weddings, and usually acts as midwife, sometimes in a barbarous and criminal fashion.

The barber is, moreover, a great gossip and scandalmonger, and many proverbs have arisen about him in the East. The ordinary village barber has a leather bag containing a small mirror (*ārsi*), a pair of iron pincers (*chimta*), a leather strap, a comb (*kanghi*), a piece of cloth about a yard square and some oil in a phial. Speaking of his duties at weddings, Russell (*op. cit.*, vol. iv, p. 265 *et seq.*, quoting from Nesfield's *Brief View of the Caste System*, pp. 42, 43) says, that besides acting as the Brāhman's assistant on festival occasions, he is actually the matrimonial priest himself to the lower castes, who cannot employ a Brāhman. The important part which he plays in marriage ceremonies has led to his becoming the match-maker among all respectable castes. He searches for a suitable bride or bridegroom, and is often sent to inspect the other party to a match and report his or her defects to his clients. He may arrange the price or dowry, distribute the invitations and carry the presents from one house to the other. He supplies the leaf plates and cups which are used at weddings, as the family's stock of metal vessels is usually quite inadequate for the number of guests. The price of these is about four annas (4d.) a hundred. He also provides the *torans* or strings of leaves which are hung over the door of the house and round the marriage-shed. At the feast the barber is present to hand to the guests water, betel-leaf and pipes as they may desire. He also partakes of the food, seated at a short distance from the guests, in the intervals of his service. He lights the lamps and carries the torches during the ceremony. Hence he was known as Masālchi, or torch-bearer, a name now applied by Europeans to a menial servant who lights and cleans the lamps and washes the plates after meals. The barber and his wife act as prompters to the bride and bridegroom, and guide them through the complicated ritual of the wedding ceremony, taking the couple on their knees if they are children, and otherwise sitting behind them. The barber has a prescriptive right to receive the clothes in which the bridegroom goes to the bride's house, as on the latter's arrival he is always presented with new clothes by the bride's father. As the bridegroom's clothes may be an ancestral heirloom, a compact is often made to buy them back from the barber, and he may receive as much as fifty rupees in lieu of them. When the first son is born in a family the barber takes a long bamboo stick, wraps it round with cloth and puts an earthen pot over it and carries this round to the relatives, telling them the good news. He receives a small present from each household.

Russell also quotes (*op. cit.*, p. 268) some interesting proverbs about divine insight, and would reveal the whole transaction. But by separating her from the king we will now batten upon the queen, for great people become servants to a servant who shares their criminal secrets. And in due time I will reunite her to the king, and tell him the whole story, in order that he and the sage's daughter may become a source of subsistence to me. And thus I shall not have done anything very wrong, and I shall have a livelihood for a long time."

Having thus reflected, the barber said to the hypocritical female ascetic: "Mother, I will do all this; but it would not be proper to slay that new wife of the king's by means of magic, for the king might some day find it out, and then he would destroy us all: besides, we should incur the sin of

barbers, collected by Mr Low in the *Bālāghāt District Gazetteer.* As illustrating his cunning is the saying: "A barber has thirty-six talents by which he eats at the expense of others." His loquacity is shown in the proverb: "As the crow among birds so the barber among men." The barber and the professional Brāhman are considered to be jealous of their perquisites and unwilling to share with their caste-fellows, and this is exemplified in the proverb: "The barber, the dog, and the Brāhman, these three snarl at meeting one of their own kind." The joint association of the Brāhman priest and the barber with marriages and other ceremonies has led to the saying: "As there are always reeds in a river so there is always a barber with a Brāhman." The barber's astuteness is alluded to in the saying: "Nine barbers are equal to seventy-two tailors." The fact that it is the barber's duty to carry the lights in the marriage processions has led to the proverb: "At the barber's wedding all are gentlemen and it is awkward to have to ask somebody to carry the torch." The point of this is clear, though no English equivalent occurs to the mind. And a similar idea is expressed by: "The barber washes the feet of others but is ashamed to wash his own." It would appear from these proverbs that the Nai is considered to enjoy a social position somewhat above his deserts.

Although his intimate connection with high-caste clients makes him considered of pure caste, yet on the other hand his duties connected with blood-letting, cutting the nails and hair of corpses, etc., make him to a certain extent impure.

The Eastern barber is familiar to European readers of the *Thousand Nights and a Night,* where he appears in all his glory in the "Tale of the Tailor," a sub-story of "The Hunchback's Tale." See Burton's *Nights,* vol. i, p. 304 *et seq.* He gives interesting notes on depilatories, the removal of bodily hair, etc., in vol. ii, p. 160*n*³, vol. iv, p. 256*n*¹, and vol. ix, pp. 139*n*¹, 157*n*¹. Apart from the article by Russell already quoted, see Crooke, *Tribes and Castes of the North Western Provinces,* under "Nai," and Thurston, *Castes and Tribes of Southern India,* under "Mangala" (vol. iv, p. 448 *et seq.*).—N.M.P.

woman-murder, and her father the sage would curse us. Therefore it is far better that she should be separated from the king by means of our ingenuity, in order that the queen may be happy and we may obtain wealth. And this is an easy matter to me, for what can I not accomplish by force of intellect? Hear my ingenuity. I will relate a story which illustrates it.

42A. *The King and the Barber's Wife*

This King Dṛiḍhavarman had an immoral father. And I was then his servant, being engaged in the duties which belong to me. He one day, as he was roaming about here, cast eyes on my wife, and as she was young and beautiful his mind became attached to her. And when he asked his attendants who she was, they said: "The barber's wife." He thought: "What can the barber do?" So the wicked king entered my house, and after enjoying my wife at will, departed. But, as it happened, I was away from my house that day, being absent somewhere or other.

And the next day, when I entered, I saw that my wife's manner had altered, and when I asked her the reason she told me the whole story, being full of pride at what had occurred. And in that way the king went on puffing up my wife by continual visits, which I was powerless to prevent. A prince distracted by unholy passion makes no distinction between what is lawful and what is illicit. The forest is like straw to a sylvan fire fanned by the wind. So, not being in possession of any other expedient for restraining my sovereign, I reduced myself with spare diet, and took refuge in feigned sickness. And in this state I went into the presence of that king to perform my duties, sighing deeply, pale and emaciated.

Then the king, seeing that I seemed to be ill, asked me meaningly the following question:—"Holla! tell me why you have become thus?" And after he had questioned me persistently I answered the king in private, after imploring immunity from punishment: "King, my wife is a witch. And when I am asleep she extracts my entrails and sucks them, and then replaces them as before. This is how I have become lean. So how can continual refreshment and eating nourish me ? " When I said this to the king he became anxious, and reflected : " Can she really be a witch ? Why was I captivated by her ? I wonder whether she will suck my entrails also, since I am well nourished with food. So I will contrive to test her this very night." Having thus reflected, the king caused food to be given me on the spot.

Then I went home and shed tears in the presence of my wife, and when she questioned me I said to her : " My beloved, you must not reveal to anyone what I am about to tell you. Listen ! That king has teeth as sharp as the edge of a thunderbolt, where teeth are not usually found, and they broke my razor to-day while I was performing my duties. And in this way I shall break a razor every time. So how am I to be continually procuring fresh razors ? This is why I weep, for the means of supporting myself in my home are destroyed." When I had said this to my wife she made up her mind to investigate the marvel of the concealed teeth while the king was asleep, since he was to visit her at night. But she did not perceive that such a thing had never been seen since the world was and could not be true. Even clever women are deceived by the tales of an impostor.

So the king came at night and visited my wife at will, and, as if fatigued, pretended to go to sleep, remembering what I had said. Then my wife, thinking he was asleep, slowly stretched out her hand to find his concealed teeth. And as soon as her hand reached him the king exclaimed : " A witch ! A witch ! " and left the house in terror. Henceforth my wife, having been abandoned by the king out of fear, became satisfied with me and devoted to me exclusively. In this way I saved my wife on a former occasion from the king by my intelligence.

42. *Story of Kadalīgarbhā*

Having told this story to the female ascetic, the barber went on to say : " So, my good lady, this desire of yours must be accomplished by wisdom ; and I will tell you, mother, how it is to be done. Listen to me. Some old servant of the harem must be won over to say to this king in secret every day: 'Your wife Kadalīgarbhā is a witch.' For she, being a forest maiden, has no attendants of her own, and what will not all alien servants do for gain, being easily corrupted? Accordingly, when the king becomes apprehensive on hearing what the old servant says, you must contrive to place at night hands and feet and other limbs in the chamber of Kadalīgarbhā.[1] Then the king will see them in the morning, and, concluding that what the old man says is true, will be afraid of Kadalīgarbhā and desert her of his own accord. So the queen will be delighted at getting rid of a rival wife, and entertain a favourable opinion of you, and we shall gain some advantage."

When the barber said this to the female ascetic she consented, and went and told the whole matter to the king's head queen. And the queen carried out her suggestions, and the king, who had been warned, saw the hands and feet in the morning with his own eyes, and abandoned Kadalīgarbhā, thinking her to be wicked. So the female ascetic, together with the barber, enjoyed to the full the presents which the queen secretly gave to her, being pleased with her aid.

So Kadalīgarbhā, being abandoned by Driḍhavarman, went out from the palace, grieved because the king would be cursed. And she returned to the hermitage of her father by the same path by which she came, which she was able to recognise by the mustard-seeds she had sown, which had sprung up.[2]

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[1] *Cf.*, for the artifice used to ruin Kadalīgarbhā, Dasent's *Popular Tales from the Norse*, pp. 65, 66.

[2] *Cf.* the fortieth story in Grimm's *Kinder-und Hausmärchen*, where the girl finds her way by the peas and lentils which had sprung up. See also the second story in Gonzenbach's *Sicilianische Märchen*, where the girl scatters bran; and the forty-ninth story in the same collection. See also Bartsch's *Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg*, vol. i, pp. 265, 313, 441-444 and 447, where peas are used for the same purpose. See also De Gubernatis, *Zoological Mythology*, p. 165.——The tale from Grimm referred to above is No. 40, "The Robber Bridegroom," and in the English edition by Margaret Hunt a note in vol. i, p. 389, states it is derived from two stories heard in

Her father, the hermit Mankaṇaka, when he saw her suddenly arrived there, remained for some time suspecting immorality on her part. And then he perceived the whole occurrence by the power of contemplation, and after lovingly comforting her, departed thence with her. And he went and told the king, who bowed before him, the whole treacherous drama, which the head queen had got up out of hatred for her rival. At that moment the barber himself arrived, and related the whole occurrence to the king, and then proceeded to say to him: "In this way, my sovereign, I sent away the lady Kadalīgarbhā, and so delivered her from the danger of the incantations which would have been practised against her, since I satisfied the head queen by an artifice."

When the king heard that, he saw that the speech of the great hermit was certainly true, and he took back Kadalīgarbhā, recovering his confidence in her. And after respectfully accompanying the departing hermit he rewarded the barber with wealth, thinking that he was attached to his

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Lower Hesse: in one, ashes are strewn on the road to mark it instead of peas and lentils. A third and less perfect version comes from the district of the Main. In this it is a king's daughter to whom the bridegroom shows the way by means of ribbons which he ties to every tree. See also J. Bolte, *Anmerkungen zu den Kinder-und Hausmärchen der Brüder Grimm*, vol. i, p. 370.

The *motif* also occurs in Perrault's *Le Petit Poucet*, in which Hop-o'-my Thumb marks his way by the help of little white stones. In his *Les Contes de Perrault*, Paris, 1923, p. 306 *et seq.*, Saintyves gives several analogues to the incident of the track. See, for instance, Le Père H. Trilles, *Proverbes, Légendes et Contes Fangs*, Neuchâtel, 1905, pp. 254-257, for a West African variant. Here the method is laying twigs at all places where paths cross. Ashes are found in numerous tales, while in a Gascon version (J. Bladé, *Contes de Gascogne*, vol. iii, pp. 41, 42) it is linseed; dried peas in a Picardy story (E. Cabnoy, *Littérature Orale de la Picardie*, p. 254); bran and salt in a Breton version (*Mélusine*, vol. iii, p. 309). In the *Pentamerone*, eighth diversion of the fifth day (Burton, vol. ii, pp. 541, 542), we have a rather unusual addition. First of all a track of ashes is made, and later one of bran. As chance would have it, an ass comes along and eats it all up, so that, in spite of their precautions, the children are lost. In the tale of the "Fellah and his Wicked Wife" in the *Nights* (Burton, Supp., vol. v, pp. 349, 350) we find bran again used as a track. See Chauvin, *op. cit.*, vi, p. 179n^1, where a few further references will be found. Finally, in an Assamese version husks are used to mark the way (see J. H. Hutton, "Folk-Tales of the Angāmī Nāgas of Assam," *Folk-Lore*, vol. xxvi, 1915, p. 87).—N.M.P.

person: kings are the appointed prey of rogues. Then the king, being averse to the society of his queen, lived in great comfort with Kadalīgarbhā.

[M] "Many false accusations of this kind do rival wives bring, O Kalingasenā of irreproachable beauty. And you are a maiden, the auspicious moment of whose marriage is fixed at a distant date, and even the gods, whose goings transcend our thought, are in love with you. So do you yourself preserve yourself now, as the one jewel of the world, dedicated to the King of Vatsa only, from all assaults, for your own excellence brings you enmity. I, indeed, my friend, shall never return to you, since you are now established in the palace of your husband: good women do not visit the house of a friend's husband, O fair one! Besides, I have been forbidden by my own lord. And it is not possible for me to come here secretly, induced by my affection for you, inasmuch as my husband possesses divine insight and would find it out; with difficulty, in truth, did I obtain his permission to come here to-day. And since I can be of no use to you now, my friend, I will return home; but if my husband should give me permission I will come here again, disregarding modesty."

Thus Somaprabhā, the daughter of the Asura king, spake, weeping, to Kalingasenā, the daughter of the mortal king, whose face also was washed with tears, and after embracing her, departed swiftly to her own palace, as the day was passing away.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THEN the Princess Kalingasenā, who had deserted [M] her own country and relations, remembering her dear friend Somaprabhā, who had left her, and finding the great festival of her marriage with the King of Vatsa delayed, remained in Kauśāmbī like a doe that had strayed from the forest.

And the King of Vatsa, feeling a little bitter against the astrologers, who were so dexterous in deferring the marriage of Kalingasenā, being despondent with love-longing, went that day, to divert his mind, to the private apartments of Vāsavadattā. There the queen, who had been tutored beforehand by the excellent minister, let fall no sign of anger, but showed especial sedulity in honouring her husband with her usual attentions.

And the king, wondering how it was that, even though she knew the episode of Kalingasenā, the queen was not angry, being desirous of knowing the cause, said to her: "Do you know, queen, that a princess named Kalingasenā has come here to choose me for her husband?" The moment she heard it she answered, without changing the hue of her countenance: "I know it; I am exceedingly delighted, for in her the Goddess of Fortune has come to our house; for by gaining her you will also get her father, Kalingadatta, under your influence, and the earth will be more completely in your power. Now I am delighted on account of his great power and your pleasure, and long ago did I know this circumstance with regard to you. So am I not fortunate, since I have such a husband as you, whom princesses fall in love with, that are themselves sought by other kings?"

When thus addressed by Queen Vāsavadattā, who had been previously tutored by Yaugandharāyaṇa, the king rejoiced in his heart. And after enjoying a drinking-bout with her he slept that night in her apartments, and waking up in the morning he reflected: " What, does the magnanimous queen obey me so implicitly as even to acquiesce in having Kalingasenā for a rival? But how could this same proud woman endure her, since it was owing to the special favour of destiny that she did not yield her breath even when I married Padmāvatī? So if anything were to happen to her, it would be utter ruin; upon her hang the lives of my son, my brother-in-law, my father-in-law and Padmāvatī, and the welfare of the kingdom. What higher tribute can I pay her? So how can I marry that Kalingasenā?"

Thus reflecting, the King of Vatsa left her chamber at the close of night and the next day went to the palace of the Queen Padmāvatī. She too, having been taught her lesson by Vāsavadattā, showed him attentions after the very same fashion, and when questioned by him gave a similar answer.

The next day the king, thinking over the sentiments and speeches of the queens, which were completely in unison, commended them to Yaugandharāyaṇa. And the minister Yaugandharāyaṇa, who knew how to seize the right moment, seeing that the king was plunged in doubt, spake slowly to him as follows: " I know well the matter does not end where you think; there is a terrible resolve here. For the queens spoke thus because they are steadfastly bent on surrendering their lives. Chaste women, when their beloved is attached to another, or has gone to heaven, become careless about all enjoyments and determined to die, though their intentions are inscrutable on account of the haughtiness of their character. For matrons cannot endure the interruption of a deep affection, and in proof of this hear now, O King, this story of Śrutasena.

43. *Story of Śrutasena*

There lived long ago in the Deccan, in a city called Gokarṇa, a king named Śrutasena, who was the ornament of his race and possessed of learning. And this king, though his prosperity was complete, had yet one source of sorrow, that he had not as yet obtained a wife who was a suitable match for him. And once on a time the king, while brooding over that sorrow, began to talk about it, and was thus addressed by a Brāhman, named Agniśarman: "I have seen two wonders, O King. I will describe them to you. Listen! Having gone on a pilgrimage to all the sacred bathing-places, I reached that Panchatīrthī, in which five Apsarases were reduced to the condition of crocodiles by the curse of a holy sage, and were rescued from it by Arjuna, who had come there while going round the holy spots. There I bathed in the blessed water, which possesses the power of enabling those men who bathe in it, and fast for five nights, to become followers of Nārāyaṇa. And while I was departing I beheld a cultivator in the middle of a field, who had furrowed the earth with his plough, singing. That cultivator was asked about the road by a certain wandering hermit who had come that way, but did not hear what he said, being wholly occupied with his song. Then the hermit was angry with that cultivator, and began to talk in a distracted manner; and the cultivator, stopping his song, said to him: 'Alas! though you are a hermit you will not learn even a fraction of virtue; even I, though a fool, have discovered what is the highest essence of virtue.' When he heard that, the hermit asked him out of curiosity: 'What have you discovered?' And the cultivator answered him: 'Sit here in the shade and listen while I tell you a tale.

43A. *The Three Brāhman Brothers*

In this land there were three Brāhman brothers, Brahmadatta, Somadatta and Viśvadatta, of holy deeds. Of these two, the eldest, possessed wives, but the youngest was unmarried; he remained as their servant without being angry, obeying their orders along with me; for I was their ploughman. And those elder brothers thought that he was soft, and devoid of intellect, good, not swerving from the right path, simple and unenterprising. Then, once on a time, the youngest brother, Viśvadatta, was solicited by his two brothers' wives, who fell in love with him, but he rejected their advances as if each of them had been his mother. Then they both of them went and said falsely to their own husbands: "This younger brother of yours makes love to us in secret."[1] This speech made those two elder brothers cherish anger against him in their hearts, for men bewildered by the speeches of wicked women do not know the difference between truth and falsehood.

Then those brothers said, once on a time, to Viśvadatta: "Go and level that ant-hill in the middle of the field!" He said, "I will," and went and proceeded to dig up the ant-hill with his spade, though I said to him: "Do not do it; a venomous snake lives there." Though he heard what I said, he continued to dig at the ant-hill, exclaiming, "Let what will happen!" for he would not disobey the order of his two elder brothers, though they wished him ill.

Then, while he was digging it up, he got out of it a pitcher filled with gold, and not a venomous snake; for virtue is an auxiliary to the good. So he took that pitcher and gave it all to his elder brothers out of his constant affection for them, though I tried to dissuade him. But they sent assassins, hiring them with a portion of that gold, and had his hands and feet cut off, in their desire to seize his wealth. But he was free from anger, and in spite of that treatment did not wax wroth with his brothers, and on account of that virtue of his, his hands and feet grew again.

43. *Story of Śrutasena*

"'After beholding that I renounced from that time all anger, but you, though you are a hermit, have not even now renounced anger. The man who is free from anger has gained heaven. Behold now a proof of this.' After saying this, the husbandman left his body and ascended to heaven. This is one wonder which I have seen. Hear a second, O King."

After saying this to King Śrutasena the Brāhman continued: "Then, as I was roaming about on the shore of the sea to visit sacred places, I reached the realm of King Vasantasena. There, as I was about to enter an almshouse where cooked food is distributed by the king, the Brāhmans said to me: 'Brāhman, advance not in that direction, for there the king's daughter is present; she is called Vidyuddyotā, and if even a hermit beholds her he is pierced by the arrow of love and, becoming distracted, ceases to live.' Then I answered them: 'This is not wonderful to me, for I continually behold King Śrutasena, who is a second God of Love. When he leaves his palace on an expedition, or for some other purpose, women of good family are removed by guards from any place whence they may possibly see him, for fear they should infringe chastity.' When I said this, they knew I was a subject of your Majesty's, and the superintendent of the house of entertainment and the king's chaplain took me into the presence of the king, that I might share the feast. There I saw that Princess Vidyuddyotā, looking like the incarnation of the magic art with which the God of Love bewilders the world. After a long time I mastered my confusion at beholding her, and reflected: 'If this lady were to become the wife of our sovereign, he would forget his kingdom. Nevertheless I must tell this tale to my master, otherwise there might take place the incident of Devasena and Unmādinī.'

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[1] For a note on women whose love is scorned see Vol. II, pp. 120–124. —N.M.P.

43B. *Devasena and Unmādinī*

Once on a time, in the realm of King Devasena, there was a merchant's daughter, a maiden that bewildered the world with her beauty. Her father told the king about her, but the king did not take her in marriage, for the Brāhmans, who wished to prevent him neglecting his duties, told him she had inauspicious marks. So she was married to his prime minister.[1] And once on a time she showed herself to the king at a window. And the king, struck by her with a poisonous look from a distance, as if she had been a female snake,[1] fainted again and again, enjoyed no pleasure, and took no food. And the righteous king, though entreated over and over again to marry her by the ministers, with her husband at their head, refused to do so, and, devoted to her, yielded up his breath.

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[1] This is a repetition of the story of Devasena and Unmādinī in Book III.——See Vol. II, pp. 6-8.—N.M.P.

43. *Story of Śrutasena*

"Accordingly I have come to-day and told you this wonderful tale, thinking that if a similar distraction were to come upon you I should be guilty of conspiring against your life."

When King Śrutasena heard from that Brāhman this speech, which was like the command of the God of Love, he became ardently attached to Vidyuddyotā, so he immediately sent off the Brāhman and took steps to have her brought quickly, and married her. Then the Princess Vidyuddyotā became inseparable from the person of that king, as the daylight from the orb of the sun.

Then a maiden of the name of Mātṛidattā, the daughter of a very rich merchant, intoxicated with the pride of her beauty, came to select that king for her husband. Through fear of committing unrighteousness, the king married that merchant's daughter; then Vidyuddyotā, coming to hear of it, died of a broken heart. And the king came and beheld that dearly loved wife lying dead, and took her up in his arms and, lamenting, died on the spot. Thereupon Mātṛidattā, the merchant's daughter, entered the fire. And so the whole kingdom perished with the king.

[M] "So you see, King, that the breaking off of long love is difficult to bear; especially would it be so to the proud

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[1] *Cf.* the "death-darting eye of cockatrice" in *Romeo and Juliet*. See also Schmidt's *Shakespeare Dictionary*, under the word "basilisk."——Accounts of the basilisk are found in Pliny, XXIX, xix, and Heliodorus, *Æthiopica*, iii, 8. It is described as a serpent with a cock's head, whose look is fatal. See the section "The Fatal Look" in Appendix III on "Poison-Damsels" in Vol. II of this work, p. 298 *et seq.*—N.M.P.

Queen Vāsavadattā. Accordingly, if you were to marry this Kalingasenā, the Queen Vāsavadattā would indubitably quit her life, and the Queen Padmāvatī would do the same, for their life is one. And then how would your son Naravāhanadatta live? And, I know, the king's heart would not be able to bear any misfortune happening to him. And so all this happiness would perish in a moment, O King. But as for the dignified reserve which the queens displayed in their speeches, that sufficiently shows that their hearts are indifferent to all things, being firmly resolved on suicide. So you must guard your own interests, for even animals understand self-protection, much more wise men like yourself, O King."

The King of Vatsa, when he heard this at length from the excellent minister Yaugandharāyaṇa, having now become quite capable of wise discrimination, said: "It is so; there can be no doubt about it; all this fabric of my happiness would be overthrown. So what is the use of my marrying Kalingasenā? Accordingly the astrologers did well in mentioning a distant hour as auspicious for the marriage; and there cannot, after all, be much sin in abandoning one who had come to select me as her husband."

When Yaugandharāyaṇa heard this, he reflected with joy: "Our business has almost turned out according to our wishes. Will not that same great plant of policy, watered with the streams of expediency and nourished with due time and place, truly bring forth fruit?" Thus reflecting, and meditating upon fitting time and place, the minister Yaugandharāyaṇa went to his house, after taking a ceremonious farewell of the king.

The king too went to the Queen Vāsavadattā, who had assumed to welcome him a manner which concealed her real feelings, and thus spoke to her to console her: "Why do I speak? You know well, O gazelle-eyed one, that your love is my life, even as the water is of the lotus. Could I bear even to mention the name of another woman? But Kalingasenā came to my house of her own impetuous motion. And this is well known, that Rambhā, who came to visit Arjuna of her own impetuous will, having been rejected by him, as he was engaged in austerities, inflicted on him a curse which made him a eunuch. That curse was endured by him to the end, living in the house of the King of Virāṭa in woman's garb for a year, though he displayed miraculous valour.[1] So I did not reject this Kalingasenā when she came, but I cannot bring myself to do anything without your wish."

Having comforted her in these words, and having perceived by the flush of wine which rose to her cheek, as if it were her glowing, passionate heart, that her cruel design was a reality, the King of Vatsa spent that night with the Queen Vāsavadattā, delighted at the transcendent ability of his prime minister.

And in the meanwhile that Brāhman-Rākshasa named Yogeśvara, who was a friend of Yaugandharāyaṇa's, and whom he had commissioned beforehand to watch day and night the proceedings of Kalingasenā, came that very night of his own accord and said to the prime minister: "I remain ever at Kalingasenā's house, either without it or within it, and I have never seen man or god come there. But to-day I suddenly heard an indistinct noise in the air, at the commencement of the night, as I was lying hid near the roof of the palace. Then my magic science was set in motion to ascertain the cause of the sound, but prevailed not; so I pondered over it and came to this conclusion: 'This must certainly be the voice of some being of divine power, enamoured of Kalingasenā, who is roaming in the sky. Since my science does not succeed, I must look for some opening, for clever people who remain vigilant find little difficulty in discovering holes in their opponent's armour. And I know that the prime minister said: "Divine beings are in love with her." Moreover, I overheard her friend Somaprabhā saying the same.' After arriving at this conclusion I came here to make my report to you. This I have to ask you by the way, so tell me so much, I pray you. By my magic power I heard, without being seen, what you said to the king: 'Even animals understand self-protection.' Now tell me, sagacious man, if there is any instance of this."

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[1] For details of Indian eunuchs see Appendix II of this volume.—N.M.P.

When Yogeśvara asked him this question Yaugandharāyaṇa answered: "There is, my friend; and to prove it I will tell you this tale. Listen.

44. *Story of the Ichneumon, the Owl, the Cat and the Mouse*

Once on a time there was a large banyan-tree outside the city of Vidiśā. In that vast tree dwelt four creatures, an ichneumon,[1] an owl, a cat and a mouse, and their habitations

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[1] Benfey found this story in the Arabic version of the *Pañchatantra* and in all the translations and reproductions of it. He finds it also in the *Mahābhārata*, xii (iii, 589), *śl.* 4930 *et seq.* He expresses his opinion that it formed a portion of the original *Pañchatantra.* See Benfey's *Pañchatantra,* pp. 544-560; *Orient und Occident,* vol. i, p. 383. The account in the *Mahābhārata* is very prolix.

——The ichneumon is found in several animal stories in Eastern collections, often in company with a mouse. See, for instance, Schiefner and Ralston's *Tibetan Tales,* p. 308, where there is a pathetic little story about an ichneumon, a mouse and a snake. The cunning of the former is shown in the tale of the "Mouse and the Ichneumon" in the *Nights,* Burton, vol. iii, pp. 147-148. (See Burton's note on p. 147.) It is unnecessary to speak of Kipling's *Rikki-Tikki-Tavi.*

It would be more correct in our text to call the animal by the Indian name "mongoose" (*Herpestes mungo*), the Indian being smaller than the Egyptian variety (*H. ichneumon*). The type genus has numerous species found all over Africa and throughout Southern Asia. In India the mongoose is especially famous as a serpent-killer, and owing to its successful encounters with even the deadliest snakes has been credited with immunity from snakebites. The Hindus also say that, if bitten, the animal has recourse to a certain root which it uses as an antidote. It has been found, however, that the mongoose is affected by venom just like other animals, but owing to its extraordinary quickness, and the thickness of its skin and the protection afforded by its long stiff hair, which it erects in anger, it is a very formidable enemy to the snake.

A spectator of a fight between a mongoose and a snake thus writes (*Ency. Brit.*, vol. xiv, p. 242): "His whole nature appears to be changed. His fur stands on end, and he presents the incarnation of intense rage. The snake invariably attempts to escape, but, finding it impossible to evade the rapid onslaught of the mongoose, raises his crest and lashes out fiercely at his little persecutor, who seems to delight in dodging out of the way just in time. This goes on until the mongoose sees his opportunity, when like lightning he rushes in and seizes the snake with his teeth by the back of the neck close to the head, shaking him as a terrier does a rat. These tactics are repeated until the snake is killed."

It was, however, in ancient Egypt that the ichneumon was most venerated, were apart. The ichneumon and the mouse dwelt in separate holes in the root, the cat in a great hollow in the middle of the tree; but the owl dwelt in a bower of creepers on the top of it, which was inaccessible to the others. Among these the mouse was the natural prey of all three, three out of the four of the cat. The mouse, the ichneumon and the owl ranged for food during the night, the first two through fear of the cat only, the owl partly because it was his nature to do so. But the cat fearlessly wandered night and day through the neighbouring barley-field, in order to catch the mouse, while the others went there by stealth at a suitable time out of desire for food.

One day a certain hunter of the Chāṇḍāla caste came there. He saw the track of the cat entering that field, and having set nooses all round the field in order to compass its death, departed. So the cat came there at night to slay the mouse, and entering the field was caught in one of the hunter's nooses. The mouse, for his part, came there secretly in search of food, and seeing the cat caught in the noose, danced for joy.

While it was entering the field the owl and ichneumon came from afar by the same path, and seeing the cat fast in

the centre of the worship being at Heracleopolis. The principal cause of the respect paid to the animal is said to be on account of its great hostility to the crocodile, an animal especially feared and hated by the Heracleopolites. Living among the reeds on the banks of the Nile, it takes the eggs of young crocodiles which have been hidden in the sand. Diodorus (i, 87, etc.) tells us that it even kills full-grown crocodiles in a wonderful and almost incredible manner. Covering itself with a coat of mud, the ichneumon watches the moment when the crocodile, coming out of the river, sleeps (as is its custom) upon a sand-bank, with its mouth open (turned towards the wind), and, adroitly gliding down its throat, penetrates to its entrails. It then gnaws through its stomach, and, having killed its enemy, escapes without receiving any injury (quoted by Wilkinson, *Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians*, vol. iii, p. 280).

Several other classical writers, Pliny, Strabo, Herodotus, Aelian, etc., have described the mode of attack of the ichneumon against the snake.

The animal is often kept as a pet and becomes very tame, and usually has a wonderful temper, but its partiality for eggs and poultry makes it a bad substitute for the cat. It is the cat that is afraid of the mongoose rather than the opposite, as mentioned in our text. For further details see Wilkinson, *op. cit.*, pp. 279-285, and Yule, *Hobson Jobson*, under "Mungoose."—N.M.P.

the noose, desired to capture the mouse. And the mouse, beholding them afar off, was terrified, and reflected: "If I fly to the cat, which the owl and the ichneumon are afraid of, that enemy, though fast in the noose, may slay me with one blow, but if I keep at a distance from the cat the owl and the ichneumon will be the death of me. So being compassed about with enemies, where shall I go, what shall I do? Ah! I will take refuge with the cat here, for it is in trouble and may serve me to preserve its own life, as I shall be of use to gnaw through the noose."

Thus reflecting, the mouse slowly approached the cat and said to it: "I am exceedingly grieved at your being caught, so I will gnaw through your noose; the upright come to love even their enemies by dwelling in their neighbourhood. But I do not feel confidence in you, as I do not know your intentions." When the cat heard that, he said: "Worthy mouse, be at rest; from this day forth you are my friend, as giving me life." The moment he heard this from the cat he crept into his bosom; when the owl and the ichneumon saw that, they went away hopeless. Then the cat, galled with the noose, said to the mouse: "My friend, the night is almost gone, so quickly gnaw through my bonds." The mouse for its part, waiting for the arrival of the hunter, slowly nibbled the noose and protracted the business, making a continual munching with its teeth, which was all pretence.

Soon the night came to an end and the hunter came near; then the mouse, at the request of the cat, quickly gnawed through the noose which held it. So the cat's noose was severed and it ran away, afraid of the hunter; and the mouse, delivered from death, fled into its hole. But when called again by the cat it reposed no confidence in him, but remarked: "The truth is, an enemy is occasionally made a friend by circumstances, but does not remain such for ever."

[M] "Thus the mouse, though an animal, saved its life from many foes; much more ought the same thing to take place among men. You heard that speech which I uttered to the king on that occasion, to the effect that by wisdom he should guard his own interests by preserving the life of the queen. And wisdom is in every exigency the best friend, not valour, Yogeśvara. In illustration of this hear the following story :—

45. *Story of King Prasenajit and the Brāhman who lost his Treasure*[1]

There is a city named Śrāvastī, and in it there lived in old time a king of the name of Prasenajit, and one day a strange Brāhman arrived in that city. A merchant, thinking he was virtuous because he lived on rice in the husk, provided him a lodging there in the house of a Brāhman. There he was loaded by him every day with presents of unhusked rice and other gifts, and gradually by other great merchants also, who came to hear his story. In this way the miserly fellow gradually accumulated a thousand *dīnārs*, and, going to the forest, he dug a hole and buried it in the ground,[1] and he went every day and examined the spot.

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[1] This story found its way into a Persian work, *Maḥbūb ul-Qulūb.* It was translated by Edward Rehatsek, and appears in his *Amusing Stories*, Bombay, 1871. It was reprinted as "The Hidden Treasure," by Clouston, in *A Group of Eastern Romances and Stories*, 1889, p. 442 *et seq.*, who gives some analogues (including the original story from our text) on pp. 558-561. There is also a similar tale in the *Nights*, "The Melancholist and the Sharper" (Burton, Supp., vol. i, pp. 264-266), in which the loser, suspecting a certain man of the theft, arranges to mutter to himself within his hearing: "In the pot are sixty ducats, and I have with me other twenty in such a place, and to-day I will unite the whole in the pot." The other returns what he has taken, thinking to get more in the end—and so the lost property is recovered. In Burton's next volume (Supp., vol. ii, pp. 333-340) Clouston adds several analogues besides those already mentioned. There is one from Gladwin's *Persian Moonshee*, and a good Italian version from Sacchetti's *Novelle* (No. 198). His tales are not very well known in England, but are especially interesting as they are largely based on real incidents in domestic and public life in Florence in the fourteenth century. The tale in question, however, was taken from the *Cento Novelle Antiche* (No. 74). The *motif* is well represented in Jewish literature, as has recently been shown by Gaster, *The Exempla of the Rabbis*, 1924. In story No. 324 (p. 117) of this collection a man hides his money in a garden. It is stolen by a neighbour. He pretends not to know of the theft and asks the neighbour whether it would be wise to hide the other money in the same secret spot. The stolen money is then replaced by the neighbour so as not to arouse suspicion, and thus the owner recovers it. Numerous analogues are given on pp. 220 and 240. Similar stories also occur in the *Disciplina Clericalis* of Alphonsus, chap. xvi; the *Gesta Romanorum* (chap. cxviii—*i.e.* tale 38, "Of Deceit," in vol. ii of Thomas Wright's edition of Swan's translation); and in the *Decameron*, day 8, nov. 10. Numerous analogues to this latter are given by Lee, *The Decameron, its Sources and Analogues*, pp. 266-270. On p. 268 he mentions the tale of Ali Cogia in the *Mille et une Nuits*, but did not know it appeared in Burton's *Nights*, Supp., vol. iii, p. 405 *et seq.*, as "Ali

Now one day he saw that the hole, in which he had hidden his gold, had been reopened, and that all the gold had gone. When he saw that hole empty his soul was smitten, and not only was there a void in his heart, but the whole universe seemed to him to be void also. And then he came crying to the Brāhman in whose house he lived, and when questioned he told him his whole story ; and he made up his mind to go to a holy bathing-place and starve himself to death. Then the merchant who supplied him with food, hearing of it, came there with others and said to him : "Brāhman, why do you long to die for the loss of your wealth ? Wealth, like an unseasonable cloud, suddenly comes and goes."

Though plied by him with these and similar arguments, he would not abandon his fixed determination to commit suicide, for wealth is dearer to the miser than life itself. But when the Brāhman was going to the holy place to commit suicide the King Prasenajit himself, having heard of it, came to him and asked him : "Brāhman, do you know of any marks by which you can recognise the place where you buried your *dīnārs* ?" When the Brāhman heard that, he said : "There is a small tree in the wood there. I buried that wealth at its foot." When the king heard that, he said : "I will find that wealth and give it back to you, or I will give it you from my own treasury. Do not commit suicide, Brāhman."

After saying this, and so diverting the Brāhman from his

Khwajah and the Merchant of Baghdad." Although it contains the incident of recovering stolen gold by a clever trick, the leading *motif* is that of "precocious children." Clouston gives several analogues on pp. 596-600 of the same volume of the *Nights*. These references should be added to those I have already given on "precocious children" in Vol. I, p. 186n¹.—N.M.P.

[1] For *nihatya* I conjecture *nikhanya*.

intention of committing suicide, the king entrusted him to the care of the merchant, and retired to his palace. There he pretended to have a headache, and sending out the doorkeeper, he summoned all the physicians in the city by proclamation with beat of drum. And he took aside every single one of them and questioned him privately in the following words:—"What patients have you here, and how many, and what medicine have you prescribed for each?" And they thereupon, one by one, answered all the king's questions. Then one among the physicians, when his turn came to be questioned, said this: "The merchant Mātṛidatta has been out of sorts, O King, and this is the second day that I have prescribed for him *nāgabalā*."[1]

When the king heard that, he sent for the merchant and said to him: "Tell me, who fetched you the *nāgabalā*?" The merchant said: "My servant, your Highness." When the king got this answer from the merchant, he quickly summoned the servant and said to him: "Give up that treasure belonging to a Brāhman, consisting of a store of *dīnārs*, which you found when you were digging at the foot of a tree for *nāgabalā*." When the king said this to him, the servant was frightened, and confessed immediately, and bringing those *dīnārs* left them there. So the king for his part summoned the Brāhman and gave him, who had been fasting in the meanwhile, his *dīnārs*, lost and found again, like a second soul external to his body.

[M] "Thus that king by his wisdom recovered for the Brāhman his wealth, which had been taken away from the root of the tree, knowing that that simple grew in such spots. So true is it, that intellect always obtains the supremacy, triumphing over valour; indeed in such cases what could courage accomplish? Accordingly, Yogeśvara, you ought to bring it to pass by your wisdom that some peccadillo be discovered in Kalingasenā. And it is true that the gods and Asuras are in love with her. This explains your hearing at night the sound of someone being in the air. And if we could only obtain some pretext, calamity would fall upon her, not on us; the king would not marry her, and yet we should not have dealt unrighteously with her."

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[1] The plant *Uraria Lagopodioides* (Monier Williams).

When the Brāhman-Rākshasa Yogeśvara heard all this from the sagacious Yaugandharāyaṇa he was delighted, and said to him: "Who except the god Vṛihaspati can match thee in policy? This counsel of thine waters with ambrosia the tree of empire. I, even I, will investigate with wisdom and might the proceedings of Kalingasenā." Having said this, Yogeśvara departed thence.

And at this time Kalingasenā, while in her palace, was continually afflicted by beholding the King of Vatsa roaming about in his palace and its grounds. Thinking on him, she was inflamed with love, and though she wore a bracelet and necklace of lotus fibres[1] she never obtained relief thereby, nor from sandal-ointment or other remedies.

In the meanwhile the King of the Vidyādharas, named Madanavega, who had seen her before, remained wounded by the arrow of ardent love. Though he had performed a vow to obtain her and had been granted a boon by Śiva, still she was not easy to gain, because she was living in the land of another, and attached to another, so the Vidyādhara prince was wandering about at night in the air over her palace, in order to obtain an opportunity. But, remembering the order of Śiva, pleased with his asceticism, he assumed one night by his skill the form of the King of Vatsa. And in this shape he entered her palace, saluted with praises by the doorkeepers, who said: "Unable to bear delay, the king has come here without the knowledge of his ministers." And Kalingasenā, on beholding him, rose up bewildered with agitation, though she was, so to speak, warned by her ornaments, which jingled out the sounds: "This is not the man." Then she by degrees gained confidence in him, and Madanavega, wearing the form of the King of Vatsa, made her his wife by the *gāndharva* rite.[2]

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[1] See Crooke, *Popular Religion and Folk-Lore of Northern India*, vol. ii, pp. 44, 45.—N.M.P.

[2] See Vol. I, pp. 87-88.—N.M.P.

At that moment Yogeśvara entered, invisible by his magic, and, beholding the incident, was cast down. supposing that he saw the King of Vatsa before him. He went and told Yaugandharāyaṇa, who, on receiving his report, saw by his skill that the king was in the society of Vāsavadattā. So by the order of the prime minister he returned delighted, to observe the shape of that secret paramour of Kalingasenā when asleep. And so he went and beheld that Madanavega asleep in his own form on the bed of the sleeping Kalingasenā, a heavenly being, the dustless lotus of whose foot was marked with the umbrella and the banner; and who had lost his power of changing his form, because his science was suspended during sleep.[1]

Then Yogeśvara, full of delight, went and told what he had seen, in a joyful mood, to Yaugandharāyaṇa. He said: "One like me knows nothing; you know everything by the eye of policy; by your counsel this difficult result has been attained for your king. What is the sky without the sun? What is a tank without water? What is a realm without counsel? What is speech without truth?"

When Yogeśvara said this, Yaugandharāyaṇa took leave of him, much pleased, and went in the morning to visit the King of Vatsa. He approached him with the usual reverence, and in course of conversation said to the king, who asked him what was to be done about Kalingasenā: "She is unchaste, O King, and does not deserve to touch your hand. For she went of her own accord to visit Prasenajit. When she saw that he was old, she was disgusted, and came to visit you out of desire for your beauty, and now she even enjoys at her pleasure the society of another person."

When the king heard this, he said: "How could a lady of birth and rank do such a deed? Or who has the power to enter my harem?"

When the king said this, the wise Yaugandharāyaṇa answered him: "I will prove it to you by ocular testimony this very night, my sovereign. For the divine Siddhas and other beings of the kind are in love with her. What can a man do against them? And who here can interfere with the movements of gods? So come and see it with your own eyes."

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[1] See note on pp. 126-127 of this volume.—N.M.P.

When the minister said this, the king determined to go there with him at night.

Then Yaugandharāyaṇa came to the queen, and said: "To-day, O Queen, I have carried out what I promised, that the king should marry no other wife except Padmāvatī," and thereupon he told her the whole story of Kalingasenā. And the Queen Vāsavadattā congratulated him, bowing low and saying: "This is the fruit which I have reaped from following your instructions."

The King of Vatsa finds Madanavega has been impersonating him

Then at night, when folk were asleep, the King of Vatsa went with Yaugandharāyaṇa to the palace of Kalingasenā. And, entering unperceived, he beheld Madanavega in his proper form, sleeping by the side of the sleeping Kalingasenā. And when the king was minded to slay that audacious one, the Vidyādhara prince was roused by his own magic knowledge, and when awake he went out, and immediately flew up into the heaven. And then Kalingasenā awoke immediately. And seeing the bed empty, she said: "How is this, that the King of Vatsa wakes up before me and departs, leaving me asleep?"

When Yaugandharāyaṇa heard that, he said to the King of Vatsa: "Listen. She has been beguiled by that Vidyādhara wearing your form. He was found out by me by means of my magic power, and now I have exhibited him before your eyes, but you cannot kill him on account of his heavenly might." After saying this, he and the king approached her, and Kalingasenā, for her part, seeing them, stood in a respectful attitude. But when she began to say to the king, "Where, O King, did you go only a moment ago, so as to return with your minister?"—Yaugandharāyaṇa said to her: "Kalingasenā, you have been married by some being, who beguiled you by assuming the shape of the King of Vatsa, and not by this lord of mine."[1]

When Kalingasenā heard this she was bewildered, and as if pierced through the heart by an arrow she said to the King of Vatsa, with tear-streaming eyes: "Have you forgotten me, O King, after marrying me by the *gāndharva* rite, as Śakuntalā long ago was forgotten by Dushyanta?"[1] When the king was thus addressed by her, he said with downcast face: "In truth you were not married by me, for I never came here till this moment." When the King of Vatsa had said this, the minister said to him, "Come along," and conducted him at will to the palace.

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[1] For a note on the "Pretended Husband" *motif* see the end of this chapter.—N.M.P.

When the king had departed thence with his minister, that lady Kalingasenā, sojourning in a foreign country, like a doe that had strayed from the herd, having deserted her relations, with her face robbed of its painting by kissing, as a lotus is robbed of its leaves by cropping, having her braided tresses disordered, even as a bed of lotuses trampled by an elephant has its cluster of black bees dispersed, now that her maidenhood was gone for ever, not knowing what expedient to adopt or what course to pursue, looked up to heaven and spake as follows:—"Whoever that was that assumed the shape of the King of Vatsa and married me, let him appear, for he is the husband of my youth."

When invoked in these words, that King of the Vidyādharas descended from heaven, of divine shape, adorned with necklace and bracelet. And when she asked him who he was, he answered her: "I, fair one, am a prince of the Vidyādharas, named Madanavega. And long ago I beheld you in your father's house, and by performing penance obtained a boon from Śiva, which conferred on me the attainment of you. So, as you were in love with the King of Vatsa, I assumed his form, and quickly married you by stealth, before your contract with him had been celebrated." By the nectar of this speech of his, entering her ears, the lotus of her heart was a little revived.

Then Madanavega comforted that fair one, and made her recover her composure, and bestowed on her a heap of gold, and when she had conceived in her heart affection for her excellent husband, as being well suited to her, he flew up into the heaven, to return again. And Kalingasenā, after obtaining permission from Madanavega, consented to dwell patiently where she was, reflecting that the heavenly home, the abode of her husband, could not be approached by a mortal, and that through passion she had left her father's house.

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[1] For similar instances of forgetting in European stories, see Nos. 13, 14, 54, 55 in the *Sicilianische Märchen,* with Köhler's notes, and his article in *Orient und Occident,* vol. ii, p. 103.

NOTE ON THE "PRETENDED HUSBAND" *MOTIF*

The readiness with which no less a person than Śiva himself becomes a party to the trick played upon Kalingasenā may seem surprising, but perhaps we are to understand that, after such a penance as that performed by Madanavega on the Ṛishabha mountain, Śiva was almost bound to grant a boon of whatever nature it might be. Yet, as we have already seen (Vol. II, pp. 45, 46), Indra did not scruple to enjoy Ahalyā by disguising himself as her husband, Gautama.

The *motif* found its way into Sanskrit literature at a very early date, and Benfey, *Pañchatantra* (i, p. 299 *et seq.*), traces the different versions found in *Kalila and Dimna, John of Capua, Śuka Saptati, Anvār-i-Suhailī, Bahār-i-Ḍānish,* etc., besides in well-known European collections, such as *Le Livre des Lumières, Cabinet des Fées* and the *Decameron.*

In nearly all these versions the wife is perfectly innocent of the cheat played upon her, and, on the return of the real husband, makes a similar remark to that in our text, such as: "Wherefore have you returned? Did I not serve your wishes at the beginning of the night?" Similarly in the *Decameron* (day 3, nov. 2) the queen confronts her husband with: "My lord, what a surprise is this to-night! 'Twas but now you left me after an unwonted measure of enjoyment, and do you now return so soon?" The king behaves in a most diplomatic manner and pretends he *had* been with his wife earlier in the evening. He then attempts to find out the culprit, and although he is unsuccessful in this, he makes any repetition of the offence unlikely.

In the version found in the *Heptameron,* however, the unhappy husband is unable to conceal his curiosity and resentment: "What do these words mean? I know of a truth that I have not lain with you for three weeks, and yet you rebuke me for coming too often." Suddenly the terrible truth dawns upon the chaste lady. The husband rushes in pursuit of the wicked friar who has done the deed, but meanwhile his wife hangs herself and kills her child through shame and misery. Her brother hears the news, and, misunderstanding the details, runs his sword through the returning husband (see vol. iii, p. 97 *et seq.*, of the English translation printed for the Society of English Bibliophilists, 1894).

In all the above versions we notice that the cheat played upon the innocent wife is done by an ordinary human being, and not by a god or supernatural being, as in our text. We find, however, a closer analogue in Herodotus (vi, 69). Demaratus was deposed from the sovereignty and made a magistrate of Sparta, owing to the charge of bastardy made by Leutychides. He is later insulted by Leutychides at the Gymnopædiæ, and, intending to get to the bottom of the whole matter, calls upon his mother with a mighty oath to tell the truth. She then explains: "When Ariston [her husband] had taken me to his own house, on the third night from the first, a spectre resembling Ariston came to me; and having lain with me, put on me a crown that it had: it departed, and afterwards Ariston came; but when he saw me with the crown, he asked who it was that gave it me. I said he did, but he would not admit it; whereupon I took an oath, and said that he did not well to deny it, for that having come shortly before and lain with me, he had given me the crown. Ariston, seeing that I affirmed with an oath, discovered that the event was superhuman: and, in the first place, the crown proved to have come from the shrine situate near the palace gates, which they call Astrabacus's; and, in the next place, the seers pronounced that it was the hero himself. Thus, then, my son, you have all that you wish to know: for you are sprung either from that hero, and the hero Astrabacus is your father, or Ariston; for I conceived you in that night . . ." (Cary's trans. Bohn's edition, 1877, p. 379).

There is also the legend of Amphitryon, son of Alcæus, whose wife, Alcmene, gave birth to twin sons, Iphicles being that of Amphitryon, and Heracles that of Zeus, who had visited her in the guise of her husband while he was away fighting.

The incident forms Plautus' comedy *Amphitruo*, whence Molière adapted his *Amphitryon*.

Lee, *op. cit.*, pp. 62-67, gives several other analogues of the *motif*. See also Chauvin, *op. cit.*, ii, p. 92.—N.M.P.

CHAPTER XXXIV

THEN the King of Vatsa, thinking on the peerless [M] beauty of Kalingasenā, was one night seized with love, so he rose up and went, sword in hand, and entered her palace alone; and she welcomed him and received him politely. Then the king asked her to become his wife, but she rejected his addresses, saying: "You should regard me as the wife of another." Whereupon he answered: "Since you are unchaste as having resorted to three men, I shall not, by approaching you, incur the guilt of adultery."

When the king said this to Kalingasenā, she answered him: "I came to marry you, O King, but I was married by the Vidyādhara Madanavega at his will, for he assumed your shape. And he is my only husband, so why am I unchaste? But such are the misfortunes even of ordinary women who desert their relations, having their minds bewildered with the love of lawless roaming, much more of princesses. And this is the fruit of my own folly in sending a messenger to you, though I had been warned not to do so by my friend, who had seen an evil omen. So if you touch me by force I will abandon life; for what woman of good family will injure her husband? And to prove this I will tell you a tale. Listen, O King.

46. *Story of King Indradatta*

There lived in old time in the land of Chedi a great king called Indradatta. He founded for his glory a great temple at the holy bathing-place of Pāpaśodhana, desiring the body of good reputation, as he saw that our mortal body is perishable. And the king in the ardour of his devotion was continually going to visit it, and all kinds of people were continually coming there to bathe in the holy water.

Now one day the king saw a merchant's wife, whose husband was travelling in foreign parts, who had come there to bathe in the holy water; she was steeped in the nectar of pure beauty, and adorned with various charms, like a splendid moving palace of the God of Love. She was embraced on both her feet by the radiance of the two quivers of the five-arrowed god, as if out of love, believing that with her he would conquer the world.[1] The moment the king saw her she captivated his soul so entirely that, unable to restrain himself, he found out her house and went there at night. And when he solicited her, she said to him: "You are a protector of the helpless; you ought not to touch another man's wife. And if you lay violent hands on me you will commit a great sin; and I will die immediately; I will not endure disgrace." Though she said this to him, the king still endeavoured to use force to her, whereupon her heart broke in a moment through fear of losing her chastity. When the king saw that, he was at once abashed, and went back by the way that he came, and in a few days died, out of remorse for that crime.

[M] Having told this tale, Kalingasenā bowed in timid modesty and again said to the King of Vatsa: "Therefore, King, set not your heart on wickedness that would rob me of breath; since I have come here, allow me to dwell here; if not, I will depart to some other place." Then the King of Vatsa, who knew what was right, hearing this from Kalingasenā, after reflecting, desisted from his intention, and said to her: "Princess, dwell here at will with this husband of yours; I will not say anything to you; henceforth fear not."

When the king had said this, he returned of his own accord to his house, and Madanavega, having heard the conversation, descended from heaven, and said: "My beloved, you have done well; if you had not acted thus, O fortunate one, good fortune would not have resulted, for I should not have tolerated your conduct." When the Vidyādhara had said this, he comforted her, and passed the night there, and continued going to her house and returning again. And

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[1] This probably means in plain English that she wore glittering anklets.

Kalingasenā, having a King of the Vidyādharas for her husband, remained there, blessed even in her mortal state with the enjoyment of heavenly pleasures. As for the King of Vatsa, he ceased to think about her, and remembering the speech of his minister, he rejoiced, considering that he had saved his queens and kingdom and also his son. And the Queen Vāsavadattā and the minister Yaugandharāyaṇa were at ease, having reaped the fruit of the wishing-tree of policy.

Then, as days went on, Kalingasenā had the lotus of her face a little pale, and was pregnant, having longing produced in her. Her lofty breasts, with extremities a little dark, appeared like the treasure-vessels of Love, marked with his seal of joy. Then her husband Madanavega came to her and said[1]: "Kalingasenā, we heavenly beings are subject to this law, that when a mortal child is conceived we must abandon it and go afar. Did not Menakā leave Śakuntalā in the hermitage of Kaṇva? And though you were formerly an Apsaras, you have now, goddess, become a mortal by the curse of Śiva, inflicted on account of your disobedience. Thus it has come to pass that, though chaste, you have incurred the reproach of unchastity; so guard your offspring; I will go to my own place. And whenever you think upon me I will appear to you."

Thus the prince of the Vidyādharas spake to the weeping Kalingasenā, and consoled her, and gave her a heap of valuable jewels, and departed with his mind fixed on her, drawn away by the law. Kalingasenā, for her part, remained there, supported by the hope of offspring as by a friend, protected by the shade of the King of Vatsa's arm.

In the meanwhile the husband of Ambikā[2] gave the following order to Rati, the wife of the God of Love, who had performed penance in order to get back her husband with his body restored: "That husband of thine, who was formerly consumed, has been born in the palace of the King of Vatsa, under the name of Naravāhanadatta, conceived in a mortal womb on account of disrespect shown to me.

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[1] *Cf.* the conduct of the Meerweib in Hagen's *Helden-Sagen*, vol. i, p. 55.

[2] *I.e.* Śiva.

But because thou hast propitiated me thou shalt also be born in the world of mortals, without being conceived in a mortal womb; and then thou shalt be reunited to thy husband, once more possessing a body."

Rati is substituted as Kalingasenā's Child

Having said this to Rati, Śiva then gave this command to the Creator[1]: "Kalingasenā shall give birth to a son of divine origin. By thy power of illusion thou shalt remove her son and substitute in his place this very Rati, who shall abandon her heavenly body and be moulded by thee in the form of a mortal maiden." The Creator, in obedience to the order of Śiva,[2] went down to earth, and when the appointed time came Kalingasenā gave birth to a son. The Creator abstracted, by his divine power of illusion, her son, the moment he was born, and substituted Rati, whom he had turned into a girl, in his place, without the change being detected. And all present there saw that girl born, and she seemed like the streak of the new moon suddenly rising in broad daylight, for she illuminated with her splendour the lying-in chamber, and eclipsing the long row of flames of the jewel-lamps[3] robbed them of lustre, and made them, as it were, abashed. Kalingasenā, when she saw that incomparable daughter born, in her delight made greater rejoicing than she would have made at the birth of a son.

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[1] Prajāpati.

[2] Literally, "placing it upon his head."

[3] The superstitious custom of lighting fires, lamps, etc., to protect children against evil spirits is found in many countries. Liebrecht (*Zur Volkskunde*, p. 31) refers us to Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, edited by Hazlitt, vol. ii, p. 144, for the prevalence of the practice in England. "Gregory mentions 'an ordinary superstition of the old wives who dare not trust a child in a cradle by itself alone without a candle.' This he attributes to their fear of the night-hag" (*cf.* Milton, *Paradise Lost*, ii, 662-665). He cites authorities to prove that it exists in Germany, Scotland and Sweden. In the latter country it is considered dangerous to let the fire go out until the child is baptized, for fear that the trolls may substitute a changeling in its place. The custom exists also in the Malay Peninsula, and among the Tājiks in Bokhara The Roman custom of lighting a candle in the room of a lying-in woman, from which the goddess Candelifera derived her name (Tertullian, *Adv. Nation.*, 2, 11), is to be accounted for in the same way. See also Veckenstedt, *Wendische Sagen*, p. 446. The same notion will be found in Bartsch's *Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg*, vol. i, pp. 17, 64, 89, 91; vol. ii, p. 43. *Cf.* also the following passage from Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, vol. ii, p. 78: "Borlase quotes from Martin's *Western Islands.* 'The same lustration by carrying of fire is performed round about women after child-bearing, and round about children before they are christened, as

Then the King of Vatsa, with his queen and his ministers, heard that such a lovely daughter had been born to Kalingasenā. And when the king heard of it he suddenly, under the impulsion of the god Śiva, said to the Queen Vāsavadattā, in the presence of Yaugandharāyaṇa: "I know this Kalingasenā is a heavenly nymph, who has fallen to earth in consequence of a curse, and this daughter born to her will also be heavenly and of wonderful beauty. So this girl, being equal in beauty to my son Naravāhanadatta, ought to be his head queen."

When the Queen Vāsavadattā heard that, she said to the king: "Great King, why do you suddenly say this now? What similarity can there possibly be between this son of yours, of pure descent by both lines, and the daughter of Kalingasenā, a girl whose mother is unchaste?"

When the king heard that he reflected, and said: "Truly, I do not say this of myself, but some god seems to have entered into me and to be forcing me to speak. And I seem to hear a voice uttering these words from heaven: 'This daughter of Kalingasenā is the appointed wife of Naravāhanadatta.' Moreover, that Kalingasenā is a faithful wife, of good family, and her reproach of unchastity has arisen from the influence of her actions in a former birth."

When the king had said this, the minister Yaugandharāyaṇa spoke: "We hear, King, that when the God of Love was consumed Rati performed asceticism. And Śiva granted to Rati, who wished to recover her husband, the following boon: 'Thou shalt assume the condition of a mortal, and be reunited to thy husband, who has been born with a body in the world of mortals.' Now your son has long ago been

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an effectual means to preserve both the mother and the infant from the power of evil spirits.'" Brand compares the Amphidromia at Athens. See Kuhn's *Westfälische Märchen*, vol. i, pp. 125 and 289; vol. ii, pp. 17, 33-34.

——For fuller details see my note on "Precautions observed in the Birth-Chamber," Vol. II, pp. 166-169.—N.M.P.

declared by a heavenly voice to be an incarnation of Kāma, and Rati, by the order of Śiva, has to become incarnate in mortal form. And the midwife said to me to-day: 'I inspected previously the fetus when contained in the uterus, and then I saw one quite different from what has now appeared. Having beheld this marvel, I have come here to tell you.' This is what that woman told me, and now this inspiration has come to you. So I am persuaded that the gods have stolen the real child of Kalingasenā and substituted this daughter not born in the ordinary way, who is no other than Rati, ordained beforehand to be the wife of your son, who is an incarnation of Kāma, O King. To illustrate this, hear the following story concerning a Yaksha:—

47. *Story of the Yaksha Virūpāksha*

The God of Wealth had for servant a Yaksha named Virūpāksha, who had been appointed chief guardian of *lacs* of treasure.[1] And he delegated a certain Yaksha to guard a treasure lying outside the town of Mathurā, posted there like an immovable pillar of marble. And once on a time a certain Brāhman, a votary of Paśupati, who made it his business to exhume treasures, went there in search of hidden wealth. While he was examining that place, with a candle made of human fat in his hand, the candle fell from his grasp.[2] By that sign he knew that treasure was concealed there, and he attempted to dig it up with the help of some other Brāhmans, his friends.

[1] For treasures and their guardians see Veckenstedt's *Wendische Sagen*, pp. 356-374 and p. 394; also Bartsch's *Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg*, vol. i, p. 243 *et seq.* Preller, in his *Römische Mythologie*, p. 488, has a note on *incubones* or treasure-guarding spirits. Treasures can often be acquired by stealing the caps worn by these *incubones* as a symbol of their secret and mysterious character. See also Grohmann, *Sagen aus Böhmen*, p. 29 *et seq.*, and Bernhard Schmidt's *Griechische Märchen*, p. 28. The bug-bears were no doubt much of the kind found in Schöppner's *Sagenbuch der Bayerischen Lande*, vol. i, p. 87.——The most usual guardians of treasures in Eastern tales are serpents and dragons, the latter being also found extensively in Greek legends. See Clouston, *Popular Tales and Fictions*, vol. i, p. 126n^2. —N.M.P.

[2] See note at the end of this chapter.—N.M.P.

Then the Yaksha who was told off to guard that treasure, beholding that, came and related the whole circumstance to Virūpāksha. And Virūpāksha, in his wrath, gave the following command to the Yaksha:—"Go and slay immediately those mean treasure-hunters." Then the Yaksha went and slew by his power those Brāhmans, who were digging for treasure, before they had attained their object.

Then the God of Wealth came to hear of it, and being angry, he said to Virūpāksha: "Why did you, evil one, recklessly order the slaughter of a Brāhman? What will not poor people, who are struggling for a livelihood,[1] do out of desire for gain? But they must be prevented by being terrified with various bugbears; they must not be slain."

When the God of Wealth had said this, he cursed that Virūpāksha as follows:—"Be born as a mortal on account of your wicked conduct." Then that Virūpāksha, smitten with the curse, was born on the earth as the son of a certain Brāhman, who lived on a royal grant. Then the Yakshiṇī, his wife, implored the Lord of Wealth: "O god, send me whither my husband has gone; be merciful to me, for I cannot live without him." When the virtuous lady addressed this prayer to him, Vaiśravaṇa said: "Thou shalt descend, without being born, into the house of a female slave of that very Brāhman in whose house thy husband is born. There thou shalt be united to that husband of thine, and by thy power he shall surmount his curse and return to my service."

In accordance with this decree of Vaiśravaṇa that virtuous wife became a mortal maiden, and fell at the door of that Brāhman's female slave's house. And the slave suddenly saw that maiden of marvellous beauty, and took her and exhibited her to her master, the Brāhman. And the Brāhman rejoiced, and said to the female slave: "This is without doubt some heavenly maiden not born in the ordinary way; so my soul tells me. Bring here this girl who has entered your house, for, I think, she deserves to be my son's wife." Then in course of time that girl and the son of the Brāhman, having grown up, were smitten with ardent reciprocal affection at the sight of one another. Then they were married by the Brāhman; and the couple, though they did not remember their previous birth, felt as if a long separation had been brought to an end. Then at last the Yaksha died, and as his wife burnt herself with his mortal body his sins were wiped away by her sufferings and he regained his former rank.

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[1] There is probably a pun too on *varti*, "the wick of a lamp."

[M] "Thus, you see, heavenly beings, on account of certain causes, descend from heaven to the earth, by the appointment of fate, and, because they are free from sin, they are not born in the usual way. What does this girl's family matter to you? So this daughter of Kalingasenā is, as I said, the wife appointed for your son by destiny."

When Yaugandharāyaṇa had said this to the King of Vatsa and the Queen Vāsavadattā, they both consented in their hearts that it should be so. Then the prime minister returned to his house, and the king, in the company of his wife, spent the day happily, in drinking and other amusements.

Then, as time went on, that daughter of Kalingasenā, who had lost her recollection of her former state through illusion, gradually grew up, and her dower of beauty grew with her; and her mother and her attendants gave her the name of Madanamanchukā, because she was the daughter of Madanavega, saying: "Surely the beauty of all other lovely women has fled to her, else how could they have become ugly before her?"

And the Queen Vāsavadattā, hearing she was beautiful, one day had her brought into her presence out of curiosity. Then the king and Yaugandharāyaṇa and his fellows beheld her clinging to the face of her nurse, as the candle-flame clings to the wick. And there was no one present who did not think that she was an incarnation of Rati when they beheld her matchless body, which was like nectar to their eyes. And then the Queen Vāsavadattā brought there her son Naravāhanadatta, who was a feast to the eyes of the world. He beheld, with the lotus of his face expanded, the gleaming Madanamanchukā, as the bed of water-lilies beholds the young splendour of the sun. The girl gazed with dilated countenance upon that gladdener of the eyes, and could not gaze enough, as the female partridge can never be sated with gazing on the moon. Henceforth these two children could not remain apart even for a moment, being, as it were, fastened together with the nooses of glances.

But in the course of time the King of Vatsa came to the conclusion that that marriage was made in heaven,[1] and turned his mind to the solemnisation of the nuptials. When Kalingasenā heard that she rejoiced, and fixed her affection upon Naravāhanadatta out of love for her daughter's future husband. And then the King of Vatsa, after deliberating with his ministers, had made for his son a separate palace like his own. Then that king, who could discern times and seasons, collected the necessary utensils and anointed his son as Crown Prince, since it was apparent that he possessed all praiseworthy qualities. First there fell on his head the water of his father's tears, and then the water of holy bathing-places, purified by Vaidik spells of mickle might. When the lotus of his face was washed with the water of inauguration, wonderful to say, the faces of the cardinal points became also clear. When his mother threw on him flowers of the auspicious garlands, the heaven immediately shed a rain of many celestial wreaths. As if in emulation of the thunder of the drums of the gods, the echoes of the sound of the cymbals floated in the air. Everyone there bowed before him as soon as he was inaugurated as Crown Prince; then by that alone he was exalted, without his own power.

The Prince's Servants are appointed

Then the King of Vatsa summoned the good sons of the ministers, who were the playfellows of his son, and appointed them to their offices as servants to the Crown Prince. He appointed to the office of the prime minister Marubhūti, the son of Yaugandharāyaṇa, and then Hariśikha, the son of Rumaṇvat, to the office of commander-in-chief, and he appointed Tapantaka, the son of Vasantaka, as the companion of his lighter hours, and Gomukha, the son of Ityaka, to the duty of chamberlain and warder, and to the office of domestic chaplains the two sons of Pingalikā, Vaiśvānara and Śāntisoma, the nephews of the king's family priest.

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[1] Literally, "made by the gods."

When these men had been appointed by the king as servants to his son, there was heard from heaven a voice, preceded by a rain of flowers: "These ministers shall accomplish all things prosperously for the prince, and Gomukha shall be his inseparable companion." When the heavenly voice had said this, the delighted King of Vatsa honoured them all with clothes and ornaments; and while that king was showering wealth upon his dependents, none of them could claim the title of poor on account of the accumulation of riches. And the city was filled with dancing-girls and minstrels, who seemed to be invited by the rows of silken streamers fanned and agitated by the wind.

Then Kalingasenā came to the feast of her future son-in-law, looking like the Fortune of the Vidyādhara race which was to attend him, present in bodily form. Then Vāsavadattā and Padmāvatī and she danced, all three of them, for joy, like the three powers[1] of a king united together. And all the trees there seemed to dance, as their creepers waved in the wind; much more did the creatures possessing sense.

Then the Crown Prince Naravāhanadatta, having been inaugurated in his office, ascended an elephant of victory and went forth. And he was sprinkled by the city wives with their upcast eyes, blue, white and red, resembling offerings of blue lotuses, parched grain and water-lilies. And after visiting the gods worshipped in that city, being praised by heralds and minstrels, he entered his palace with his ministers. Then Kalingasenā gave him, to begin with, celestial viands and drinks far exceeding what his own magnificence could supply, and she presented to him and his ministers, friends and servants, beautiful robes and heavenly ornaments, for she was overpowered with love for her son-in-law. So the day passed in high festivity for all these, the King of Vatsa and the others, charming as the taste of nectar.

Then the night arrived, and Kalingasenā, pondering over her daughter's marriage, called to mind her friend Somaprabhā. No sooner had she called to mind the daughter of the Asura Maya than her husband, the much-knowing Naḍakūvara, thus addressed that noble lady, his wife: "Dear one, Kalingasenā is now thinking on thee with longing; therefore go and make a heavenly garden for her daughter." Having said this, and revealed the future and past history of that maiden, her husband dismissed that instant his wife Somaprabhā.

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[1] I.e. *prabhutva*, "the majesty or pre-eminence of the king himself"; *mantra*, "the power of good counsel"; *utsāha*, "energy."

And when she arrived her friend Kalingasenā threw her arms round her neck, having missed her so long, and Somaprabhā, after asking after her health, said to her: "You have been married by a Vidyādhara of great power, and your daughter is an incarnation of Rati by the favour of Śiva, and she has been brought into the world as the wife, in a previous state of existence, of an incarnation of Love, that has taken his birth from the King of Vatsa. He shall be Emperor of the Vidyādharas for a Kalpa of the gods; and she shall be honoured above his other wives. But you have descended into this world, being an Apsaras degraded by the curse of Indra, and after you have brought your duties to completion you shall obtain deliverance from your curse. All this was told me, my friend, by my wise husband, so you must not be anxious; you will enjoy every prosperity. And I will now make here for your daughter a heavenly garden, the like of which does not exist on earth, in heaven, or in the nether regions." Having said this, Somaprabhā made a heavenly garden by her magic power, and taking leave of the regretful Kalingasenā, she departed. Then, at the dawn of day, people beheld that garden, looking like the garden of Nandana suddenly fallen down from heaven to earth.

The Heavenly Garden

Then the King of Vatsa heard of it, and came there with his wives and his ministers, and Naravāhanadatta with his companions. And they beheld that garden, the trees of which bore both flowers and fruits all the year round,[1] with many jewelled pillars, walls, lawns and tanks; with birds of the colour of gold, with heavenly perfumed breezes, like a second Svarga descended to earth from the region of the gods.

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[1] Cf. *Odyssey*, vii, 116; Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, iii, 6, 42.

The Lord of Vatsa, when he saw that wonderful sight, asked Kalingasenā, who was intent on hospitality, what it was. And she thus answered the king in the hearing of all: "There is a great Asura, Maya by name, an incarnation of Viśvakarman, who made the assembly hall of Yudhishṭhira and the city of Indra; he has a daughter, Somaprabhā by name, who is a friend of mine. She came here at night to visit me, and out of love made this heavenly garden by her magic power, for the sake of my daughter."

After saying this, she told all the past and future fortunes of her daughter, which Somaprabhā had revealed to her, letting the king know that she had heard them from her friend. Then all there, perceiving that the speech of Kalingasenā tallied with what they previously knew, dismissed their doubts and were exceedingly delighted. And the King of Vatsa, with his wives and his son, spent that day in the garden, being hospitably entertained by Kalingasenā.

The next day the king went to visit a god in a temple, and he saw many women well clothed and with beautiful ornaments. And when he asked them who they were they said to him: "We are the sciences and these are the accomplishments; and we are come here on account of your son: we shall now go and enter into him." Having said this, they disappeared, and the King of Vatsa entered his house astonished. There he told it to the Queen Vāsavadattā and to the circle of his ministers, and they rejoiced at that favour of the deity.

Then Vāsavadattā, by the direction of the king, took up a lyre as soon as Naravāhanadatta entered the room. And while his mother was playing, Naravāhanadatta said modestly to her: "This lyre is out of tune." His father said: "Take it and play on it." Whereupon he played upon the lyre so as to astonish even the Gandharvas. When he was thus tested by his father in all the sciences and the accomplishments, he became endowed with them all, and of himself knew all knowledge.

When the King of Vatsa beheld his son endowed with all talents, he taught Madanamanchukā, the daughter of Kalingasenā, dancing. As fast as she became perfect in accomplishments[1] the heart of the Prince Naravāhanadatta was disturbed. So the sea is disturbed, as fast as the orb of the moon rounds off its digits. And he delighted in beholding her singing and dancing, accomplished in all the gestures of the body, so that she seemed to be reciting the decrees of love. As for her, if she did not see for a moment that nectar-like lover, the tears rose to her eyes and she was like a bed of white lotuses, wet with dew at the hour of dawn.[2]

And Naravāhanadatta, being unable to live without continually beholding her face, came to that garden of hers. There he remained, and Kalingasenā, out of affection, did all she could to please him, bringing her daughter to him. And Gomukha, who saw into his master's heart, and wished to bring about his long stay there, used to tell various tales to Kalingasenā. The prince was delighted by his friend's penetrating his intentions, for seeing into one's lord's soul is the surest way of winning him.

And Naravāhanadatta himself perfected Madanamanchukā in dancing and other accomplishments, giving her lessons in a concert hall that stood in the garden, and while his beloved danced he played on all instruments, so as to put to the blush the most skilful minstrels. And he conquered also various professors that came from all quarters and were skilful in managing elephants, horses and chariots, in the use of hand-to-hand and missile weapons, in painting and modelling.[3] In these amusements passed during childhood the days of Naravāhanadatta, who was the chosen bridegroom of Science.

Now once on a time the prince, with his ministers, and accompanied by his beloved, went on a pilgrimage to a garden called Nāgavana. There a certain merchant's wife fell in love with Gomukha, and being repulsed, tried to kill him by offering to him a poisoned drink.[1] But Gomukha came to hear of it from the lips of her confidante, and did not take that drink, but broke out into the following denunciation of women:—"Alas! the Creator first created recklessness, and then women in imitation of it; by nature nothing is too bad for them to do. Surely this being they call woman is created of nectar and poison, for when she is attached to one she is nectar, and when estranged she is indeed poison. Who can see through a woman with loving face secretly planning crime? A wicked woman is like a lotus-bed with its flowers expanded and an alligator concealed in it. But now and then there falls from heaven, urging on a host of virtues, a good woman that brings praise to her husband, like the pure light of the sun. But another, of evil augury, attached to strangers, not free from inordinate desires, wicked, bearing the poison of aversion,[2] slays her husband like a female snake.

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[1] The pun lies in the word *kalā*, which means "accomplishment," and also "a sixteenth of the moon's diameter."

[2] This lotus is a friend of the moon's and bewails its absence.

[3] Or perhaps books.

48. *Story of Śatrughna and his Wicked Wife*

For instance, in a certain village there was a man named Śatrughna, and his wife was unchaste. He once saw in the evening his wife in the society of her lover, and he slew that lover of hers, when he was in the house, with his sword. And he remained at the door waiting for the night, keeping his wife inside, and at nightfall a traveller came there to ask for a lodging. He gave him refuge, and artfully carried away with his help the corpse of that adulterer at night, and went with it to the forest. And there, while he was throwing that corpse into a well, the mouth of which was overgrown with plants, his wife came behind him and pushed him in also.

[M] "What reckless crime of this kind will not a wicked wife commit?" In these words Gomukha, though still a boy, denounced the conduct of women.

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[1] For a note on the *motif*, "Women whose Love is Scorned," see Vol. II, pp. 120-124.—N.M.P.

[2] I read *virāga-vishabhṛid*.

Then Naravāhanadatta himself worshipped the snakes in that grove of snakes,[1] and went back to his palace with his retinue.

While he was there he desired one day to prove his ministers, Gomukha and the others, so he asked them, though he himself knew it well, for a summary of the policy of princes. They consulted among themselves, and said: "You know all things; nevertheless we will tell you this, now that you ask us," and so they proceeded to relate the cream of political science[2]:

"A king should first tame and mount the horses of the senses, and should conquer those internal foes, love, anger, avarice and delusion, and should subdue himself as a preparation for subduing other enemies, for how can a man who has not conquered himself, being helpless, conquer others? Then he should procure ministers who, among other good qualities, possess that of being natives of his own country, and a skilful family priest, knowing the *Atharva-Veda*, gifted with asceticism. He should test his ministers with respect to fear, avarice, virtue and passion, by ingenious artifices, and then he should appoint them to appropriate duties, discerning their hearts. He should try their speech, when they are deliberating with one another on affairs, to see if it is truthful, or inspired by malice, spoken out of affection, or connected with selfish objects.

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[1] *I.e.* Nāgavana. For serpent-worship see Tylor's *Primitive Culture*, vol. ii, pp. 217-220. The author of *Sagas from the Far East* remarks: "Serpent-cultus was of very ancient observance, and is practised by both followers of Brāhmanism and Buddhism. The Brāhmans seem to have desired to show their disapproval of it by placing the serpent-gods in the lower ranks of their mythology (Lassen, i, 544n^2 and 707). This cultus, however, seems to have received a fresh development about the time of Aśoka, *circa* 250 B.C. (vol. ii, p. 467). When Madhyantika went into Kashmir and Gandhāra to teach Buddhism after the holding of the third synod, it is mentioned that he found sacrifices to serpents practised there (ii, 234, 235). There is a passage in Plutarch from which it appears to have been the custom to sacrifice an old woman (previously condemned to death for some crime) to the serpent-gods by burying her alive on the banks of the Indus (ii, 467n^4). Ktesias also mentions the serpent-worship (ii, 642). In Buddhist legends serpents are often mentioned as protecting patrons of certain towns" (*Sagas from the Far East*, p. 355). See also Mr F. S. Growse's *Mathurā: A District Memoir*, p. 71. ——See also the references already given in Vol. I, pp. 144n^1, 203, 204; and Vol. II, p. 307n^2, to which I would add Crooke, *Popular Religion and Folk-Lore*, vol. ii, pp. 125-145; C. Staniland Wake, *Serpent-Worship and other Essays*, London, 1888; Anonymous, *Ophiolatreia*, privately printed, London, 1889. See also the Index Volume of Frazer's *Golden Bough* under "Serpent" and "Serpents," p. 455.—N.M.P.

[2] For the duties of kings see Kauṭilya's *Arthaśāstra* (trans. Shamasastry, 1915), Book I, chaps. xix, xx, xxi, pp. 42-50.—N.M.P.

"He should be pleased with truth, but should punish untruth as it deserves, and he should continually inquire into the conduct of each of them by means of spies. Thus he should look at business with unhooded eye, and by rooting up opponents,[1] and acquiring a treasure, a force and the other means of success, should establish himself firmly on the throne. Then, equipped with the three powers of courage, kingly authority and counsel, he should be eager to conquer the territory of others, considering the difference between the power of himself and his foe. He should continually take counsel with advisers, who should be trusty, learned and wise, and should correct with his own intellect the policy determined on by them in all its details. Being versed in the means of success[2] (conciliation, bribery and the others), he should attain for himself security, and he should then employ the six proper courses, of which alliance and war are the chief.[3]

"Thus a king acquires prosperity, and as long as he carefully considers his own realm, and that of his rival, he is victorious but never vanquished. But an ignorant monarch, blind with passion and avarice, is plundered by wicked servants, who show him the wrong path and, leading him astray, fling him into pits. On account of these rogues a servant of another kind is never admitted into the presence of the king, as a husbandman cannot get at a crop of rice enclosed with a palisade. For he is enslaved by those faithless servants, who penetrate into his secrets; and consequently Fortune in disgust flies from him, because he does not know the difference between man and man. Therefore a king should conquer himself, should inflict due chastisement, and know the difference of men's characters, for in this way he will acquire his subjects' love and become thereby a vessel of prosperity.

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[1] Literally, "thorns."

[2] The *upāyas* which are usually enumerated are four—viz. sowing dissension, negotiation, bribery and open attack.

[3] The six *guṇas*—peace, war, march, halt, stratagem and recourse to the protection of a mightier king.

King Śūrasena and his Ministers

"In old time a king named Śūrasena, who relied implicitly upon his servants, was enslaved and plundered by his ministers, who had formed a coalition. Whoever was a faithful servant to the king the ministers would not give even a straw to, though the king wished to bestow a reward upon him; but if any man was a faithful servant to them, they themselves gave him presents, and by their representations induced the king to give to him, though he was undeserving. When the king saw that, he gradually came to be aware of that coalition of rogues, and set those ministers at variance with one another by a clever artifice. When they were estranged, and the clique was broken up, and they began to inform against one another, the king ruled the realm successfully, without being deceived by others.

King Harisinha

"And there was a king named Harisinha, of ordinary power, but versed in the true science of policy, who had surrounded himself with devoted and wise ministers, possessed forts and stores of wealth; he made his subjects devoted to him, and conducted himself in such a way that, though attacked by an emperor, he was not defeated. Thus discernment and reflection are the main things in governing a kingdom: what is of more importance?"

Having said this, each taking his part, Gomukha and his fellows ceased. Naravāhanadatta, approving that speech of theirs, though he knew that heroic action is to be thought upon,[1] still placed his reliance upon destiny, whose power surpasses all thought.

Then he rose up, and his ardour being kindled by delay, he went with them to visit his beloved Madanamanchukā; when he had reached her palace, and was seated on a throne, Kalingasenā, after performing the usual courtesies, said with astonishment[1] to Gomukha: "Before the Prince Naravāhanadatta arrived, Madanamanchukā, being impatient, went to the top of the palace to watch him coming, accompanied by me, and while we were there a man descended from heaven upon it. He was of divine appearance, wore a tiara and a sword, and said to me: 'I am a king, a lord of the Vidyādharas named Mānasavega, and you are a heavenly nymph named Surabhidattā, who by a curse have fallen down to earth, and this your daughter is of heavenly origin; this is known to me well. So give me this daughter of yours in marriage, for the connection is a suitable one.' When he said this, I suddenly burst out laughing, and said to him: 'Naravāhanadatta has been appointed her husband by the gods, and he is to be the Emperor of all you Vidyādharas.' When I said this to him the Vidyādhara flew up into the sky, like a sudden streak of lightning dazzling the eyes of my daughter."

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[1] I read *abhyagāt* with a MS. in the Sanskrit College.

When Gomukha heard that, he said: "The Vidyādharas found out that the prince was to be their future lord from a speech in the air, by which the future birth of the prince was made known to the king in private, and they immediately desired to do him a mischief. What self-willed one would desire a mighty lord as his ruler and restrainer? For which reason Śiva has made arrangements to ensure the safety of this prince by commissioning his attendants to wait on him in actual presence. I heard this speech of Nārada's being related by my father. So it comes to pass that the Vidyādharas are now hostile to us."

When Kalingasenā heard this, she was terrified at the thought of what had happened to herself, and said: "Why does not the prince marry Madanamanchukā now, before she is deceived, like me, by delusion?" When Gomukha and the others heard this from Kalingasenā, they said: "Do you stir up the King of Vatsa to this business."

Then Naravāhanadatta, with his heart fixed on Madanamanchukā only, amused himself by looking at her in the garden all that day, with her face like a full-blown lotus, with her eyes like opening blue water-lilies, with lips lovely as the

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[1] I read *vismitā* with a MS. in the Sanskrit College.

bandhūka, with breasts like clusters of *mandāras*, with body delicate as the *śirīsha*, like a matchless arrow, composed of five flowers, appointed by the God of Love for the conquest of the world.

The next day Kalingasenā went in person and preferred her petition to the king for the marriage of her daughter. The King of Vatsa dismissed her, and, summoning his ministers, said to them in the presence of the Queen Vāsavadattā: "Kalingasenā is impatient for the marriage of her daughter: so how are we to manage it? for the people think that that excellent woman is unchaste. And we must certainly consider the people; did not Rāmabhadra long ago desert Queen Sītā, though she was chaste, on account of the slander of the multitude? Was not Ambā, though carried off with great effort by Bhīshma for the sake of his brother, reluctantly abandoned because she had previously chosen another husband? In the same way this Kalingasenā, after spontaneously choosing me, was married by Madanavega; for this reason the people blame her. Therefore let this Naravāhanadatta himself marry by the *gāndharva* ceremony her daughter, who will be a suitable wife for him."

When the King of Vatsa said this, Yaugandharāyaṇa answered: "My lord, how could Kalingasenā consent to this impropriety? For I have often observed that she, as well as her daughter, is a divine being, no ordinary woman, and this was told me by my wise friend the Brāhman-Rākshasa."

While they were debating with one another in this style the voice of Śiva was heard from heaven to the following effect:—"The God of Love, after having been consumed by the fire of my eye, has been created again in the form of Naravāhanadatta, and having been pleased with the asceticism of Rati, I have created her as his wife in the form of Madanamanchukā. And dwelling with her as his head wife he shall exercise supreme sovereignty over the Vidyādharas for a Kalpa of the gods, after conquering his enemies by my favour." After saying this the voice ceased.

When he heard this speech of the adorable Śiva, the King of Vatsa, with his retinue, worshipped him, and joyfully made up his mind to celebrate the marriage of his son. Then the king congratulated his prime minister, who had before discerned the truth, and summoned the astrologers and asked them what would be a favourable moment, and they, after being honoured with presents, told him that a favourable moment would arrive within a few days. Again those astrologers said to him: "Your son will have to endure some separation for a short season from this wife of his; this we know, O Lord of Vatsa, by our own scientific foresight."

The Marriage Preparations

Then the king proceeded to make the requisite preparations for the marriage of his son, in a style suited to his own magnificence, so that not only his own city but the whole earth was made to tremble with the effort of it. Then, the day of marriage having arrived, Kalingasenā adorned her daughter, to whom her father had sent his own heavenly ornaments, and Somaprabhā came in obedience to her husband's order. Then Madanamanchukā, adorned with a heavenly marriage-thread, looked still more lovely: is not the moon truly beautiful when accompanied by Kārtika? And heavenly nymphs, by the order of Śiva, sang auspicious strains in her honour: they were eclipsed by her beauty and remained hidden as if ashamed, but the sound of their songs was heard. They sang the following hymn in honour of Gaurī, blended with the minstrelsy of the matchless musicians of heaven, so as to make unequalled harmony: "Victory to thee, O daughter of the mountain, that hast mercy on thy faithful votaries, for thou hast thyself come to-day and blessed with success the asceticism of Rati."

Then Naravāhanadatta, resplendent with excellent marriage-thread, entered the wedding pavilion full of various musical instruments. And the bride and bridegroom, after accomplishing the auspicious ceremony of marriage, with intent care, so that no rite was left out, ascended the altar-platform, where a fire was burning, as if ascending the pure flame of jewels on the heads of kings. If the moon and the sun were to revolve at the same time round the mountain of gold[1] there would be an exact representation in the world of the appearance of those two, the bride and the bridegroom, when circumambulating the fire, keeping it on their right.[2] Not only did the drums of the gods in the air drown the cymbal-clang in honour of the marriage festival, but the rain of flowers sent down by the gods overwhelmed the gilt grain[3] thrown by the women.

Then also the generous Kalingasenā honoured her son-in-law with heaps of gold studded with jewels, so that the lord of Alakā was considered very poor compared with him, and much more so all miserable earthly monarchs. And then the bride and bridegroom, now that the delightful ceremony of marriage was accomplished in accordance with their long-cherished wishes, entered the inner apartments crowded with women, adorned with pure and variegated decoration, even as they penetrated the heart of the people full of pure and various loyalty. Moreover, the city of the King of Vatsa was quickly filled with kings, surrounded with splendid armies, who, though their valour was worthy of the world's admiration, had bent in submission, bringing in their hands valuable jewels by way of presents, as if with subject seas.[4]

On that high day of festival the king distributed gold with such magnificence to his dependents that the children in their mothers' wombs were at any rate the only beings in his kingdom not made of gold.[5] Then, on account of the troops of excellent minstrels and dancing-girls, that came from all quarters of the world, with hymns, music, dances and songs on all sides, the world seemed full of harmony.

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[1] *I.e.* Mount Sumeru. The moon being masculine in Sanskrit, the words "form of the moon" are used in the original, to satisfy the requirements of classical Hindu rhetoric, according to which feminine things cannot be compared to masculine.

[2] See Vol. I, pp. 190-193.—N.M.P.

[3] The D. text reads *homa-lājā,* "sacrificial grain."—N.M.P.

[4] The sea is always spoken of as full of "inestimable stones, unvalued jewels." There is a double meaning throughout. *Sadvāhinī,* when applied to the sea, may mean "beautiful rivers."

[5] *Jātarūpā* also means "having assumed a form," so that there is another pun here. I read *abhavan* for *abhavad,* in accordance with a MS. lent me from the Sanskrit College.

And at that festival the city of Kauśāmbī seemed itself to be dancing, for the pennons, agitated by the wind, seemed like twining arms, and it was beautiful with the toilettes of the city matrons, as if with ornaments.

And thus waxing in mirth every day, that great festival continued for a long time, and all friends and relations, and people generally, were delighted by it, and had their wishes marvellously fulfilled. And that Crown Prince Naravāhanadatta, accompanied by Madanamanchukā, enjoyed, though intent on glory, the long-desired pleasures of this world.

NOTE ON THE "HAND OF GLORY"

For the candle of human fat see Benfey, *Orient und Occident*, vol. i, p. 383, and Bartsch, *Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg*, vol. ii, pp. 333 and 335. *Cf.* also Birlinger, *Aus Schwaben*, pp. 251, 262-270. It appears from Henderson's *Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties* that in Europe a candle of human fat is used with the "Hand of Glory" by robbers for the purpose of preventing the inmates of a house from awaking. He gives several instances of its use. The following will serve as a specimen:—"On the night of the 3rd of January 1831 some Irish thieves attempted to commit a robbery on the estate of Mr Napier of Loughcrew, Co. Meath. They entered the house armed with a dead man's hand with a lighted candle in it, believing in the superstitious notion that a candle placed in a dead man's hand will not be seen by any but those by whom it is used, and also that if a candle in a dead hand be introduced into a house, it will prevent those who may be asleep from awaking. The inmates, however, were alarmed, and the robbers fled, leaving the hand behind them." The composition of the candle is evident from the following extract from the *Dictionnaire Infernal* of Colin de Planey:—"The 'Hand of Glory' is the hand of a man who has been hanged, and is prepared in the following manner. Wrap the hand in a piece of winding-sheet, drawing it tight to squeeze out the little blood which may remain; then place it in an earthenware vessel with saltpetre, salt and long pepper all carefully and thoroughly powdered. Let it remain a fortnight in this pickle, till it is well dried, then expose it to the sun in the dog-days till it is completely parched, or if the sun be not powerful enough, dry it in an oven heated with vervain and fern. Next make *a candle with the fat of a hanged man*, virgin wax, and Lapland sesame. The 'Hand of Glory' is used to hold this candle when it is lighted. Wherever one goes with this contrivance, those it approaches are rendered as incapable of motion as though they were dead." Southey in Book V of his *Thalaba the Destroyer* represents a hand and taper of this kind as used to lull to sleep Zohak, the giant keeper of the caves of Babylon (see the extracts from Grose and Torquemada in the notes to Southey's poem). Dousterswivel in Sir Walter Scott's *Antiquary* tells us that the monks used the "Hand of Glory" to conceal their treasures (Henderson's *Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties of England and the Borders*, p. 200 *et seq.*).

——The extracts from Grose and Torquemada mentioned in Tawney's note above need further comment. Francis Grose's work referred to is his *Provincial Glossary, with a Collection of Local Proverbs and Popular Superstitions*, London, 1811. Here we are told of the magical powers of the dried and pickled hand of a dead man, especially that of a criminal, and how everyone in the house continued sleeping, but, it is added, if anyone was awake in the house, it would at once be discovered by the fact that it would be impossible to light the thumb. Thus we see that in this case the fingers themselves were lit and not a candle held in the hand.

F. Juan de Torquemada, in his *Monarquia Indiana*, mentions a similar superstition in Mexico regarding the left hand and arm of a woman who had died in her first child-bed.

The subject is interesting, and warrants more attention than appears to have been given to it hitherto.

There seem to be two distinct ideas connected with the use of the dead man's hand and the candle of human fat. The first, and much older, idea is that of homœopathic magic of the dead, as practised in so many parts of the world; and the second is the outcome of the various magical properties attributed to the mandrake, beginning in the Mediterranean region and gradually percolating through to the British Isles.

Let us look at the homœopathic magic of the dead first. We have already seen (Vol. I, p. 130) that the "external soul" *motif* is derived from the doctrine of sympathetic magic, according to which any portion of a living being, though severed, remains in mystic union with the bulk, and is affected by whatever affects the bulk.

Again, in discussing the "overhearing" *motif* (Vol. II, pp. 7*n*¹, 8*n*), I pointed out that the origin of acquiring the power of a victim could possibly be traced to a similar source. The eating of a portion of the animal or man would convey the required quality of the dead to the eater. Thus warriors of the Theddora and Ngarigo tribes in South-Eastern Australia used to eat the hands and feet of their slain enemies, believing that in this way they acquired some of the qualities and courage of the dead (A. W. Howitt, *Native Tribes of South-East Australia*, p. 573, quoted by Frazer, *Golden Bough*, vol. viii, p. 151, who gives several other examples). Working upon this idea, it is considered possible to use a portion of a dead person for nefarious ends. Frazer (*op. cit.*, vol. i, pp. 147-149) explains this clearly: just as the dead can neither see nor hear nor speak, so you may on homœopathic principles render people blind, deaf and dumb by the use of dead men's bones or anything else that is tainted by the infection of death.

Among the examples quoted I would mention one from Java where a burglar takes earth from a grave and sprinkles it round the house which he intends to rob; this throws the inmates into a deep sleep (J. Knebel, "Amulettes javanaises," *Tijdschrift voor Indische Taal-Land en Volkenkunde*, xl, 1898, p. 506).

Similarly, in Northern India, Crooke (*op. cit.*, vol. i, p. 261) states that it is believed when thieves enter a house that they throw over the inmates some Masān, or ashes, from a pyre, and make them unconscious while the robbery is going on.

In Europe we find numerous similar beliefs (see Frazer, *op. cit.*, p. 148 *et seq.*). In a certain Ruthenian custom we get rather nearer our candle of human fat. Ruthenian burglars remove the marrow from a human shin-bone, pour tallow into it, and having kindled the tallow, march thrice round the house, with this candle burning, which causes the inmates to sleep a death-like sleep. Sometimes they will make a flute out of a human legbone and play upon it, whereupon all persons within hearing are overcome with drowsiness (R. F. Kaindl, "Zauberglaube bei den Rutenen," *Globus*, lxi, 1892, p. 282).

All kinds of powers are attributed to fat or juices from the human body. In India a most potent charm, known as Momiāī, can be obtained as follows: a boy, as fat and black as possible, is caught, a small hole is bored in the top of his head, and he is hung up by the heels over a slow fire. The juice or essence of his body is in this way distilled into seven drops of what is then called Momiāī. This substance possesses healing properties of a supernatural kind. Sword-cuts, spear-thrusts, wounds from arrows and other weapons of warfare are instantly cured by its use, and he who possesses it is practically invulnerable. In Kumaun this substance is known as Nārāyan Tel, or Rām Tel, the "oil of Vishṇu or Rāma" (Crooke, *op. cit.*, vol. ii, p. 177).

For numerous customs connected with the hand in homœopathic magic see J. A. Macculloch, in Hastings' *Ency. Rel. Eth.*, article "Hand," vol. vi, p. 496.

In Europe there were many strange uses to which the hands, fingers, finger-joints, etc., of the dead could be put, to the benefit of the possessors. In the north of England it was believed that the only thing which could put out the "Hand of Glory" was milk. Thus, in the first of a collection of Yorkshire stories (collected by R. Blakeborough, and edited by J. Fairfax-Blakeborough, in 1924, entitled *The Hand of Glory*), we read of the servant girl's efforts to pour milk on the candle: "She straightway poured the whole of the contents of her jug over the hand and candle, the flame turned scarlet, the fingers twitched, then released their hold, and the taper fell with the light out."

A somewhat similar legend is told, says the editor, of the Spital Inn, Stainmoor, a posting-house on the York-Carlisle Road. In this case the highwayman's incantation was overheard:

"Let those who rest more deeply sleep;
Let those awake their vigils keep.
O Hand of Glory, shed thy light,
Direct us to our spoil to-night.
Flash out thy light, O skeleton hand,
And guide the feet of our trusty band."

It is also stated that the "Hand of Glory" would cease to take effect, and thieves could not make use of it, if the threshold of the door of the house, and other places by which they might enter, were anointed with an unguent composed of the gall of a black cat, the fat of a white hen and the blood of a screech-owl; which mixture must necessarily be prepared during the dog-days (quoted by Brand, *Popular Antiquities of Great Britain*, 1893, vol. iii, p. 279). See also Baring-Gould, *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*, pp. 405-409; Waldau, *Böhmische Märchen*, p. 360; and Kuhn, *Westfälische Märchen*, vol. i, p. 146.

In the Middle Ages it appears that the most potent form of candle was that of a newly born child, which, anointed with grease and ignited, would make the thief invisible, and cause everyone in the house to fall fast asleep. In the seventeenth century it is recorded that, in order to get the most efficient candle possible, thieves were known to have murdered pregnant women in order to extract the unborn child's finger (see A. Wuttke, *Der deutsche Volksaberglaube der Gegenwart*, Berlin, 1900, p. 134; and references in Frazer, *op. cit.*, vol. i, p. 149*n*3).

It seems very probable that all these modern survivals are partly the outcome of primitive ideas of homœopathic magic, but there is also the second point to be considered—the connection of the custom with the mandrake. That it has a very close connection is obvious on etymological grounds. The expression "Hand of Glory" is merely the translation of the French "Main de Gloire," which is a corruption of the old French Mandegloire—*i.e.* mandragore, mandragora, the mandrake.

A glance at the curious customs connected with this plant will show how closely they are allied to those of the "Hand of Glory" in North Britain.

The plant itself is a native of the Levant, and is found in the Greek Islands of the Mediterranean. In a most interesting and important paper on "The Origin of the Cult of Aphrodite," *Bull. John Rylands Library*, October to December 1916 (and reprinted in his *Ascent of Olympus*), Dr J. Rendel Harris shows Aphrodite to be a personification of the mandrake or love-apple. It was, however, the root, and not the fruit, of the herb which entered so largely into European superstition and witchcraft.

The most familiar mention of the mandrake is probably that in Genesis xxx, 14, where Rachel, having obtained Reuben's mandrakes, conceived and bore a son, Joseph. This is according to the original Hebrew tradition, and similar superstitions still linger in the Holy Land to-day.

In *Folk-Lore of the Old Testament*, vol. ii, chap. vii, p. 372 *et seq.*, Frazer has collected much useful material on mandrakes, so that there is no necessity to cover the ground again. It will suffice merely to say that owing to the peculiar shape of the root of the mandrake, in that it resembled the lower portion of the human body, all kinds of human attributes became attached to it. It gave forth terrible groans and yells when pulled up, usually causing death to the would-be possessor; hence it was considered best to tie the tail of a dog to the root and entice the animal towards you—the dog would be killed, but the herb would be yours. It was closely connected with death, and usually with that of a criminal, and originated in the juices from the hanged man's body. Hence it was always to be found under a gallows. This curious connection seems to have originated in mediæval magical beliefs which saw in the strangely shaped root a diminutive replica of a human body—the seed which germinated it being dropped on the ground from the hanged man. The powers attributed to the herb were many and varied. Some were particularly efficient in curing barrenness in women, and acted as love-charms; others made the wearer invulnerable or inviolable, and most were capable of revealing the hidden treasures of the earth.

It is very interesting to find the human-fat candle mentioned in Somadeva's tales, especially as it is connected with thieving; but, as Bloomfield has shown ("Art of Stealing in Hindu Fiction," *Amer. Journ. Phil.*, vol. xliv, 1923, pp. 118, 119), magical precautions enter largely into thieving practices of the East.

Apart from the mandrake references given by Frazer, the following from *Notes and Queries*, 8th series, vol. iii, 24th June 1893, p. 498, will be found useful: Gerarde's *Herbal*, 1597; A. Dyce, *Glossary to Shakespeare's Works*; T. F. Thiselton-Dyer, *Folk-Lore of Plants*; A. S. Palmer, *Folk Etymology*; M. D. Conway, *Mystic Trees and Flowers*; *Frazer's Magazine*, 1870, vol. ii, p. 705; *All the Year Round*, 2nd series, vol. x, p. 520; vol. xxxvi, pp. 371, 413; Dr Harris, *Dictionary of the Natural History of the Bible*; Nares's *Glossary*, and Josephus's *Wars of the Jews*, cap. xxv, under "Baaras-root."

There is a good collection of mandrakes at the Wellcome Historical and Medical Museum, Wigmore Street, W. The exhibit includes dried mandrakes, a specimen preserved in spirit, and numerous reproductions from old MSS. representing the "male" and "female" mandrakes, and showing the plant being uprooted by a dog as described above.—N.M.P.

BOOK VII: RATNAPRABHĀ

CHAPTER XXXV

INVOCATION

MAY the head of Śiva, studded with the nails of Gaurī engaged in playfully pulling his hair, and so appearing rich in many moons,[1] procure you prosperity.

May the God of the Elephant Face,[2] who, stretching forth his trunk wet with streaming ichor, curved at the extremity, seems to be bestowing successes, protect you.

[M] Thus the young son of the King of Vatsa, having married in Kauśāmbī Madanamanchukā, whom he loved as his life, remained living as he chose, with his ministers Gomukha and others, having obtained his wish.

And once on a time, when the feast of spring had arrived, adorned with the gushing notes of love-intoxicated cuckoos, in which the wind from the Malaya mountain set in motion by force the dance of the creepers, the feast of spring delightful with the hum of bees, the prince went to the garden with his ministers to amuse himself. After roaming about there, his friend Tapantaka suddenly came, with his eyes expanded with delight, and stepping up to him said: "Prince, I have seen not far from here a wonderful maiden, who has descended from heaven and is standing under an *aśoka*-tree, and that very maiden, who illumines the regions with her beauty, advancing towards me with her friends, sent me here to summon you."

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[1] The *cédille* under the *c* of *candra* should be erased in Dr Brockhaus's text.

[2] Gaṇeśa, who bestows success or the reverse, and is invoked in all undertakings. I read *karan dānāmbhasā*.

When Naravāhanadatta heard that, being eager to see her, he went quickly with his ministers to the foot of the tree. He beheld there that fair one, with her rolling eyes like bees, with her lips red like shoots, beautiful with breasts firm as clusters, having her body yellow with the dust of flowers, removing fatigue by her loveliness,[1] like the goddess of the garden appearing in a visible shape suited to her deity. And the prince approached the heavenly maiden, who bowed before him, and welcomed her, for his eyes were ravished with her beauty.

Then his minister Gomukha, after all had sat down, asked her: "Who are you, auspicious one, and for what reason have you come here?" When she heard that, she laid aside her modesty in obedience to the irresistible decree of Love, and frequently stealing sidelong glances at the lotus of Naravāhanadatta's face, with an eye that shed matchless affection, she began thus at length to relate her own history.

49. *Story of Ratnaprabhā*

There is a mountain-chain called Himavat, famous in the three worlds; it has many peaks, but one of its peaks is the mount of Śiva, which is garlanded with the brightness of glittering jewels, and flashes with gleaming snow, and, like the expanse of the heaven, cannot be measured. Its plateaux are the home of magic powers and of magic herbs, which dispel old age, death and fear, and are to be obtained by the favour of Śiva. With its peaks yellow with the brightness of the bodies of many Vidyādharas, it transcends the glory of the peaks of Sumeru itself, the mighty hill of the immortals.

On it there is a golden city called Kānchanaśṛinga, which gleams refulgent with brightness, like the palace of the Sun. It extends many *yojanas*,[2] and in it there lives a king of the Vidyādharas named Hemaprabha, who is a firm votary of the husband of Umā. And though he has many wives he has only one queen, whom he loves dearly, named Alankāraprabhā, as dear to him as Rohiṇī to the moon. With her the virtuous king used to rise up in the morning and bathe, and worship duly Śiva and his wife Gaurī, and then he would descend to the world of men, and give to poor Brāhmans every day a thousand gold pieces mixed with jewels. And then he returned from earth and attended to his kingly duties justly, and then he ate and drank, abiding by his vow like a hermit.

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[1] The word also means "shade."

[2] See Vol. I, p. 3n¹.—N.M.P.

While days elapsed in this way, melancholy arose once in the bosom of the king, caused by his childlessness, but suggested by a passing occasion. And his beloved Queen Alankāraprabhā, seeing that he was in very low spirits, asked him the cause of his sadness. Then the king said to her: "I have all prosperity, but the one grief of childlessness afflicts me, O Queen. And this melancholy has arisen in my breast on the occasion of calling to mind a tale, which I heard long ago, of a virtuous man who had no son."

Then the queen said to him: "Of what nature was that tale?" When asked this question, the king told her the tale briefly in the following words:—

49A. *Sattvaśīla and the Two Treasures*

In the town of Chitrakūṭa there was a king named Brāhmaṇavara, rightly named, for he was devoted to honouring Brāhmans. He had a victorious servant named Sattvaśīla, who devoted himself exclusively to war, and every month Sattvaśīla received a hundred gold pieces from that king. But, as he was munificent, that gold was not enough for him, especially as his childlessness made the pleasure of giving the sole pleasure to which he was addicted. Sattvaśīla was continually reflecting: "The Disposer has not given me a son to gladden me, but he has given me the vice of generosity, and that too without wealth. It is better to be produced in the world as an old barren tree or a stone than as a poor man altogether abandoned to the vice of giving away money."

But once on a time Sattvaśīla, while wandering in a garden, happened by luck to find a treasure; and with the help of his servants he quickly brought home that hoard, which gleamed with much gold and glittered with priceless stones. Out of that he provided himself with pleasures, and gave wealth to Brāhmans, slaves and friends, and thus the virtuous man spent his life.

Meanwhile his relations, beholding this, guessed the secret, and went to the king's palace, and of their own accord informed the king that Sattvaśīla had found a treasure. Then Sattvaśīla was summoned by the king, and by order of the doorkeeper remained standing for a moment in a lonely part of the king's courtyard. There, as he was scratching the earth with the hilt of a *līlāvajra*[1] that was in his hand, he found another large treasure in a copper vessel. It appeared like his own heart, displayed openly for him by Destiny, pleased with his virtue, in order that he might propitiate the king with it. So he covered it up again with earth as it was before, and when summoned by the doorkeeper entered the king's presence.

When he had made his bow there, the king himself said: "I have come to learn that you have obtained a treasure, so surrender it to me." And Sattvaśīla for his part answered him then and there: "O King, tell me: shall I give you the first treasure I found, or the one I found to-day?" The king said to him: "Give the one recently found." And thereupon Sattvaśīla went to a corner of the king's courtyard and gave him up the treasure.

Then the king, being pleased with the treasure, dismissed Sattvaśīla with these words: "Enjoy the first-found treasure as you please." So Sattvaśīla returned to his house. There he remained, increasing the propriety of his name with gifts and enjoyments, and so managing to dispel somehow or other the melancholy caused by the affliction of childlessness.

49. *Story of Ratnaprabhā*

"Such is the story of Sattvaśīla, which I heard long ago, and because I have recalled it to mind I remain sorrowful through thinking over the fact that I have no son." When the Queen Alankāraprabhā was thus addressed by her husband Hemaprabha, the King of the Vidyādharas, she answered him: "It is true. Fortune does assist the brave in this way. Did not Sattvaśīla, when in difficulties, obtain a second treasure? So you too will obtain your desire by the power of your courage. As an example of the truth of this, hear the story of Vikramatunga.

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[1] I have no idea what this word *līlāvajra* means. It is translated by Böhtlingk and Roth: *ein wie ein Donnerkeil aussehendes Werkzeug.*

49B. *The Brave King Vikramatunga*

There is a city called Pāṭaliputra, the ornament of the earth, filled with various beautiful jewels, the colours of which are so disposed as to form a perfect scale of colour. In that city there dwelt long ago a brave king named Vikramatunga, who in giving[1] never turned his back on a suppliant, nor in fighting on an enemy. That king one day entered the forest to hunt and saw there a Brāhman offering a sacrifice with *vilva*[2] fruits. When he saw him he was desirous to question him, but avoided going near him, and went off to a great distance with his army in his ardour for the chase. For a long time he sported with deer and lions, that rose up and fell slain by his hand, as if with foes,[3] and then he returned and beheld the Brāhman still intent on his sacrifice as before, and going up to him he bowed before him, and asked him his name and the advantage he hoped to derive from offering the *vilva* fruits.

Then the Brāhman blessed the king and said to him: "I am a Brāhman named Nāgaśarman, and hear the fruit I hope from my sacrifice. When the God of Fire is pleased with this *vilva* sacrifice, then *vilva* fruits of gold will come out of the fire-cavity. Then the God of Fire will appear in bodily form and grant me a boon; and so I have spent much time in offering *vilva* fruits. But so little is my merit that even now the God of Fire is not propitiated."[1]

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[1] Possibly there is a pun here; *dāna*, "giving," also means "cutting."

[2] The fruit of the Bel, well known to Anglo-Indians.

[3] B. reads *kaṇṭhakaiḥ* for *kandukaiḥ*. Thus in the D. text the simile is one of playing with the ball. As the king kills in the sport of the chase so he gives the impression of playing with balls; *utpatati* denotes the "rising up" of the wounded or hunted deer and at the same time the jumping of the ball; both *patanti*, the animals when hit and unable to arise from the ground, the balls when coming down. See Speyer, *op. cit.*, p. 111.—N.M.P.

When he said this, that king of resolute valour answered him: "Then give me one *vilva* fruit that I may offer it, and I will to-day, O Brāhman, render the God of Fire propitious to you." Then the Brāhman said to the king: "How will you, unchastened and impure, propitiate that God of Fire, who is not satisfied with me, who remain thus faithful to my vow and am chastened?"

When the Brāhman said this to him, the king said to him again: "Never mind; give me a *vilva* fruit and in a moment you shall behold a wonder." Then the Brāhman, full of curiosity, gave a *vilva* fruit to the king, and he then and there meditated with soul of firm valour: "If thou art not satisfied with this *vilva* fruit, O God of Fire, then I will offer thee my own head," and thereupon offered the fruit. And the seven-rayed god appeared from the sacrificial cavity, bringing the king a golden *vilva* fruit as the fruit of his tree of valour. And the Fire God, present in visible form, said to that king: "I am pleased with thy courage, so receive a boon, O King."

When the magnanimous king heard that, he bowed before him, and said: "Grant this Brāhman his wish. What other boon do I require?" On hearing this speech of the king's the Fire God was much pleased, and said to him: "O King, this Brāhman shall become a great lord of wealth, and thou also by my favour shalt have the prosperity of thy treasury ever undiminished."

When the Fire God had, in these words, bestowed the boon, the Brāhman asked him this question: "Thou hast appeared swiftly to a king that acts according to his own will, but not to me that am under vows: why is this, O revered one?" Then the Fire God, the giver of boons, answered: "If I had not granted him an interview this king of fierce courage would have offered his head in sacrifice to me. In this world successes quickly befall those of fierce spirit, but they come slowly, O Brāhman, to those of dull spirit like thee."

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[1] For references to fire-worship see Vol. II, pp. 256, 257. On p. 256 I described the three fires as *vaḍavāgni, laukikāgni* and *vṛika*. These are, however, the three fires of modern Brāhman ritual. The Vedic fires which I should have mentioned are: *gārhapatya, ḍakshiṇa* and the *āhavanīya*. In Manu (iii, 100, 185) two additional fires are also given: *sabhya* and *āvasathya*; but the first three, collectively known as *tretā*, are the most important.—N.M.P.

Thus spake the God of Fire, and vanished, and the Brāhman Nāgaśarman took leave of the king, and in course of time became very rich. But the King Vikramatunga, whose courage had been thus seen by his dependents, returned amid their plaudits to his town of Pāṭaliputra.

The Philosopher's Stone

When the king was dwelling there, the warder Satrunjaya entered suddenly one day and said secretly to him: "There is standing at the door, O King, a Brāhman lad, who says his name is Dattaśarman; he wishes to make a representation to you in private." The king gave the order to introduce him, and the lad was introduced, and after blessing the king he bowed before him and sat down. And he made this representation: "King, by a certain device of powder I know how to make always excellent gold out of copper.[1] For that device was shown

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[1] The history of alchemy, or the pretended art of transmuting the base metals into noble ones, has occupied sages from the time of the Alexandrian Greeks in the early centuries of the Christian era. This eternal longing after wealth through the medium of so-called scientific research gave rise to the term "philosopher's stone," which possessed the wonderful property of converting everything into solid gold. It was in searching for this treasure that Botticher stumbled on the invention of Dresden porcelain manufacture; Roger Bacon on the composition of gunpowder; Geber on the properties of acids; Van Helmont on the nature of gas; and Dr Glauber on the "salts" which bear his name (Brewer's *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*, p. 971).

In India the legends connected with the "philosopher's stone" are many and varied. Crooke (*op. cit.*, vol. ii, p. 15) tells one of the great Chandra Varma, who was born of the embraces of Chandrama, the moon-god, who possessed the power of converting iron into gold. Laliya, a blacksmith of Ahmadābād, made an axe for a Bhīl, who returned and complained that it would not cut. Laliya, on looking at it, found that the blade had been turned into gold. On questioning the Bhīl, he ascertained that he had tried to sharpen it on what turned out to be the philosopher's stone. Laliya, by possession of the stone, acquired great wealth, and was finally attacked by the king's troops. At last he was obliged to throw the stone into the Bhadra river, where it still lies, but once some iron chains were let me by my spiritual teacher, and I saw with my own eyes that he made gold by that device."

When the lad said this, the king ordered copper to be brought, and when it was melted the lad threw the powder upon it. But while the powder was being thrown an invisible Yaksha carried it off, and the king alone saw him, having propitiated the God of Fire. And that copper did not turn into gold, as the powder did not reach it; thrice did the lad make the attempt and thrice his labour was in vain. Then the king, first of brave men, took the powder from the desponding lad and himself threw it on the melted copper; when he threw the powder the Yaksha did not intercept it, but went away smiling. Accordingly the copper became gold by contact with that powder. Then the boy, astonished, asked the king for an explanation, and the king told him the incident of the Yaksha, just as he had seen it. And having learned in this way the device of the powder from that lad, the king made him marry a wife, and

down into the water, and when they touched it the links were converted into gold.

For another legend see Jarrett, *Ā’īn-i-Akbarī*, vol. ii, p. 197.

The literature and bibliographies on alchemy are, of course, very great, and cannot be given here. It will suffice merely to draw attention to a few general articles and the chief of the bibliographies.

A useful introductory article is that by H. M. Ross in the *Ency. Brit.*, vol. i, pp. 519-522, while fuller articles are those by E. Riess, Carra de Vaux, and T. Barnes in Hastings' *Ency. Rel. Eth.*, vol. i, pp. 287-298. Reference should also be made to Thorndike, *History of Magic and Experimental Science* (see Indices in each volume under "Alchemy" and "Philosopher's Stone"); and Lewis Spence, *Encyclopædia of Occultism*, 1920, pp. 232-233. For bibliographies of works on alchemy see Lenglet du Fresnoy, *Histoire de la Philosophie Hermétique. Accompagnée d'un catalogue raisonné des écrivains de cette science*, Paris et La Haye, 1740 (see particularly vol. iii), Hermann Kopp, *Die Alchemie in älterer und neuerer Zeit. Ein Beitrag zur Culturgeschichte*, 2 Thle, Heidelberg, 1886; H. C. Bolton, *Catalogue of Works on Alchemy and Chemistry exhibited at the Grolier Club, New York*, 1891; J. Ferguson, *Bibliotheca Chemica*, Glasgow, 1906; and A. E. Waite, *The Hermetic and Alchemical Writings of Philippus Aureolus Theophrastus Bombast. of Hohenheim*, 2 vols., London, 1894. To this latter author I am indebted for several of the above references.

We shall meet with the "philosopher's stone" again in the *Ocean of Story*, Chapter XLIII.—N.M.P.

gave him all he wished, and having his treasury prosperously filled by means of the gold produced by that device, he himself enjoyed great happiness, together with his wives, and made Brāhmans rich.

49. *Story of Ratnaprabhā*

"Thus you see that the Lord grants their desires to men of fierce courage, seeming to be either terrified or pleased by them. And who, O King, is of more firm valour or more generous than you? So Śiva, when propitiated by you, will certainly give you a son; do not sorrow."

The King Hemaprabha, when he heard this noble speech from the mouth of Queen Alankāraprabhā, believed it and was pleased. And he considered that his own heart, radiant with cheerfulness, indicated that he would certainly obtain a son by propitiating Śiva.

The next day after this he and his wife bathed and worshipped Śiva, and he gave ninety millions of gold pieces to the Brāhmans, and without taking food he went through ascetic practices in front of Śiva, determined that he would either leave the body or propitiate the god, and continuing in asceticism he praised the giver of boons, the husband of the daughter of the mountain,[1] that lightly gave away the sea of milk to his votary Upamanyu, saying: "Honour to thee, O husband of Gaurī, who art the cause of the creation, preservation and destruction of the world, who dost assume the eight special forms of ether and the rest.[2] Honour to thee, who sleepest on the ever-expanded lotus of the heart, that art Śambhu, the swan dwelling in the pure Mānasa lake.[3] Honour to thee, the exceeding marvellous Moon, of divine brightness, pure, of watery substance, to be beheld by those whose sins are put away; to thee whose beloved is half thy body,[4] and who nevertheless art supremely chaste.

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[1] Pārvatī or Durgā, the wife of Śiva.

[2] The others are the Sun, Fire, Water, Earth. Air, the Moon and the officiating Brāhman. For the latter is sometimes substituted *paśupati*, or lord of animals.

[3] Possibly it also means "the swan of the temple of the mind."

[4] An allusion to the Ardha-nārīśvara form of Śiva.

Honour to thee, who didst create the world by a wish, and art thyself the world."

When the king had praised Śiva in these words, and fasted for three nights, the god appeared to him in a dream and spake as follows: "Rise up, O King. There shall be born to thee a heroic son that shall uphold thy race. And thou shalt also obtain by the favour of Gaurī a glorious daughter, who is destined to be the queen of that treasure-house of glory, Naravāhanadatta, your future emperor." When Śiva had said this he disappeared, and Hemaprabha woke up, delighted, at the close of night. And by telling his dream he gladdened his wife Alankāraprabhā, who had been told the same by Gaurī in a dream, and dwelt on the agreement of the two visions. And then the king rose up and bathed and worshipped Śiva, and after giving gifts, broke his fast, and kept high festival.

The Birth of Vajraprabha

Then, after some days had passed, the Queen Alankāraprabhā became pregnant by that king, and delighted her beloved by her face redolent of honey, with wildly rolling eyes, so that it resembled a pale lotus with bees hovering round it. Then she gave birth in due time to a son (whose noble lineage was proclaimed by the elevated longings of her pregnancy), as the sky gives birth to the orb of day. As soon as he was born the lying-in chamber was illuminated by his might, and so was made red as vermilion. And his father gave to that infant, that brought terror to the families of his enemies, the name of Vajraprabha, that had been appointed for him by a divine voice. Then the boy grew by degrees, being filled with accomplishments, and causing the exultation of his family, as the new moon fills out with digits[1] and causes the sea to rise.

Then, not long after, the queen of that King Hemaprabha again became pregnant. And when she was pregnant she sat upon a golden throne and became truly the jewel of the harem, adding special lustre to her settings. And in a chariot, in the shape of a beautiful lotus, manufactured by help of magic science, she roamed about in the sky, since her pregnant longings assumed that form.[1] But when the due time came a daughter was born to that queen, whose birth by the favour of Gaurī was a sufficient guarantee of her loveliness. And this voice was then heard from heaven: "She shall be the wife of Naravāhanadatta," which agreed with the words of Śiva's revelation. And the king was just as much delighted at her birth as he was at that of his son, and gave her the name of Ratnaprabhā.

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[1] *Kalā*, "digit of the moon" and also "accomplishment."

And Ratnaprabhā, adorned with her own science, grew up in the house of her father, producing illumination in all the quarters of the sky. Then the king made his son Vajraprabha, who had begun to wear armour, take a wife, and appointed him Crown Prince. And he devolved on him the burden of the kingdom, and remained at ease; but still one anxiety lingered in his heart, anxiety about the marriage of his daughter.

One day the king beheld that daughter, who was fit to be given away in marriage, sitting near him, and said to the Queen Alankāraprabhā, who was in his presence: "Observe, Queen, a daughter is a great misery in the three worlds, even though she is the ornament of her family—a misery, alas! even to the great. For this Ratnaprabhā, though modest, learned, young and beautiful, afflicts me because she has not obtained a husband." The queen said to him: "She was proclaimed by the gods as the destined wife of Naravāhanadatta, our future emperor; why is she not given to him?" When the queen said this to him, the king answered: "In truth the maiden is fortunate that shall obtain him for a bridegroom. For he is an incarnation of Kāma upon earth. But he has not as yet attained his divine nature; therefore I am now waiting for his attainment of superhuman knowledge."[2]

While he was thus speaking, Ratnaprabhā, by means of those accents of her father, which entered her ear like the words of the bewildering spell of the God of Love, became as if bewildered, as if possessed, as if asleep, as if in a picture, and her heart was captivated by that bridegroom. Then with difficulty she took a respectful leave of her parents, and went to her own private apartments, and managed at length to get to sleep at the end of the night.

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[1] For the *dohada motif* or "Longings of the Pregnant Woman" see Vol. I, Appendix III, pp. 221-228.—N.M.P.

[2] The *vidyā* of the Vidyādharas. I read *pratīkshyate*.

Then the goddess Gaurī, being full of pity for her, gave her this command in a dream: "To-morrow, my daughter, is an auspicious day; so thou must go to the city of Kauśāmbī and see thy future husband; and thence thy father, O auspicious one, will himself bring thee and him into this his city, and celebrate your marriage." So in the morning, when she woke up, she told that dream to her mother. Then her mother gave her leave to go, and she, knowing by her superhuman knowledge that her bridegroom was in the garden, set out from her own city to visit him.

[M] "Thou knowest, O my husband, that I am that Ratnaprabhā, arrived to-day in a moment, full of impatience, and you all know the sequel." When he heard this speech of hers, that in sweetness exceeded nectar, and beheld the body of the Vidyādharī that was ambrosia to the eyes, Naravāhanadatta in his heart blamed the Creator, saying to himself: "Why did he not make me all eye and ear?" And he said to her: "Fortunate am I; my birth and life has obtained its fruit, in that I, O beautiful one, have been thus visited by thee out of affection!"

When they had thus exchanged the protestations of new love, suddenly the army of the Vidyādharas was beheld there in the heaven. Ratnaprabhā said immediately: "Here is my father come." And the King Hemaprabha descended from heaven with his son. And with his son Vajraprabha he approached that Naravāhanadatta, who gave him a courteous welcome. And while they stood for a moment paying one another the customary compliments, the King of Vatsa, who had heard of it, came with his ministers. And then that Hemaprabha told the king, after he had performed towards him the rites of hospitality, the whole story exactly as it had been related by Ratnaprabhā, and said:

"I knew by the power of my supernatural knowledge that my daughter had come here, and I am aware of all that has happened in this place.[1]
For he will afterwards possess such an imperial chariot. Pray consent, and then thou shalt behold in a short time thy son, the prince returned here, united to his wife Ratnaprabhā."

After he had addressed this prayer to the King of Vatsa, and he had consented to his wish, that Hemaprabha, with his son, prepared that chariot by his own magic skill and made Naravāhanadatta ascend it, together with Ratnaprabhā, whose face was cast down from modesty, followed by Gomukha and the others, and Yaugandharāyaṇa, who was also deputed to accompany him by his father, and thus Hemaprabha took him to his own capital, Kānchanaśringaka.

Naravāhanadatta marries Ratnaprabhā

And Naravāhanadatta, when he reached that city of his father-in-law, saw that it was all of gold, gleaming with golden ramparts, embraced, as it were, on all sides with rays issuing out like shoots, and so stretching forth innumerable arms in eagerness of love for that son-in-law. There the King Hemaprabha, of high enterprise, gave Ratnaprabhā with due ceremonies to him, as the sea gave Lakshmī to Vishṇu. And he gave him glittering heaps of jewels, gleaming like innumerable wedding fires lighted.[2] And in the city of that festive prince, who was showering wealth, even the houses, being draped with flags, appeared as if they had received changes of raiment. And Naravāhanadatta, having performed the auspicious ceremony of marriage, remained there enjoying heavenly pleasures with Ratnaprabhā. And he amused himself by looking in her company at beautiful temples of the gods in gardens and lakes, having ascended with her the heaven by the might of her science.

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[1] Here Professor Brockhaus suspects a hiatus.

[2] *Cf.* this with the "jewel-lamps" in Vol. II, pp. 161-169, and on pp. 131*n*[3], 132*n* of this volume, and with the luminous carbuncle in *Gesta Romanorum*, cvii. Sir Thomas Browne, in his *Vulgar Errors*, Book II, chap. v, says: "Whether a carbuncle doth flame in the dark, or shine like a coal in the night, though generally agreed on by common believers, is very much questioned by many." See also Simrock's *Deutsche Volksbücher*, vol. i, p. 301; vol. iii, p. 12; vol. vi, p. 289. Lucian in his *De Deâ Syria*, chap. xxxii, speaks of a precious stone of the name of λυχνίς, which was bright enough to light up a whole temple at night. We read in the history of the *Pseudo-Callisthenes*, Book II, chap. xlii, that Alexander found in the belly of a fish a precious stone which he had set in gold and used at night as a lamp. See also Baring-Gould's *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*, p. 42; Gaal, *Märchen der Magyaren*, p. 155; Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso*, iii, 14.——To the references given above I would add Clouston, *Flowers from a Persian Garden*, 1894, pp. 196-197; and Chauvin, *op. cit.*, v, p. 4*n*[1].—N.M.P.

So, after he had lived some days with his wife in the city of the King of the Vidyādharas, the son of the King of Vatsa determined, in accordance with the advice of Yaugandharāyaṇa, to return to his own city. Then his mother-in-law performed for him the auspicious ceremonies previous to starting, and his father-in-law again honoured him and his minister, and then he set out with Hemaprabha and his son, accompanied by his beloved, having again ascended that chariot. He soon arrived, like a stream of nectar to the eyes of his mother, and entered his city with Hemaprabha and his son and his own followers, bringing with him his wife, who made the King of Vatsa rejoice exceedingly with delight at beholding her. The King of Vatsa, of exalted fortune, with Vāsavadattā, welcomed that son, who bowed at his feet with his wife, and honoured Hemaprabha his new connection, as well as his son, in a manner conformable to his own dignity. Then, after that King of the Vidyādharas, Hemaprabha, had taken leave of the lord of Vatsa and his family, and had flown up into the heaven and gone to his own city, that Naravāhanadatta, together with Ratnaprabhā and Madanamanchukā, spent that day in happiness surrounded by his friends.

CHAPTER XXXVI

WHEN that Naravāhanadatta had thus obtained a [M] new and lovely bride of the Vidyādhara race, and was the next day with her in her house, there came in the morning to the door, to visit him, his ministers Gomukha and others. They were stopped for a moment at the door by the female warder and announced within; then they entered and were courteously received, and Ratnaprabhā said to the warder: "The door must not again be closed against the entrance of my husband's friends, for they are as dear to me as my own body. And I do not think that this is the way to guard female apartments."

After she had addressed the female warder in these words, she said in turn to her husband: "My husband, I am going to say something which occurs to me, so listen. I consider that the strict seclusion of women is a mere social custom, or rather folly produced by jealousy. It is of no use whatever. Women of good family are guarded by their own virtue as their only chamberlain. But even God Himself can scarcely guard the unchaste. Who can restrain a furious river and a passionate woman? And now listen, I will tell you a story.

50. *Story of King Ratnādhipati and the White Elephant Śvetaraśmi*

There is here a great island in the midst of the sea, named Ratnakūṭa. In it there lived in old times a king of great courage, a devoted worshipper of Vishṇu, rightly named Ratnādhipati.[1] That king, in order to obtain the conquest of the earth, and all kings' daughters as his wives, went through a severe penance, to propitiate Vishṇu. The adorable one, pleased with his penance, appeared in bodily form and thus commanded him: "Rise up, King; I am pleased with thee, so I tell thee this. Listen! There is in the land of Kalinga a Gandharva, who has become a white elephant[1] by the curse of a hermit, and is known by the name of Śvetaraśmi. On account of the asceticism he performed in a former life, and on account of his devotion to me, that elephant is supernaturally wise, and possesses the power of flying through the sky, and of remembering his former birth. And I have given an order to that great elephant, in accordance with which he will come of himself through the air and become thy beast of burden. That white elephant thou must mount, as the wielder of the thunderbolt mounts the elephant of the gods,[2] and whatever king thou shalt travel through the air to visit, in fear shall bestow on thee, who art of god-like presence, tribute in the form of a daughter, for I will myself command him to do so in a dream. Thus thou shalt conquer the whole earth, and all *zenanas*,[3] and thou shalt obtain eighty thousand princesses."

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[1] *I.e.* supreme lord of jewels.

When Vishṇu had said this he disappeared, and the king broke his fast, and the next day he beheld that elephant, which had come to him through the air. And when the elephant had thus placed himself at the king's disposal he mounted him, as he had been bidden to do by Vishṇu, and in this manner he conquered the earth and carried off the daughters of kings. And then the king dwelt there in Ratnakūṭa with those wives, eighty thousand in number, amusing himself as he pleased. And in order to propitiate Śvetaraśmi, that celestial elephant, he fed every day five hundred Brāhmans.

The Elephant is wounded

Now once on a time the King Ratnādhipati mounted that elephant, and, after roaming through the other islands, returned to his own island. And as he was descending from the sky it came to pass that a bird of the race of Garuḍa struck that excellent elephant with his beak. And the bird fled when the king struck him with the sharp elephant-hook, but the elephant fell on the ground stunned by the blow of the bird's beak. The king got off his back, but the elephant, though he recovered his senses, was not able to rise up, in spite of the efforts made to raise him, and ceased eating. For five days the elephant remained in the same place where it had fallen, and the king was grieved and took no food, and prayed as follows: "O guardians of the world, teach me some remedy in this difficulty; otherwise I will cut off my own head and offer it to you."

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[1] For the great importance attached to the white elephant in the East see N. W. Thomas, "Animals," Hastings' *Ency. Rel. Eth.*, vol. i, p. 514.—N.M.P.

[2] *I.e.* as Indra mounts Airāvata.

[3] See Vol. II, p. 162*n*.—N.M.P.

When he had said this, he drew his sword, and was preparing to cut off his head, when immediately a bodiless voice thus addressed him from the sky: "O King, do nothing rash; if some chaste woman touches this elephant with her hand it will rise up, but not otherwise." When the king heard that he was glad, and summoned his own carefully guarded chief wife, Amṛitalatā. When the elephant did not rise up, though she touched it with her hand, the king had all his other wives summoned. But though they all touched the elephant in succession he did not rise up: the fact was, not one among them was chaste.

Then the king, having beheld all those eighty thousand wives openly humiliated in the presence of men, being himself abashed, summoned all the women of his capital and made them touch the elephant one after another. And when in spite of it the elephant did not rise up, the king was ashamed, because there was not a single chaste woman in his city.[1]

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[1] This reminds us of the curious story in Herodotus (II, iii), in which a certain Pharaoh was cursed with blindness for ten years owing to an act of arrogance on his part. An oracle declared that in the eleventh year he would recover his sight by washing his eyes with the urine of a woman who had had intercourse with her own husband only, and had known no other man. He, therefore, made trial of his own wife first, and afterwards, when he did not recover his sight, he made trial of others indifferently; and at length having recovered his sight, he collected the women of whom he had made trial, except the one by washing in whose urine he had recovered his sight, into one city, which is now called Erythrebolus, and when he had assembled them together he had them all burned, together with the city; but the woman by washing in whose urine he recovered his sight he took to himself to wife.

There is also a curious legend in Hebrew literature, in which King Solomon is upbraided by his mother for saying: "One man out of a thousand have I found, but a woman have I not found" (Eccles. vii, 28). A priest and

And in the meanwhile a merchant named Harshagupta, who had arrived from Tāmraliptī,[1] having heard of that event, came there full of curiosity. And in his train there came a servant of the name of Śīlavatī, who was devoted to her husband; when she saw what had taken place, she said to him: "I will touch this elephant with my hand: and if I have not even thought in my mind of any other man than my husband, may it rise up." No sooner had she said this than she came up and touched the elephant with her hand, whereupon it rose up in sound health and began to eat.[2] But when the people saw the elephant Śvetaraśmi rise up, they raised a shout and praised Śīlavatī, saying: "Such are these chaste women, few and far between, who, like Śiva, are able to create, preserve and destroy this world." The King Ratnādhipati also was pleased, and congratulated the chaste Śīlavatī, and loaded her with innumerable jewels, and he also honoured her master, the merchant Harshagupta, and gave him a house near his own palace. And he determined to avoid all communication with his own wives, and ordered that henceforth they should have nothing but food and raiment.

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a woman get their hands stuck to a flask sealed with the Ineffable Name. They finally go to Solomon for help. Then he says: "Whichever woman has not sinned, let her place her hand upon the flask and the hands will be loosened." Not one came forward. He then asked his mother, and she shrank back, remembering her sin with David. He then asked the men, and only his faithful servant came forward and put his hand upon the flask. They were then released. King Solomon thus proved the truth of his statement. (See Gaster, *The Exempla of the Rabbis*, p. 129, and variants on p. 248 under the heading "Solomon and Worthless Woman.")—N.M.P.

[1] The modern Tamluk. The district probably comprised the small but fertile tract of country lying to the westward of the Hūghli river, from Bardwān and Kalna on the north to the banks of the Kosai river on the south (Cunningham's *Ancient Geography of India*, p. 504).

[2] In the 115th tale of the *Gesta Romanorum* we read that two chaste virgins were able to lull to sleep and kill an elephant that no one else could approach.——As already explained (Vol. I, p. 166), the incident in our text is an example of both a "test of chastity" and "act of truth" *motif*. The powers attributed to chastity have been fully enumerated by many writers and need not be detailed here. See, for instance, the various articles on "Chastity" by Crawley, Rhys Davids, Walshe, Maclean, etc., in Hastings' *Ency. Rel. Eth.*, vol. iii, pp. 474-503. For a note on the "Act of Truth" *motif* see that at the end of this chapter.—N.M.P.

Then the king, after he had taken his food, sent for the chaste Śīlavatī, and said to her at a private interview in the presence of Harshagupta: "Śīlavatī, if you have any maiden of your father's family, give her to me, for I know she will certainly be like you." When the king said this to her, Śīlavatī answered: "I have a sister in Tāmraliptī named Rājadattā; marry her, O King, if you wish, for she is of distinguished beauty." When she said this to the king, he consented, and said: "So be it."

The King disregards the Omens

And having determined on taking this step, he mounted, with Śīlavatī and Harshagupta, the elephant Śvetaraśmi, that could fly through the air, and going in person to Tāmraliptī, entered the house of that merchant Harshagupta. There he asked the astrologers that very day what would be a favourable time for him to be married to Rājadattā, the sister of Śīlavatī. And the astrologers, having inquired under what stars both of them were born, said: "A favourable conjuncture will come for you, O King, in three months from this time. But if you marry Rājadattā in the present position of the constellations she will without fail prove unchaste."

Though the astrologers gave him this response, the king, being eager for a charming wife, and impatient of dwelling long alone, thus reflected: "Away with scruples! I will marry Rājadattā here this very day. For she is the sister of the blameless Śīlavatī and will never prove unchaste. And I will place her in that uninhabited island in the middle of the sea, where there is one empty palace, and that inaccessible spot I will surround with a guard of women; so how can she become unchaste, as she can never see men?"

Having formed this determination, the king that very day rashly married that Rājadattā, whom Śīlavatī bestowed upon him. And after he had married her, and had been received with the customary rites by Harshagupta, he took that wife and, with her and Śīlavatī, he mounted Śvetaraśmi, and then in a moment went through the air to the land of Ratnakūṭa, where the people were anxiously expecting him. And he rewarded Śīlavatī again so munificently that she attained all her wishes, having reaped the fruit of her vow of chastity. Then he mounted his new wife Rājadattā on that same air-travelling elephant Śvetaraśmi, and conveyed her carefully, and placed her in the empty palace in the island in the midst of the sea, inaccessible to man, with a retinue of women only. And whatever article she required, he conveyed there through the air on that elephant, so great was his distrust. And being devotedly attached to her, he always spent the night there, but came to Ratnakūṭa in the day to transact his regal duties.

Now one morning the king, in order to counteract an inauspicious dream, indulged with that Rājadattā in a drinking-bout for good luck. And though his wife, being intoxicated with that banquet, did not wish to let him go, he left her, and departed to Ratnakūṭa to transact his business, for the royal dignity is an ever-exacting wife. There he remained performing his duties with anxious mind, which seemed ever to ask him why he left his wife there in a state of intoxication.

And in the meanwhile Rājadattā, remaining alone in that inaccessible place, the female servants being occupied in culinary and other duties, saw a certain man come in at the door, like Fate determined to baffle all expedients for guarding her, and his arrival filled her with astonishment. And that intoxicated woman asked him when he approached her: "Who are you, and how have you come to this inaccessible place?"

Yavanasena's Adventures

Then that man, who had endured many hardships, answered her: "Fair one, I am a merchant's son of Mathurā named Yavanasena. And when my father died I was left helpless, and my relations took from me my property; so I went to a foreign country and resorted to the miserable condition of being servant to another man. Then I with difficulty scraped together a little wealth by trading, and as I was going to another land I was plundered by robbers who met me on the way. Then I wandered about as a beggar, and, with some other men like myself, I went to a mine of jewels called Kanakakshetra. There I engaged to pay the king his share, and after digging up the earth in a trench for a whole year I did not find a single jewel. So, while the other men, my fellows, were rejoicing over the jewels they had found, smitten with grief I retired to the shore of the sea and began to collect fuel.

" And while I was constructing with the fuel a funeral pyre, in order that I might enter the flame, a certain merchant named Jīvadatta happened to come there; that merciful man dissuaded me from suicide, and gave me food, and as he was preparing to go in a ship to Svarṇadvīpa he took me on board with him. Then, as we were sailing along in the midst of the ocean, after five days had passed, we suddenly beheld a cloud. The cloud discharged its rain in large drops, and that vessel was whirled round by the wind like the head of a *mast* elephant. Immediately the ship sank, but as fate would have it I caught hold of a plank just as I was sinking. I mounted on it, and thereupon the thunder-cloud relaxed its fury, and, conducted by destiny, I reached this country, and have just landed in the forest. And seeing this palace I entered, and I beheld here thee, O auspicious one, a rain of nectar to my eyes, dispelling pain."

When he had said this, Rājadattā, maddened with love and wine, placed him on a couch and embraced him. Where there are these five fires, feminine nature, intoxication, privacy, the obtaining of a man, and absence of restraint, what chance for the stubble of character? So true is it, that a woman maddened by the God of Love is incapable of discrimination; since this queen became enamoured of that loathsome castaway.

In the meanwhile the King Ratnādhipati, being anxious, came swiftly from Ratnakūṭa, borne along on the sky-going elephant; and entering his palace he beheld his wife Rājadattā in the arms of that creature. When the king saw the man, though he felt tempted to slay him, he slew him not, because he fell at his feet and uttered piteous supplications. And beholding his wife terrified, and at the same time intoxicated, he reflected: " How can a woman that is addicted to wine, the chief ally of lust, be chaste? A lascivious woman cannot be restrained even by being guarded. Can one fetter a whirlwind with one's arms? This is the fruit of my not heeding the prediction of the astrologers. To whom is not the scorning of wise words bitter in its aftertaste? When I thought that she was the sister of Śīlavatī I forgot that the Kālakūṭa poison was twin-born with the Amṛita.[1] Or rather who is able, even by doing the utmost of a man, to overcome the incalculable freaks of marvellously working Destiny?"

Thus reflecting, the king was not wroth with anyone, and spared the merchant's son, her paramour, after asking him the story of his life. The merchant's son, when dismissed thence, seeing no other expedient, went out and beheld a ship coming, far off in the sea. Then he again mounted that plank, and, drifting about in the sea, cried out, puffing and blowing: "Save me! Save me!" So a merchant, of the name of Krodhavarman, who was on that ship, drew that merchant's son out of the water and made him his companion. Whatever deed is appointed by the Disposer to be the destruction of any man dogs his steps whithersoever he runneth. For this fool, when on the ship, was discovered by his deliverer secretly associating with his wife, and thereupon was cast by him into the sea and perished.

In the meanwhile the King Ratnādhipati caused the Queen Rājadattā with her retinue to mount Śvetaraśmi, without allowing himself to be angry, and he carried her to Ratnakūṭa, and delivered her to Śīlavatī, and related that occurrence to her and his ministers. And he exclaimed: "Alas, how much pain have I endured, whose mind has been devoted to these unsubstantial, insipid enjoyments! Therefore I will go to the forest, and take Hari as my refuge, in order that I may never again be a vessel of such woes."

Thus he spake, and though his sorrowing ministers and Śīlavatī endeavoured to prevent him, he, being disgusted with the world, would not abandon his intention. Then, being indifferent to enjoyments, he first gave half of his treasure to the virtuous Śīlavatī, and the other half to the

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[1] Both were produced at the Churning of the Ocean.

Brāhmans, and then that king made over in the prescribed form his kingdom to a Brāhman of great excellence, named Pāpabhanjana. And after he had given away his kingdom he ordered Śvetaraśmi to be brought, with the object of retiring to a grove of asceticism, his subjects looking on with tearful eyes. No sooner was the elephant brought than it left the body and became a man of god-like appearance, adorned with necklace and bracelet. When the king asked him who he was, and what was the meaning of all this, he answered :

The Unhappy King gives away his Kingdom

" We were two Gandharva brothers, living on the Malaya mountain ; I was called Somaprabha, and the elder was Devaprabha. And my brother had but one wife, but she was very dear to him. Her name was Rājavatī. One day he was wandering about with her in his arms, and happened to arrive, with me in his company, at a place called the dwelling of the Siddhas. There we both worshipped Vishṇu in his temple, and began all of us to sing before the adorable one. In the meanwhile a Siddha came there, and stood regarding with fixed gaze Rājavatī, who was singing songs well worth hearing. And my brother, who was jealous, said, in his wrath, to that Siddha : ' Why dost thou, although a Siddha, cast a longing look at another's wife ? '

The Two Brothers

" Then the Siddha was moved with anger, and said to him by way of a curse : ' Fool, I was looking at her out of interest in her song, not out of desire. So fall thou, jealous one, into a mortal womb, together with her ; and then behold with thine own eyes thy wife in the embraces of another.' When he had said this, I, being enraged at the curse, struck him, out of childish recklessness, with a white toy elephant of clay, that I had in my hand. Then he cursed me in the following words : ' Be born again on the earth as an elephant, like that with which you have just struck me.'

" Then, being merciful, that Siddha allowed himself to be propitiated by that brother of mine, Devaprabha, and appointed for us both the following termination of the curse : ' Though a mortal, thou shalt become, by the favour of Vishṇu, the lord of an island, and shalt obtain as thy servant this thy younger brother, who will have become an elephant, a beast of burden fit for gods. Thou shalt obtain eighty thousand wives, and thou shalt come to learn the unchastity of them all in the presence of men. Then thou shalt marry this thy present wife, who will have become a woman, and shalt see her with thine own eyes embracing another. Then thou shalt become sick in thy heart of the world, and shalt bestow thy realm on a Brāhman, but when after doing this thou shalt set out to go to a forest of ascetics, thy younger brother shall first be released from his elephant nature, and thou also with thy wife shalt be delivered from thy curse.' This was the termination of the curse appointed for us by the Siddha, and we were accordingly born with different lots, on account of the difference of our actions in that previous state, and lo! the end of our curse has now arrived."

When Somaprabha had said this, that King Ratnādhipati remembered his former birth, and said: "True! I am that very Devaprabha; and this Rājadattā is my former wife Rājavatī." Having said this, he, together with his wife, abandoned the body. In a moment they all became Gandharvas and, in the sight of men, flew up into the air and went to their own home, the Malaya mountain. Śīlavatī too, through the nobleness of her character, obtained prosperity and, going to the city of Tāmraliptī, remained in the practice of virtue.

[M] "So true is it, that in no case can anyone guard a woman by force in this world, but the young woman of good family is ever protected by the pure restraint of her own chastity. And thus the passion of jealousy is merely a purposeless cause of suffering, annoying others, and so far from being a protection to women, it rather excites in them excessive longing." When Naravāhanadatta had heard this tale full of good sense related by his wife, he and his ministers were highly pleased.

NOTE ON THE "ACT OF TRUTH" *MOTIF* IN FOLK-LORE

We have already referred to this *motif* in Vol. I, pp. 166, 167; and discussed its meaning and religious significance in Vol. II, pp. 31-33. We shall here look at a few actual examples of the *motif*, chiefly taken from the numerous references collected by E. W. Burlingame ("The Act of Truth," *Journ. Roy. As. Soc.*, July 1917, pp. 429-467).

Its occurrence in the *Jātakas* is common, and the uses to which it is put are varied. Thus in No. 7 it is used to prove the paternity of a child; in No. 20 to obtain water to drink; in No. 35 to cause a forest-fire to turn back; in No. 62 to obtain safety in a fire-test; in No. 75 as a rain-charm; in No. 444 to counteract poison; in No. 463 to get a ship back to harbour; in No. 489 to obtain a son; in No. 491 to free all captive animals; in No. 513 to deliver a man from captivity; in No. 518 to ascertain the truth; in No. 519 to cure leprosy; in No. 537 to heal wounds; in No. 538 to obtain a son; and in No. 450 to counteract poison.

The actual declaration also differs widely, but it is usually some well-known religious truth or quotation, or else merely a true statement about the speaker's life or morals. Two examples from the above will be sufficient to explain this.

In No. 463, *Suppāraka-Jātaka* (Cambridge edition, vol. iv, p. 90), when the ship is in danger of being lost, the Great Being, after purifying himself, repeated this stanza:

> "Since I can myself remember, since intelligence first grew,
> Not one life of living creature have I taken, that I knew:
> May this ship return to safety if my solemn words are true!"

Four months the vessel had been voyaging in far-distant regions; and now, as though endued with supernatural power, it returned in one single day to the seaport town of Bharukaccha, and even upon the dry land it went, till it rested before the mariner's door, having sprung over a space of eleven hundred cubits.

In No. 518, *Paṇḍara-Jātaka* (Cambridge edition, vol. v, pp. 47, 48), the snake-king accuses an ascetic of being a traitor with evil designs on an innocent friend, and causes due retribution to fall on the ascetic by turning the accusation into an "Act of Truth"; he says:

> "Informer, traitor, that wouldst slay
> A guileless friend, be thy head riven
> By this my Act of Truth, I pay,
> Piecemeal, all into fragments seven."

So, before the very eyes of the snake-king, the head of the ascetic was split into seven pieces, and at the very spot where he was sitting the ground was cleft asunder.

There is a curious trick "Act of Truth" in *Jātaka* No. 63 (Cambridge edition, vol. i, p. 155), where a faithless wife offers to prove her innocence by undergoing the ordeal of fire and making an "Act of Truth." She instructs her paramour to seize her hand just as she is about to step into the fire. Then, standing before all the people, she says to her husband: "No man's hand but thine, Brāhman, has ever touched me; and, by the truth of my asseveration I call on this fire to harm me not." So saying, she advanced to the burning pile—when up dashed her paramour, who seized her by the hand, crying shame on the Brāhman who could force so fair a maid to enter the flames! Shaking her hand free, the girl exclaimed to the Brāhman that what she had asserted was now undone, and that she could not now brave the ordeal of fire, as another man's hand had touched her. The husband, knowing himself tricked, drove her away with blows.

Other trick "Acts of Truth" will be found in Hemachandra's *Pariśishṭaparvan*, ii, 533-545 (Hertel's translation, pp. 102, 103); *Tantrākhyāyika*, i, 3 *c*; Hertel, "Ueber die Suvābahuttarīkathā." *Festschrift für Ernst Windisch*, 1914, p. 144.

A few further examples will show other cases of the *motif* under consideration.

In a Tibetan tale, "The Two Brothers" (Schiefner and Ralston, p. 284), a princess says to her blind lover:

"If it be true, and my asseveration is righteous, that I have been in love only with Prince Kshemankara and with you, but with none else, then through the power of this truth and my asseveration shall one of your two eyes become sound as before."

So soon as this asseveration was uttered, one of his eyes came again just as it was before. Then he said: "I am Kshemankara. My brother Pāpankara reduced me to the state I was in." She said: "What proof is there that you are Prince Kshemankara?"

Then he too began to asseverate, saying: "If it be true, and my asseveration righteous, that although Pāpankara put out my eyes, I do not in the least bear him malice, then in consequence of the truth and affirmation may my other eye become sound as before."

So soon as he had pronounced this asseveration, his other eye became as it had been originally.

For another similar cure by the "Act of Truth" see *Divyāvadāna*, pp. 407-417. In this latter work (p. 472) is a curious story of the future Buddha when, in a previous existence, he was a woman named Rūpāvatī. One day Rūpāvatī comes upon a starving woman who is about to devour her new-born child, whereupon she cuts off her own breasts and gives them to the woman for food. When her husband learns of her act, he performs the following Act of Truth: "If it be true that so wonderful and marvellous a thing has never been seen before, or heard of before, then may your breasts be restored." Straightway her breasts are restored.

The "Act of Truth" which most closely resembles that in our text is found in Schiefner and Ralston's *Tibetan Tales*, pp. 227-228. Here the king's elephant, which was parturient, was unable to bring forth its young. The ministers advised that it should be led into the *zenana*, in order that it might be relieved of its pains by the asseverations of the king's wives. But although the elephant was introduced there, and the wives pronounced their asseverations, the pains did not come to an end, and the elephant uttered the most fearful cries. They were heard by a woman who was looking after some oxen near the palace, and who declared that by means of her asseveration the pains would be brought to an end. When the ministers had told this to the king, and he had ordered her to be brought into the *zenana*, she said: "If it is true that one husband is sufficient for me, and I have not two husbands, then as the result of this truth let the elephant be eased of its pains." Immediately after this utterance the elephant brought forth. When the king was informed of this, he declared that all his wives were of vicious habits, and ordered the herdswoman to be summoned. When she had replied in the affirmative to his question as to whether the elephant had been relieved of its pains in consequence of her asseveration, the king came to the conclusion that she must have a daughter like unto herself. This daughter, named Suśroṇī, he took as his wife; but fearing that, if he left her in the company of the other women of his court, she would undoubtedly contract bad habits, he begged the bird-king, Suparṇa (his younger brother), to convey her every day to Kaśerudvīpa, but to bring her back to him every night. Suparṇa agreed to this, and sent him every day wreaths of the odorous flower Timira, which grew at Kaśerudvīpa.

A little later in the story a certain Brāhman youth, Āśuga, is driven by a storm to Kaśerudvīpa, clinging to a plank, just like Yavanasena in our text. Suśroṇī does not follow after her chaste mother, and gladly welcomes to her embraces Āśuga by day and King Brahmadatta by night. After various strange adventures, including being deprived of all her clothes and jewels, Suśroṇī does penance in the water and is finally restored to her former position.

The "Act of Truth" plays an important part in the best-known tale of the *Mahābhārata*, that of Nala and Damayantī. When Damayantī is holding her *svayaṃvara* (marriage by choice) she finds her five suitors appear exactly alike, and she is unable to tell which of them is Nala. In despair she decides to appeal to the gods themselves by employing an "Act of Truth":

"As on hearing the speech of the swans I chose the King of the Nishadhas as my lord, for the sake of that truth, oh, let the gods reveal him to me. And as in thought or word I have never swerved from him, oh, let the gods, for the sake of that truth, reveal him to me. And as the gods themselves have destined the ruler of the Nishadhas to be my lord, oh, let them, for the sake of that truth, reveal him to me. And as it is for the sake of winning Nala that I have adopted this vow, for the sake of that truth, oh, let the gods reveal him unto me. Oh, let the exalted guardians of the worlds assume their own proper forms, so that I may know the King Puṇyaśloka."

Immediately Nala is revealed in his true mortal guise and Damayantī places the garland round his neck to show her choice.

Later in the story, when Nala has deserted her and she is wandering distracted through the forest, a hunter meets her and, overcome by her beauty, tries to force her. She saves herself by having recourse to an "Act of Truth," asserting that if it is true that she loves Nala alone may the hunter fall down dead. He immediately falls lifeless to the ground—"like a tree consumed by fire." In the new edition of Roy's *Mahābhārata* (Calcutta, 1919) the full story of Nala and Damayantī appears in vol. ii, pp. 120-169—*i.e. Vana-parva,* sections liii-lxxix. The above incident occurs in Chapter LVI of the *Ocean of Story,* but here the number of suitors is six, and the hunter is reduced to ashes.

Although many other examples of this *motif* in Sanskrit fiction could be given, the above are sufficient to show the importance of the *motif* and the numerous uses to which it can be put.

At the conclusion of this article on the *motif,* Burlingame (*op. cit.,* pp. 466-467) gives the following additional references:—*Dhammapada Commentary,* xvii, 3; iii, 310; Jülg's *Kalmükische Märchen,* p. 20, and *Mongolische Märchen,* last story; Bompas, *Folklore of the Santal Parganas,* p. 118; *Mélanges asiatiques,* 1876, p. 739; Busk, *Sagas from the Far East,* p. 47; Steel and Temple, *Wide-Awake Stories,* p. 429; Dames, "Balochi Tales," *Folk-Lore,* iv, 219; H. L. Haughton, *Sport and Folk-Lore in the Himālaya,* p. 101 *et seq.*; *Ind. Ant.,* iv, 262; vi, 224-225; xxxv, 148; "Mahā Bodhi and the United Buddhist World," *Journal of the Mahā Bodhi Society,* Colombo, vol. xix, p. 7.—N.M.P.

CHAPTER XXXVII

THEN Naravāhanadatta's minister Gomukha said to [M] him, by way of capping the tale which had been told by Ratnaprabhā: "It is true that chaste women are few and far between, but unchaste women are never to be trusted; in illustration of this, hear the following story:

51. *Story of Niśchayadatta*

There is in this land a town of the name of Ujjayinī, famous throughout the world: in it there lived of old time a merchant's son, named Niśchayadatta. He was a gambler and had acquired money by gambling, and every day the generous man used to bathe in the water of the Siprā and worship Mahākāla[1]: his custom was first to give money to the Brāhmans, the poor and the helpless, and then to anoint himself and indulge in food and betel.

Every day, when he had finished his bathing and his worship, he used to go and anoint himself, in a cemetery near the temple of Mahākāla, with sandalwood and other things. And the young man placed the unguent on a stone pillar that stood there, and so anointed himself every day alone, rubbing his back against it. In that way the pillar eventually became very smooth and polished. Then there came that way a draughtsman with a sculptor; the first, seeing that the pillar was very smooth, drew on it a figure of Gaurī, and the sculptor with his chisel, in pure sport, carved it on the stone. Then, after they had departed, a certain daughter of the Vidyādharas came there to worship Mahākāla, and saw that image of Gaurī on the stone. From the clearness of the image she inferred the proximity of the goddess, and, after worshipping, she entered that stone pillar to rest.

In the meanwhile Niśchayadatta, the merchant's son, came there, and to his astonishment beheld that figure of Umā carved on the stone. He first anointed his limbs, and then, placing the unguent on another part of the stone, began to anoint his back by rubbing it against the stone. When the rolling-eyed Vidyādhara maiden inside the pillar saw that, her heart being captivated by his beauty, she reflected: "What! has this handsome man no one to anoint his back? Then I will now rub his back for him."

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[1] A famous *linga* of Śiva in Ujjayinī.

Thus the Vidyādharī reflected, and, stretching forth her hand from inside the pillar, she anointed his back then and there out of affection. Immediately the merchant's son felt the touch, and heard the jingling of the bracelet, and caught hold of her hand with his. And the Vidyādharī, invisible as she was, said to him from the pillar: "Noble sir, what harm have I done you? Let go my hand." Then Niśchayadatta answered her: "Appear before me, and say who you are, then I will let go your hand." Then the Vidyādharī affirmed with an oath: "I will appear before your eyes and tell you all." So he let go her hand.

Then she came out visibly from the pillar, beautiful in every limb, and sitting down, with her eyes fixed on his face, said to him: "There is a city called Pushkarāvatī[1] on a peak of the Himālayas; in it there lives a king named Vindhyapara. I am his maiden daughter, named Anurāgaparā. I came to worship Mahākāla, and rested here to-day. And thereupon you came here and were beheld by me anointing your back on this pillar, resembling the stupefying weapon of the God of Love. Then first my heart was charmed with affection for you, and afterwards my hand was smeared with your unguent, as I rubbed your back.[2] The sequel you know. So I will now go to my father's house."

When she said this to the merchant's son, he answered: "Fair one, I have not recovered my soul which you have taken captive; how can you thus depart, without letting go the soul which you have taken possession of?" When he said this to her, she was immediately overcome with love, and said: "I will marry you, if you come to my city It is not hard for you to reach; your endeavour will be sure to succeed. For nothing in this world is difficult to the enterprising."

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[1] Perhaps the Pushkalāvatī described by General Cunningham in his *Ancient Geography of India*, p. 49.

[2] There is a studied ambiguity in all these words, the usual play on affection and oil being kept up. A marginal correction in a Sanskrit College MS. lent to me gives *hṛidayam*. The text has *rāñjitam sthāthavān*. The latter is a *vox nihili*. Brockhaus' text may be explained: "My hand full of my heart was steeped in affection for you."

Having said this, Anurāgaparā flew up into the air and departed; and Niśchayadatta returned home with mind fixed upon her. Recollecting the hand that was protruded from the pillar, like a shoot from the trunk of a tree, he thought: "Alas! though I seized her hand I did not win it for my own. Therefore I will go to the city of Pushkarāvatī to visit her, and either I shall lose my life or Fate will come to my aid."

Niśchayadatta starts on his Adventures

So musing, he passed that day there in an agony of love, and he set out from that place early the next morning, making for the north. As he journeyed, three other merchants' sons, who were travelling towards the north, associated themselves with him as companions. In company with them he travelled through cities, villages, forests and rivers, and at last reached the northern region, abounding in barbarians.

There he and his companions were found on the way by some Tājikas, who took them and sold them to another Tājika. He sent them in the care of his servants as a present to a Turushka, named Muravāra. Then those servants took him and the other three, and hearing that Muravāra was dead, they delivered them to his son. The son of Muravāra thought: "These men have been sent me as a present by my father's friend, so I must send them to him to-morrow by throwing them into his grave."[1] Accordingly the Turushka fettered Niśchayadatta and his three friends with strong chains, that they might be kept till the morning. Then, while they were remaining in chains at night,

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[1] For "funeral human sacrifice for the service of the dead" see Tylor's *Primitive Culture*, pp. 413-422. *Cf.* Hagen's *Helden-Sagen*, vol. iii, pp. 165, 166.——See Crooke, *Popular Religion and Folk-Lore of Northern India*, vol. ii, p. 167 *et seq.*, and the references in this work, Vol. I, p. 116n^1.—N.M.P.

Niśchayadatta said to his three friends, the merchants' sons, who were afflicted with dread of death: "What will you gain by despondency? Maintain steadfast resolution. For calamities depart far away from the resolute, as if terrified at them. Think on the peerless, adorable Durgā, that deliverer from calamity."

Thus encouraging them, he devoutly worshipped that goddess Durgā: "Hail to thee, O Goddess! I worship thy feet that are stained with a red dye, as if it were the clotted gore of the trampled Asura clinging to them. Thou, as the all-ruling power of Śiva, dost govern the three worlds, and inspired by thee they live and move. Thou didst deliver the worlds, O slayer of the Asura Mahisha! Deliver me that crave thy protection, O thou cherisher of thy votaries!"

In these and similar words he and his companions duly worshipped the goddess, and then they all fell asleep, being weary. And the goddess Durgā in a dream commanded Niśchayadatta and his companions: "Rise up, my children, depart, for your fetters are loosed." Then they woke up at night and saw that their fetters had fallen off of themselves, and after relating to one another their dream they departed thence, delighted.

And after they had gone a long journey the night came to an end, and then those merchants' sons, who had gone through such terrors, said to Niśchayadatta: "Enough of this quarter of the world infested with barbarians! We will go to the Deccan, friend, but do you do as you desire." When they said this to him, he dismissed them to go where they would, and set out alone vigorously on his journey, making towards that very northern quarter, drawn by the noose of love for Anurāgaparā, flinging aside fear.

As he went along, he fell in, in course of time, with four Pāsupata ascetics, and reached and crossed the River Vitastā. And after crossing it he took food, and as the sun was kissing the western mountain he entered with them a forest that lay in their path. And there some woodmen, that met them, said to them: "Whither are you going, now that the day is over? There is no village in front of you; but there is an empty temple of Śiva in this wood. Whoever remains there during the night, inside or outside, falls a prey to a Yakshiṇī, who bewilders him, making horns grow on his forehead, and then treats him as a victim and devours him."

Those four Pāśupata ascetics, who were travelling together, though they heard this, said to Niśchayadatta: "Come along! What can that miserable Yakshiṇī do to us? For we have remained many nights in various cemeteries." When they said this, he went with them, and finding an empty temple of Śiva he entered it with them to pass the night there. In the court of that temple the bold Niśchayadatta and the Pāśupata ascetics quickly made a great circle with ashes, and entering into it, they lighted a fire with fuel, and all remained there, muttering a charm to protect themselves.[1]

Then at night there came there dancing the Yakshiṇī Śringotpādinī,[2] playing from afar on her lute of bones, and when she came near she fixed her eye on one of the four Pāśupata ascetics, and recited a charm, as she danced outside the circle. That charm produced horns on him,[3] and bewildered he rose up, and danced till he fell into the blazing fire. And when he had fallen the Yakshiṇī dragged him half-burnt out of the fire, and devoured him with delight. Then she fixed her eye on the second Pāśupata ascetic, and in the same way recited the horn-producing charm and danced. The second one also had horns produced by that charm, and was made to dance, and falling into the fire was dragged out and devoured before the eyes of the others.

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[1] See Note 1 at the end of this chapter.—N.M.P.

[2] *I.e.* producer of horns.

[3] *Cf.* the thirty-first tale in Gonzenbach's *Sicilianische Märchen* (p. 209), where the black figs produce horns. There is also in the same story a pipe that compels all that hear its sound to dance. See Dr Reinhold Köhler's notes on the tale; also Grimm's No. 110, and his notes in his third volume. *Cf.* also Veckenstedt's *Wendische Sagen*, p. 65; Ralston's *Russian Folk-Tales*, p. 283; Bernhard Schmidt's *Griechische Märchen*, No. 20, and Liebrecht, *Zur Volkskunde*, p. 484. The incident in *Sicilianische Märchen* closely resembles one in the story of Fortunatus as told in Simrock's *Deutsche Volksbücher*, vol. iii, p. 175. There is a pipe that compels all the hearers to dance in *Huon of Bordeaux*, and a very similar fairy harp in Wirt Sikes' *British Goblins*, p. 97; and a magic fiddle in "Das Goldene Schachspiel," a story in Kaden's *Unter den Olivenbäumen*, p. 160. A fiddler in Bartsch's *Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg* (vol. i, p. 130) makes a girl spin round like a top. From that day she was lame. See also De Gubernatis, *Zoological Mythology*, vol. i, pp. 182, 288, and Baring-Gould, *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*, 2nd series, p. 152. Kuhn, in his *Westfälische Märchen*, vol. i, p. 183, mentions a belief that horns grew on the head of one who looked at the Wild Huntsman. It is just possible that this notion may be derived from the story of Actæon. A statue found in the ruins of the villa of Antoninus Pius near Lavinium represents him with his human form and with the horns just sprouting (*Engravings from Ancient Marbles in*

In this way the Yakshiṇī maddened one after another at night the four ascetics, and, after horns had been produced on them, devoured them. But while she was devouring the fourth it came to pass that, being intoxicated with flesh and blood, she laid her lute down on the ground. Thereupon the bold Niśchayadatta rose up quickly, and seized the lute, and began to play on it, and, dancing round with a laugh, to recite that horn-producing charm, which he had learned from hearing it often, fixing at the same time his eye on the face of the Yakshiṇī. By the operation of the charm she was confused, and dreading death, as horns were just about to sprout on her forehead, she flung herself prostrate and thus entreated him: "Valiant man, do not slay me, a helpless woman. I now implore your protection; stop the recital of the charm and the accompanying movements. Spare me! I know all your story, and will bring about your wish; I will carry you to the place where Anurāgaparā is."

The bold Niśchayadatta, when thus confidingly addressed by her, consented, and stopped the recital of the charm and the accompanying movements. Then, at the request of the

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the British Museum, plate xlv). *Cf.* also the story of Cipus in Ovid's *Metamorphoses,* xv, 552-621. For the magic pipe see Grimm's *Irische Märchen,* Einleitung, p. lxxxiii; Rohde, *Der Griechische Roman,* p. 264. Remarks on the pipe and horns will be found in Ralston's *Tibetan Tales,* introduction, pp. liv-lvi.——For further analogues to Grimm's tale 110 see Bolte, *op. cit.,* vol. ii, p. 490 *et seq.,* and for the significance of horns in mythology and folk-lore see Elworthy's *Horns of Honour,* and J. A. Macculloch, "Horns," Hastings' *Ency. Rel. Eth.,* vol. vi, pp. 791-796. For an extraordinary story about a wonderful reed flute, and a sultan who had horns on his head, see Stumme, *Märchen der Schluh von Tázerwalt,* p. 138. It is quoted by Crooke in "King Midas and his Ass's Ears," *Folk-Lore,* vol. xxii, 1911, pp. 189, 190.—N.M.P.

Yakshiṇī, he mounted on her back, and being carried by her through the air, he went to find his beloved.[1]

And when the night came to an end they had reached a mountain wood; there the Guhyakī, bowing, thus addressed Niśchayadatta: "Now that the sun has risen, I have no power to go upwards,[2] so spend this day in this charming wood, my lord; eat sweet fruits and drink the clear water of the brooks. I go to my own place, and I will return at the approach of night; and then I will take you to the city of Pushkarāvatī, the crown of the Himālayas, and into the presence of Anurāgaparā." Having said this, the Yakshiṇī with his permission set him down from her shoulder, and departed, to return again according to her promise.

When she had gone, Niśchayadatta beheld a deep lake, transparent and cool, but tainted with poison, lit up by the sun, that, stretching forth the fingers of its rays, revealed it as an example illustrative of the nature of the heart of a passionate woman. He knew by the smell that it was tainted with poison, and left it, after necessary ablutions, and being afflicted with thirst he roamed all over that heavenly mountain in search of water. And as he was wandering about he saw on a lofty place what seemed to be two rubies glittering, and he dug up the ground there.

And after he had removed the earth he saw there the head of a living monkey, and his eyes like two rubies. While he was indulging his wonder, thinking what this could be, that monkey thus addressed him with human voice: "I am a man, a Brāhman transformed into a monkey; release me, and then I will tell you all my story, excellent sir." As soon as he heard this he removed the earth, marvelling, and drew the ape out of the ground. When Niśchayadatta had drawn out the ape, it fell at his feet, and continued: "You have given me life by rescuing me from calamity. So come, since you are weary, take fruit and water, and by your favour I also will break my long fast." Having said this, the liberated monkey took him to the bank of a mountain torrent some distance off, where there were delicious fruits and shady trees. There he bathed and took fruit and water, and coming back he said to the monkey, who had broken his fast: "Tell me how you have become a monkey, being really a man." Then that monkey said: "Listen, I will tell you now.

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[1] *Cf.* Grimm's *Märchen*, No. 193. The parallel between Grimm's story and that of Vidūshaka in Chapter XVIII of this work is still more striking.

[2] All demons become powerless at cock-crow. See Vol. I, p. 77*n*¹.—N.M.P.

51A. *Somasvāmin and Bandhudattā*

In the city of Vārānasī there is an excellent Brāhman named Chandrasvāmin. I am his son by his virtuous wife, my friend. And my father gave me the name of Somasvāmin. In course of time it came to pass that I mounted the fierce elephant of love, which infatuation makes uncontrollable. When I was at this stage of my life the youthful Bandhudattā, the daughter of the merchant Śrīgarbha, an inhabitant of that city, and the wife of the great merchant of Mathurā, Varāhadatta, who was dwelling in her father's house, beheld me one day as she was looking out of the window. She was enamoured of me on beholding me, and after inquiring my name she sent a confidential female friend to me, desiring an interview. Her friend came up secretly to me, who was blind with love, and, after telling her friend's desire, took me to her house. There she placed me, and then went and brought secretly Bandhudattā, whose eagerness made her disregard shame. And no sooner was she brought than she threw her arms round my neck; for excessive love in women is your only hero for daring. Thus every day Bandhudattā came at will from her father's house and sported with me in the house of her female friend.

Now one day the great merchant, her husband, came from Mathurā to take her back to his own house, as she had been long absent. Then Bandhudattā, as her father ordered her to go, and her husband was eager to take her away, secretly made a second request to her friend. She said: "I am certainly going to be taken by my husband to the city of Mathurā, and I cannot live there separated from Somasvāmin. So tell me what resource there is left to me in this matter?"

When she said this, her friend Sukhaśayā, who was a witch, answered her: "I know two spells[1]: by reciting one of them a man can be in a moment made an ape, if a string is fastened round his neck, and by the second, if the string is loosed, he will immediately become a man again; and while he is an ape his intelligence is not diminished. So if you like, fair one, you can keep your lover Somasvāmin; for I will turn him into an ape on the spot; then take him with you to Mathurā as a pet animal. And I will show you how to use the two spells, so that you can turn him, when near you, into the shape of a monkey, and when you are in a secret place, make him once more a beloved man."

When her friend had told her this, Bandhudattā consented, and sending for me in secret, told me that matter in the most loving tone. I consented, and immediately Sukhaśayā fastened a thread on my neck and recited the spell, and made me a young monkey. And in that shape Bandhudattā brought and showed me to her husband, and she said: "A friend of mine gave me this animal to play with." And he was delighted when he saw me in her arms as a plaything, and I, though a monkey, retained my intelligence and the power of articulate speech. And I remained there, saying to myself with inward laughter: "Wonderful are the actions of women." For whom does not love beguile?

The next day Bandhudattā, having been taught that spell by her friend, set out from her father's house to go to Mathurā with her husband. And the husband of Bandhudattā, wishing to please her, had me carried on the back of one of his servants during the journey. So the servant and

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[1] *Cf.* Veckenstedt's *Wendische Sagen*, pp. 256, 394. See also No. 129 in Giles' *Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio*, vol. ii, p. 265, the title of which is "Making of Animals." *Cf.* with the string the gold rings in the "Volsunga Saga," Hagen's *Helden-Sagen*, vol. iii, p. 30. In Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, viii, 850 *et seq.*, there is an account of Mestra's transformation. Neptune gave her the power of transforming herself whenever she was sold by her father. See also the story of Achelous and Hercules in Book IX of the *Metamorphoses*; Prym and Socin's *Syrische Märchen*, p. 229, where we have the incident of the selling; Waldau, *Böhmische Märchen*, p. 125; Coelho, *Contos Populares Portuguezes*, p. 32.——For references to animal metamorphoses in folk-lore see Chauvin, *op. cit.*, vi, p. 199. The references to the *Nights* are numerous.—N.M.P.

I and the rest went along, and in two or three days reached a wood, that lay in our way, which was perilous from abounding in monkeys. Then the monkeys, beholding me, attacked me in troops on all sides, quickly calling to one another with shrill cries. And the irresponsible apes came and began to bite that merchant's servant, on whose back I was sitting. He was terrified at that, and flung me off his back on to the ground, and fled for fear, so the monkeys got hold of me then and there. And Bandhudattā, out of love for me, and her husband and his servants, attacked the apes with stones and sticks, but were not able to get the better of them. Then those monkeys, as if enraged with my evil actions, pulled off with their teeth and nails every hair from every one of my limbs as I lay there bewildered.

At last, by the virtue of the string on my neck, and by thinking on Śiva, I managed to recover my strength, and getting loose from them I ran away. And entering into the depths of the wood, I got out of their sight, and gradually, roaming from forest to forest, I reached this wood. And while I was wandering about here in the rainy season, blind with the darkness of grief, saying to myself: "How is it that even in this life adultery has produced for thee the fruit of transformation into the shape of a monkey, and thou hast lost Bandhudattā?"—Destiny, not yet sated with tormenting me, inflicted on me another woe, for a female elephant suddenly came upon me and, seizing me with her trunk, flung me into the mud of an ant-hill that had been saturated with rain. I know it must have been some divinity instigated by Destiny, for, though I exerted myself to the utmost, I could not get out of that mud.

And while it was drying up,[1] not only did I not die, but knowledge was produced in me, while I thought continually upon Śiva. And all the while I never felt hunger nor thirst, my friend, until to-day you drew me out of this trap of dry mud. And though I have gained knowledge, I do not even now possess power sufficient to set myself free from this monkey nature. But when some witch unties the thread on my neck, reciting at the same time the appropriate spell, then I shall once more become a man.

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[1] Pandit Śyāmā Charaṇa Mukhopādhyāya conjectures *āśoshyamāne*. This I adopt unhesitatingly.

51. *Story of Niśchayadatta*

"This is my story; but tell me now, my friend, how you came to this inaccessible wood, and why." When Niśchayadatta was thus requested by the Brāhman Somasvāmin, he told him his story, how he came from Ujjayinī on account of a Vidyādharī, and how he was conveyed at night by a Yakshiṇī, whom he had subdued by his presence of mind. Then the wise Somasvāmin, who wore the form of a monkey, having heard that wonderful story, went on to say: "You, like myself, have suffered great woe for the sake of a female. But females, like prosperous circumstances, are never faithful to anyone in this world. Like the evening, they display a short-lived passion, their hearts are crooked like the channels of rivers, like snakes they are not to be relied on, like lightning they are fickle. So that Anurāgaparā, though she may be enamoured of you for a time, when she finds a paramour of her own race, will be disgusted with you, who are only a mortal. So desist now from this effort for the sake of a female, which you will find like the fruit of the colocynth, bitter in its after-taste. Do not go, my friend, to Pushkarāvatī, the city of the Vidyādharas, but ascend the back of the Yakshiṇī and return to your own Ujjayinī. Do what I tell you, my friend; formerly in my passion I did not heed the voice of a friend, and I am suffering for it at this very moment. For when I was in love with Bandhudattā, a Brāhman friend named Bhavaśarman said this to me in order to dissuade me: 'Do not put yourself in the power of a female; the heart of a female is a tangled maze; in proof of it I will tell you what happened to me. Listen!

51B. *Bhavaśarman and the Two Witches*

In this very country, in the city of Vārāṇasī, there lived a young and beautiful Brāhman woman named Somadā, who was unchaste and secretly a witch. And as Destiny would have it, I had secret interviews with her, and in the course of our intimacy my love for her increased. One day I wilfully struck her in the fury of jealousy, and the cruel woman bore it patiently, concealing her anger for the time. The next day she fastened a string round my neck, as if in loving sport, and I was immediately turned into a domesticated ox. Then I, thus transformed into an ox, was sold by her, on receiving the required price, to a man who lived by keeping domesticated camels. When he placed a load upon me, a witch there, named Bandhamochinī, beholding me sore burdened, was filled with pity. She knew by her supernatural knowledge that I had been made an animal by Somadā, and when my proprietor was not looking she loosed the string from my neck.[1]

So I returned to the form of a man, and that master of mine immediately looked round, and thinking that I had escaped, wandered all about the country in search of me. And as I was going away from that place with Bandhamochinī it happened that Somadā came that way and beheld me at a distance. She, burning with rage, said to Bandhamochinī, who possessed supernatural knowledge: "Why did you deliver this villain from his bestial transformation? Curses on you! wicked woman, you shall reap the fruit of this evil deed. To-morrow morning I will slay you, together with this villain."

When she had gone, after saying this, that skilful sorceress Bandhamochinī, in order to repel her assault, gave me the following instructions: "She will come to-morrow morning in the form of a black mare to slay me, and I shall then assume the form of a bay mare. And when we have begun to fight you must come behind this Somadā, sword in hand, and resolutely strike her. In this way we will slay her; so come to-morrow morning to my house." After saying this, she pointed out to me her house.

When she had entered it I went home, having endured more than one birth in this very life. And in the morning

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[1] Cf. *Sagas from the Far East*, p. 35. This story very closely resembles that of Sidi Nu'uman in the *Nights* (Burton, Supp., vol. iii, p. 325 *et seq.*), and *The Golden Ass* of Apuleius.

I went to the house of Bandhamochinī, sword in hand. Then Somadā came there in the form of a black mare.[1] And Bandhamochinī, for her part, assumed the form of a bay mare; and then they fought with their teeth and heels, biting and kicking. Then I struck that vile witch Somadā a blow with my sword, and she was slain by Bandhamochinī. Then I was freed from fear, and having escaped the calamity of bestial transformation, I never again allowed my mind to entertain the idea of associating with wicked women. Women generally have these three faults, terrible to the three worlds, flightiness, recklessness, and a love for the congregation of witches.[2] So why do you run after Bandhudattā, who is a friend of witches? Since she does not love her husband, how is it possible that she can love you?

51. *Story of Niśchayadatta*

"Though my friend Bhavaśarman gave me this advice, I did not do what he told me, and so I am reduced to this state. So I give you this counsel: do not suffer hardship to win Anurāgaparā, for when she obtains a lover of her own race she will, of a surety, desert you. A woman ever desires fresh men, as a female humble bee wanders from flower to flower; so you will suffer regret some day, like me, my friend." This speech of Somasvāmin, who had been transformed into a monkey, did not penetrate the heart of Niśchayadatta, for it was full of passion. And he said to that monkey: "She will not be unfaithful to me, for she is born of the pure race of the Vidyādharas."

Whilst they were thus conversing, the sun, red with the hues of evening, went to the mountain of setting, as if wishing to please Niśchayadatta. Then the night arrived, as the harbinger of the Yakshiṇī Śṛingotpādinī, and she herself came soon afterwards. And Niśchayadatta mounted on her back, and went off to go to his beloved, taking leave of the ape, who begged that he might ever be remembered by him. And at midnight he reached that city of Pushkarāvatī, which was situated on the Himālayas, and belonged to the King of the Vidyādharas, the father of Anurāgaparā. At that very moment Anurāgaparā, having known by her power of his arrival, came out from that city to meet him.

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[1] *Cf.* Campbell's *Tales from the West Highlands*, vol. ii, p. 422, and *Sagas from the Far East*, p. 4. This part of the story comes under Mr Baring-Gould's "Magical Conflict" root (see his "Story Radicals" in the appendix to Henderson's *Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties*).——For details of the "Magical Conflict" or "Transformation Combat" *motif* see Note 2 at the end of this chapter.—N.M.P.

[2] The word *samvara*, which I have translated "congregation," probably means "sorcery"; see Böhtlingk and Roth *s.v.*

Then the Yakshiṇī put down Niśchayadatta from her shoulder, and pointing out to him Anurāgaparā, said: "Here comes your beloved, like a second moon giving a feast to your eyes in the night, so now I will depart." And bowing before him, she went her way. Then Anurāgaparā, full of the excitement produced by expectation, went up to her beloved, and welcomed him with embraces and other signs of love. He too embraced her, and now that he had obtained the joy of meeting her after enduring many hardships, he could not be contained in his own body, and as it were entered hers. So Anurāgaparā was made his wife by the *gāndharva* ceremony of marriage, and she immediately by her magic skill created a city. In that city, which was outside the metropolis, he dwelt with her, without her parents suspecting it, as their eyes were blinded by her skill. And when, on her questioning him, he told her those strange and painful adventures of his journey, she respected him much and bestowed on him all the enjoyments that heart could wish.

Then Niśchayadatta told that Vidyādharī the strange story of Somasvāmin, who had been transformed into a monkey, and said to her: "If this friend of mine could by any endeavour on your part be freed from his monkey condition, then, my beloved, you would have done a good deed." When he told her this, Anurāgaparā said to him: "This is in the way of witches' spells, but it is not our province. Nevertheless I will accomplish this desire of yours, by asking a friend of mine, a skilful witch named Bhadrarūpā."

When the merchant's son heard that, he was delighted, and said to that beloved of his: "So come and see my friend; let us go to visit him." She consented, and the next day, carried in her lap, Niśchayadatta went through the air to the wood, which was the residence of his friend. When he saw his friend there in monkey form he went up to him with his wife, who bowed before him, and asked after his welfare. And the monkey Somasvāmin welcomed him, saying: "It is well with me to-day, in that I have beheld you united to Anurāgaparā." And he gave his blessing to Niśchayadatta's wife. Then all three sat down on a charming slab of rock there and held a conversation[1] about his story, the various adventures of that ape, previously discussed by Niśchayadatta with his beloved. Then Niśchayadatta took leave of that monkey and went to the house of his beloved, flying up into the air, carried by her in her arms.

And the next day he again said to that Anurāgaparā: "Come, let us go for a moment to visit that ape our friend." Then she said to him: "Go to-day yourself; receive from me the science of flying up, and also that of descending." When she had said this to him, he took those two sciences and flew through the air to his friend the ape. And as he remained long conversing with him, Anurāgaparā went out of the house into the garden. While she was seated there a certain Vidyādhara youth, who was wandering at will through the air, came there. The Vidyādhara, knowing by his art that she was a Vidyādharī who had a mortal husband, the moment he beheld her, was overpowered with a paroxysm of love, and approached her. And she, with face bent on the ground, beheld that he was handsome and attractive, and slowly asked him out of curiosity who he was and whence he came.

Then he answered her: "Know, fair one, that I am a Vidyādhara, by name Rāgabhanjana, distinguished for my knowledge of the sciences of the Vidyādharas. The moment I beheld you, O gazelle-eyed one, I was suddenly overpowered by love, and made your slave, so cease to honour, O Goddess, a mortal, whose abode is the earth, and favour me, your equal, before your father finds out your intrigue." When he said this, the fickle-hearted one, looking timidly at him with a sidelong glance, thought: "Here is a fit match for me." When he had thus ascertained her wishes, he made her his wife: when two are of one mind what more does secret love require?

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[1] I adopt *kṛitam*, the reading of a MS. lent me from the Sanskrit College. should put a comma after *ālāpam*, as that word is used in the masculine.

Anurāgaparā tires of her Mortal Lover

Then Niśchayadatta arrived from the presence of Somasvāmin, after that Vidyādhara had departed. And when he came, Anurāgaparā, having lost her love for him, did not embrace him, giving as an excuse that she had a headache. But the simple-minded man, bewildered by love, not seeing through her excuse, thought that her pain was due to illness and spent the day in that belief. But the next day he again went in low spirits to see his friend the ape, flying through the air by the force of the two sciences he possessed.

When he had gone, Anurāgaparā's Vidyādhara lover returned to her, having spent a sleepless night without her. And embracing round the neck her who was eager for his arrival, owing to having been separated during the night, he was at length overcome by sleep. She by the power of her science concealed her lover, who lay asleep in her lap, and weary with having kept awake all night, went to sleep herself. In the meanwhile Niśchayadatta came to the ape, and his friend, welcoming him, asked him: "Why do I seem to see you in low spirits to-day? Tell me."

Then Niśchayadatta said to that ape: "Anurāgaparā is exceedingly ill, my friend; for that reason I am grieved, for she is dearer to me than life." Then that ape, who possessed supernatural knowledge, said to him: "Go, take her in your arms, asleep as she is, and flying through the air by the help of the science she bestowed, bring her to me, in order that I may this very day show you a great marvel." When Niśchayadatta heard this, he went through the air and lightly took up that sleeping fair one, but he did not see that Vidyādhara, who was asleep in her lap, and had been previously made invisible by the power of her science. And flying up into the air, he quickly brought Anurāgaparā to that ape. That ape, who possessed divine insight, immediately showed him a charm, by which he was able to behold the Vidyādhara clinging to her neck. When he saw this, he exclaimed: "Alas! what does this mean?" And the ape, who was able to discern the truth, told him the whole story.

Then Niśchayadatta fell into a passion, and the Vidyādhara, who was the lover of his wife, woke up, and flying up into the air, disappeared. Then Anurāgaparā woke up, and seeing that her secret was revealed, stood with face cast down through shame. Then Niśchayadatta said to her, with eyes gushing with tears: "Wicked female, how could you thus deceive me who reposed confidence in you? Although a device is known in this world for fixing that exceedingly fickle metal quicksilver, no expedient is known for fixing the heart of a woman." While he was saying this, Anurāgaparā, at a loss for an answer, and weeping, slowly soared up into the air, and went to her own home.

Then Niśchayadatta's friend, the ape, said to him: "That you are grieved is the fruit of the fierce fire of passion, in that you ran after this fair one, though I tried to dissuade you. For what reliance can be placed on fickle fortunes and fickle women? So cease your regret. Be patient now. For even the Disposer himself cannot o'erstep Destiny." When Niśchayadatta heard this speech from the ape he flung aside that delusion of grief and, abandoning passion, fled to Śiva as his refuge. Then, as he was remaining in that wood with his friend the ape, it happened that a female hermit of the name of Mokshadā came near him. She, seeing him bowing before her, proceeded to ask him: "How comes this strange thing to pass that, though a man, you have struck up a friendship with this ape?"

Then he related to her his own melancholy story, and afterwards the sad tale of his friend, and thereupon thus said to her: "If you, reverend lady, know any incantation or spell by which it can be done, immediately release this excellent Brāhman, my friend, from his ape-transformation." When she heard that, she consented, and employing a spell, she loosed the string from his neck, and Somasvāmin abandoned that monkey form and became a man as before. Then she disappeared like lightning, clothed with celestial brightness, and in time Niśchayadatta and the Brāhman Somasvāmin, having performed many austerities, attained final beatitude.

[M] "Thus fair ones, naturally fickle, bring about a series of evil actions which produce true discernment, and aversion to the world. But here and there you will find a virtuous one among them, who adorns a glorious family, as the streak of the moon the broad sky."

When Naravāhanadatta, accompanied by Ratnaprabhā, heard this wonderful tale from the mouth of Gomukha, he was highly pleased.

NOTE 1.—THE MAGIC CIRCLE

Some idea of the religious significance attached to the circle has already been given in my note on *deisul*, or the circumambulation of sacred shrines, mountains, etc. (Vol. I, pp. 190-193), while its uses in magical practices were briefly mentioned in Vol. II, pp. 98-100*n*.

I shall, therefore, confine myself here to describing some of the more uncommon uses to which it is put.

In the Panjāb, about 1885, there was a severe attack of cattle disease. The Government took what steps it could to mitigate the calamity, and the disease soon disappeared. When, however, some time later the District Officer was in the locality it was explained that the natives could do nothing till the veterinary surgeons had left. Then they procured the services of a holy man, who drew a line on the ground right round the herd. He got on horseback and rode round the circle, sprinkling water and repeating *mantras*. It was *this* that had cured the cattle! See *Panjab Notes and Queries*, vol. ii, 1885, p. 148. In the note given on this page by the editor, the reference to "vol. xii, p. 36," of the *Ind. Ant.* should read, "vol. xi, pp. 35-36."

Mention should also be made of the *kār*, the charmed circle of Hindu astrologers. There appears to be some doubt as to the etymology of this Panjabi word. In the *Ind. Ant.*, vol. xi, 1882, pp. 35-36, Sir Richard Temple would derive it from the Sanskrit *kārā*, "a prison." The root *kaṭ* means "to surround," whence *kaṭaka*, "a zone"; Hindi, *kaṛā* and *kaṛī*, "ring," "bracelet"; thus the word may be of Prakrit origin. In *Panjab Notes and Queries*, vol. ii, 1885 (No. 758, p. 136), however, it was suggested that *kār* should be connected with *karsha*, "a scratch," "furrow," "trench," from the root *kṛish*, "to draw."

The term *kār* is frequently employed to invoke protection (in much the same way as the Roman Catholic crosses himself when apprehensive of danger), and is in everyday use. It constantly occurs in charms and *mantras*. We also find it in the *Ānanda-rāmāyaṇa* ("Sāra-Kāṇḍa," Sarga 7, verse 98 *et seq.*), a mediæval composition, where Lakshmaṇa draws a protective circle round Sītā with the tip of his bow.

Then there is the *maṇḍalī*, or debtor's circle, to be considered. It has been described by several early travellers in the East. See, for instance, *Marco Polo*, Book III, chap. xvii (Yule, vol. ii, p. 343), and note 14 on p. 350; G. P. Badger, *Travels of Ludovico di Varthema*, Hakluyt Society, 1863, p. 147; Hamilton, *Journey through Mysore, Canara and Malabar*, 1807, vol. i, 318; Père Bouchet, *Lettres Édificantes*, vol. xiv, p. 370; R. H. Major, *India in the Fifteenth Century*, Hakluyt Society, 1858, p. 14.

Quotations from one or two of the above will make the use of the debtor's circle quite clear.

Varthema (*op. cit.*, p. 147) says: "And when anyone ought to receive money from another merchant, there appearing any writing of the scribes of the king (who has at least a hundred of them), they observe this practice:

Let us suppose the case that someone has to pay me twenty-five ducats, and the debtor promises me to pay them many times, and does not pay them; I, not being willing to wait any longer, nor to give him any indulgence, shall take a green branch in my hand, shall go softly behind the debtor, and with the said hand shall draw a circle on the ground surrounding him, and if I can enclose him in the circle, I shall say to him these words three times: 'Bramini raza pertha polle'—that is, 'I command you, by the head of the Brahmins and of the king, that you do not depart hence until you have paid me and satisfied me as much as I ought to have from thee.' And he will satisfy me, or truly he will die there without any other guard. And should he quit the said circle and not pay me, the king would put him to death."

The following account is given by Marco Polo (*op. cit.*, vol. ii, p. 343):—"They have the following rule about debts. If a debtor shall have been several times asked by his creditor for payment, and shall have put him off from day to day with promises, then if the creditor can once meet the debtor and succeed in drawing a circle round him, the latter must not pass out of this circle until he shall have satisfied the claim, or given security for its discharge. If he in any other case presume to pass the circle he is punished with death as a transgressor against right and justice. And the said Messer Marco, when in this kingdom on his return home, did witness a case of this. It was the King, who owed a foreign merchant a certain sum of money, and though the claim had often been presented, he always put it off with promises. Now one day the merchant found his opportunity, and drew a circle round both the King and his horse. The King, on seeing this, halted, and would ride no farther; nor did he stir from the spot until the merchant was satisfied. And when the bystanders saw this they marvelled greatly, saying that the King was a most just King indeed, having thus submitted to justice."

These customs explain the gambler's ring mentioned in the second act of the *Mṛichchhakaṭika*, or *Clay Cart*, where a shampooer having got into debt is vainly called upon to pay. As a last resource the other draws a circle round him, saying triumphantly: "There, now you're bound by the gambler's ring." The shampooer replies: "What! Bound by the gambler's ring? Confound it! There is a limit which we gamblers can't pass."

Although a protective circle is usually made on the ground, this is not always the case. Thus among the negroes of Jamaica a circle in chalk marked on the door of the house acts as a protective charm to those within, and no *duppy* can enter. A *duppy* is a very curious kind of spirit with supernatural powers, and is said to be formed from a cloud of smoke which arises from the grave of a person who has been dead for three days (*Folk-Lore*, vol. xv, 1904, pp. 90 and 207).

The circle is also used for practical purposes by means of homœopathic magic. Thus in his *Magie et Religion dans l'Afrique du Nord* (Algiers, 1908, p. 244 *et seq.*) E. Doutté describes how, in order to bring back a runaway slave, an Arab of North Africa will trace a magic circle on the ground, stick a nail in the middle of it, and attach a beetle by a thread to the nail, taking care that the sex of the beetle is that of the fugitive. As the beetle crawls round and round it will coil the thread about the nail, thus shortening its tether and drawing nearer to the centre at every circuit. So by virtue of homœopathic magic the runaway slave will be drawn back to his master.

This is quoted by Frazer, *Golden Bough*, vol. i, p. 152 *et seq.*

In conclusion I would again (see Vol. II, p. 99) refer readers to Crawley's article in Hastings' *Ency. Rel. Eth.*, where so many useful references are given. To those given by A. E. Waite I would add his *The Book of Black Magic*, London, 1898, where numerous rites of conjuration are given.—N.M.P.

NOTE 2.—THE "MAGICAL CONFLICT" *MOTIF*

The "Magical Conflict" or "Transformation Combat" *motif* dates from very early times, and in an ancient Egyptian tale, "The Veritable History of Satni-Khamoîs" (Maspero, *Popular Stories of Ancient Egypt*, p. 166 *et seq.*), we find a long series of amazing transformations closely resembling those occurring in subsequent collections.

In most examples of the *motif* there are two distinct transformation incidents. Firstly, someone is turned—or learns how to turn himself—into some kind of animal, and as such is sold to the highest bidder. The seller, usually the man's father, must on no account sell the halter or string round the animal's neck. It is a kind of "External Soul" and its surrender condemns the man to remain in his animal shape. And secondly, events lead to a "Magical Conflict" either between the hero and a magician (in many tales his former teacher), or the hero's rescuer and the magician.

It will be seen that in our present text the string turned Bhavaśarman into an ox which it was necessary to remove before he could recover his pristine shape. The conflict is only very short, but in most versions becomes long and complicated. In several cases one of the combatants takes the form of a pomegranate, a heap of grain, or a rose, and in each case the object becomes divided into a large number of separate parts, and it is not until each seed, stone, grain, leaf, or whatever it is, has been devoured by the adversary (usually in the form of a cock at this stage of the proceedings) that the other can be destroyed.

One good example of this will suffice. I choose "The Second Kalendar's Tale" from the *Nights* (Burton, vol. i, pp. 134-135):

". . . whereupon he changed to the form of a lion, and said, 'O traitress, how is it thou hast broken the oath we sware that neither should contraire other!' 'O accursed one,' answered she, 'how could there be a compact between me and the like of thee?' Then said he, 'Take what thou hast brought on thyself'; and the lion opened his jaws and rushed upon her; but she was too quick for him; and, plucking a hair from her head, waved it in the air muttering over it the while; and the hair straightway became a trenchant sword-blade, wherewith she smote the lion and cut him in twain. Then the two halves flew away in air and the head changed to a scorpion and the Princess became a huge serpent and set upon the accursed scorpion, and the two fought, coiling and uncoiling, a stiff fight for an hour at least.

Then the scorpion changed to a vulture, and the serpent became an eagle which set upon the vulture, and hunted him for an hour's time, till he became a black tom-cat, which miauled and grinned and spat. Thereupon the eagle changed into a piebald wolf, and these two battled in the palace for a long time, when the cat, seeing himself overcome, changed into a worm and crept into a huge red pomegranate, which lay beside the jetting fountain in the midst of the palace hall. Whereupon the pomegranate swelled to the size of a water-melon in air; and, falling upon the marble pavement of the palace, broke to pieces, and all the grains fell out and were scattered about till they covered the whole floor. Then the wolf shook himself and became a snow-white cock, which fell to picking up the grains, purposing not to leave one; but by doom of destiny one seed rolled to the fountain-edge and there lay hid. The cock fell to crowing and clapping his wings and signing to us with his beak as if to ask, 'Are any grains left?' But we understood not what he meant, and he cried to us with so loud a cry that we thought the palace would fall upon us. Then he ran over all the floor till he saw the grain which had rolled to the fountain-edge, and rushed eagerly to pick it up, when behold, it sprang into the midst of the water and became a fish and dived to the bottom of the basin. Thereupon the cock changed to a big fish and plunged in after the other, and the two disappeared for a while, and lo! we heard loud shrieks and cries of pain which made us tremble. After this the Ifrit rose out of the water, and he was as a burning flame; casting fire and smoke from his mouth and eyes and nostrils. And immediately the Princess likewise came forth from the basin and she was one live coal of flaming lowe; and these two, she and he, battled for the space of an hour, until their fires entirely compassed them about and their thick smoke filled the palace."

After a final terrific struggle the Ifrit is killed, but his adversary succumbs to her wounds.

The motif has been discussed by several writers. See, for instance, Hartland, *Legend of Perseus*, vol. ii, pp. 56, 57; Crooke, "Some Notes on Homeric Folk-Lore," *Folk-Lore*, vol. xix, 1908, p. 167; Clouston, *Popular Tales and Fictions*, vol. i, p. 413 *et seq.*; W. R. Halliday, "The Force of Initiative in Magical Conflict," *Folk-Lore*, vol. xxi, 1910, p. 147 *et seq.*; Keightley, *Tales and Popular Fictions*, 1834, p. 123; Macculloch, *Childhood of Fiction*, pp. 164-166; Chauvin, *op. cit.*, v, p. 199; viii, p. 149; Bolte, *op. cit.*, vol. ii, p. 60 *et seq.*; and Cosquin, "Les Mongols et leur Prétendu Rôle dans la Transmission des contes Indiens vers L'Occident Européen," *Études Folkloriques*, pp. 497-612.

The following references will show how widely diffused is the *motif* under consideration, both in Europe and the East:—

N. Sāstrī, *Dravidian Nights*, pp. 8-18; Oesterley, *Baitāl Pachīsī*, 174-175; Swynnerton, *Indian Nights' Entertainments*, No. 57; Jülg, *Die Märchen des Siddhi-Kür*, p. 51 *et seq.*; Gibb, *The History of the Forty Vezirs*, pp. 253-256; Busk, *Sagas from the Far East*, p. 4; Spitta-Bey, *Contes Arabes Modernes*, pp. 1-11; A. Dozon, *Contes Albanais*, 1881, p. 135; Hahn, *Griechische und Albanesische Märchen*, 1864, No. 68; Mijatovic, *Serbian Folk-Lore*, 1874, p. 211 *et seq.*; Wardrop, *Georgian Folk-Tales*, p. 1; Ralston, *Russian Folk-Tales*,

p. 229; A. and W. Schott, *Wallachian Stories*, No. 18, p. 198; Straparola, *The Nights*, trans. Waters, vol. ii, p. 109; Lady Charlotte Guest, "The Mabinogion," from the Welsh of *Llyfr Cock O Hergest* (*The Red Book of Hergest*), 1877, pp. 471-473; Campbell, *Tales of the West Highlands*, vol. ii, p. 423; Thorpe, *Yule-tide Stories*, 1853, p. 364; Dasent, *Popular Tales from the Norse*, 1859, pp. 335-339; Grundtvig, *Dänische Volksmärchen*, 1878-1879, vol. i, p. 248; Petitôt, *Traditions Indiennes du Canada Nord-Ouest*, 1886, p. 223.—N.M.P.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THEN Marubhūti, perceiving that Naravāhanadatta [M] was pleased with the tale of Gomukha, in order to rival him, said: "Women are generally fickle, but not always, for even courtesans are seen to be rich in good qualities, much more others. In proof of this, King, hear this famous tale.

52. *Story of King Vikramāditya and the Courtesan*

There was in Pāṭaliputra a king named Vikramāditya; he had two cherished friends, the King Hayapati,[1] and the King Gajapati,[2] who had large armies of horses and elephants. And that proud sovereign had a mighty enemy named Narasinha,[3] the lord of Pratishṭhāna, a king who had a large force of infantry. Being angry with that enemy, and puffed up on account of the power of his allies, Vikramāditya rashly made this vow: "I will so completely conquer that king, the lord of men, that the heralds and bards shall proclaim him at the door as my slave." Having made this vow, he summoned those allies, Hayapati and Gajapati, and, accompanied with a large force, shaking the earth with elephants and horses, marched with them to make a fierce attack on the lord of men, Narasinha.

When he arrived near Pratishṭhāna, Narasinha, the lord of men, put on his armour and went out to meet him. Then there took place between the two kings a battle that excited wonder, in which footmen fought with elephants and horses. And at last the army of Vikramāditya was routed by the forces of Narasinha, the lord of men, which contained many scores of footmen. And Vikramāditya, being routed, fled to his city Pāṭaliputra, and his two allies fled to their own countries. And Narasinha, the lord of men, entered his own city Pratishṭhāna, accompanied by heralds who praised his might.

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[1] *I.e.* lord of horses.

[2] *I.e.* lord of elephants.

[3] *I.e.* man-lion.

Then Vikramāditya, not having gained his end, thought: "Well, as that enemy is not to be conquered by arms, I will conquer him by policy; let some blame me if they like, but let not my oath be made void." Thus reflecting, he entrusted his kingdom to suitable ministers, and secretly went out of the city with one chief minister, named Buddhivara, and with five hundred well-born and brave Rājpūts, and in the disguise of a candidate for service[1] went to Pratishṭhāna, the city of his enemy. There he entered the splendid mansion[2] of a beautiful courtesan named Madanamālā, that resembled the palace of a king. It seemed to invite him with the silk of its banners, hoisted on the pinnacles of high ramparts, the points of which waved to and fro in the soft breeze.

It was guarded at the principal entrance, the east door, day and night, by twenty thousand footmen, equipped with all kinds of weapons. At each of the other three doors, looking towards the other cardinal points, it was defended by ten thousand warriors ever on the *qui vive*. In such guise the king entered, proclaimed by the warders, the

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[1] *Kārpaṭika*: for the use of this word see Chapters XXIV, LXIII and LXXXI of this work.

[2] As we have already seen (Vol. I, pp. 233, 234, 249), Indian prostitutes often acquired great power and wealth, and were at certain periods held in high esteem. Many are the temples that have been enriched by their gifts, and the stone inscriptions that have been raised to their memory. See, for instance, *Bombay Gazetteer*, vol. i, Part II, 1896, pp. 372, 394; also L. D. Barnett, *Epigraphia Indica*, vol. xv, p. 81, where many references are given.

Madanamālā was obviously a *gaṇikā*, the highest class of courtesan, corresponding to the Hetæræ of the Greeks (see Athenæus, Book XIII). In fiction they hold an important place, and are often represented as highly intellectual, generous, and of noble character. *Cf.*, for instance, the character of Vasantasenā in the *Mṛichchhakaṭika*; Vasantatilakā, a great friend of Princess Ratnamanjarī in the *Kathākoça*, p. 151; the maternal Kuberasenā in the *Pariśishṭaparvan*, ii, 225 *et seq.*; and the prostitute in the *Prabandha-cintāmaṇi* who was "a storehouse of intellect," and for whom the king considered "a kingdom would be too small a present." In the same collection we read (p. 116) of Cāulādevī, who is described as "a famous vessel of beauty and merit, excelling even matrons of good family." See further Bloomfield, "The Character and Adventures of Mūladeva," *Proc. Amer. Phil. Soc.*, vol. lii, 1913, pp. 630, 631.—N.M.P.

The Wealthy Courtesan

enclosure of the palace, which, was divided into seven zones. In one zone it was adorned with many long lines of horses. In another the path was impeded by dense troops of elephants. In another it was surrounded with an imposing array of dense weapons. In another it was resplendent with many treasure-houses, that gleamed with the flash of jewels. In another a circle was always formed by a dense crowd of attendants. In another it was full of the noise of many bards reciting aloud, and in another resounding with the sound of drums beaten in concert. Beholding all these sights, the king at last reached, with his retinue, the splendid edifice in which Madanamālā dwelt.

She having heard with great interest from her attendants that, as he passed through the zones, the horses and other creatures were cured of their wounds,[1] thought that he must be some great one in disguise, and so she went to meet him, and bowed before him with love and curiosity, and bringing him in, seated him on a throne fit for a king. The king's heart was ravished by her beauty, gracefulness and courtesy, and he saluted her without revealing who he was.

Then Madanamālā honoured that king with costly baths, flowers, perfumes, garments and ornaments. And she gave daily subsistence to those followers of his, and feasted him and his minister with all kinds of viands. And she spent the day with him in drinking and other diversions, and surrendered herself to him, having fallen in love with him at first sight. Vikramāditya, being thus entertained by her, day by day, continued, though in disguise, to live in a style suited to an emperor. And whatever and howmuchsoever wealth he was in the habit of giving to suppliants, Madanamālā gladly furnished him with from her own store. And she thought her body and wealth well employed while enjoyed by him, and she remained averse to gain and to other men. For out of love to him she even kept off, by stratagems, Narasinha, the king of that land, who came there, being enamoured of her.

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[1] I follow *sākūtam,* the reading of the MS. in the Sanskrit College. So the wounds of Sir Urre of Hungary were healed, as soon as they were handled by the valiant Sir Launcelot (*La Mort d'Arthure,* vol. iii, p. 270).——*Cf.* also *Odyssey,* xix, 457, and see Crooke, "Some Notes on Homeric Folk-Lore," *Folk-Lore,* vol. xix, 1908, p. 73. The B. text was faulty in this passage and Tawney made the best of it by following the MS. in the Sanskrit College, but, as Speyer (*op. cit.*, p. 112) points out, the animal cures in the text seem quite out of place here, and the king was never represented as possessing any supernatural powers. The D. text shows that B.'s *nirvraṇita* is a misread *nirvarṇita.* Thus the amended translation would be: "She having heard from her attendants that, as he passed through the zones, he contemplated with interest the horses and other animals."—N.M.P.

While the king was being waited on in this fashion by Madanamālā he one day said in secret to his minister Buddhivara, who accompanied him: "A courtesan desires wealth, and not even if she feels love does she become attached without it, for when Providence framed suitors he bestowed greed on these women. But this Madanamālā, though her wealth is being consumed by me, through her great love is not estranged from me; on the contrary, she delights in me. So how can I now make her a recompense, in order that my vow may in course of time be fully accomplished?" When the minister Buddhivara heard this, he said to the king: "If this be so, give her some of those priceless jewels which the mendicant Prapanchabuddhi gave you." When the king heard that, he answered him: "If I were to give them all to her I should not have made her a recompense worth speaking of; but I can free myself from obligation in another way, which is connected also with the story of that mendicant." When the minister heard this, he said: "King, why did that mendicant court you? Tell me his story." When his minister Buddhivara preferred this request, the king said: "Listen; I will tell you his story.

52A. *King Vikramāditya and the Treacherous Mendicant*

Long ago a mendicant named Prapanchabuddhi used to enter my hall of audience in Pāṭaliputra every day and give me a box. For a whole year I gave these boxes, just as they were, unopened, into the hand of my treasurer. One day one of these boxes presented by the mendicant by chance fell from my hand on to the ground and burst open. And a great jewel fell out of it, glittering like fire, and it appeared as if it were the mendicant's heart, which I had not discerned before, revealed by him. When I saw that, I took it, and I had those other boxes brought which he had presented to me, and opened them, and took a jewel out of every one of them. Then in astonishment I asked Prapanchabuddhi: "Why do you court me with such splendid jewels?" Then the mendicant took me aside and said to me: "On the fourteenth day of the black fortnight now approaching I have to perform a certain incantation at nightfall, in a cemetery outside this town. I desire you, my hero, to come and take part in that enterprise, for success is easily obtained when the obstacles to it are swept away by the aid of a hero."

When the mendicant said this to me I agreed. So he went off delighted, and in a few days the fourteenth night of the black fortnight came and I remembered the speech of that ascetic.[1] Then I performed my daily observances and waited for the night, and after I had recited the evening prayer it happened that I rapidly fell asleep. Then the adorable Hari, who is compassionate to his votaries, appeared to me in a dream, mounted on Garuḍa, with his breast marked with a lotus, and thus commended me: "My son, this Prapanchabuddhi[2] is rightly named, for he will inveigle you into the cemetery to take part in the incantation of the circle[3] and will offer you up as a victim. So do not do what he tells you to do with the object of slaying you, but say to him: 'You do it first, and when I have learned the way I will do it.' Then, as he is showing you the way, take advantage of the opportunity and slay him immediately, and you will acquire the power that he desires to obtain."

When Vishṇu had said this he disappeared, and I woke up and thought: "By the favour of Hari I have detected that magician, and this day I must slay him." Having thus reflected, when the first watch of the night was gone, I went, sword in hand, alone to that cemetery. There I beheld that mendicant, who had performed the ceremony of the circle incantation, and when the treacherous fellow saw me he welcomed me, and said: "King, close your eyes and fall at full length on the ground with your face downwards, and in this way both of us will attain our ends." Then I answered him: "Do it yourself first. Show me how to do it, and after I have learned I will do precisely as you do."[1] When the mendicant heard that, like a fool he fell on the earth, and I cut off his head with a stroke of my sword.

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[1] Here the word *Śramaṇa* is used, which generally means "Buddhist ascetic."

[2] *I.e.* deceitful-minded.

[3] *Cf.* the story of Phalabhūti in the twentieth Taranga. I may here mention that Liebrecht points out a striking parallel to the story of Fulgentius (with which I have compared that of Phalabhūti) in the *Nugæ Curialium* of Gualterus Mapes (*Zur Volkskunde*, p. 38).

Then a voice was heard from the air: "Bravo, King! By offering up to-day this rascally mendicant thou hast obtained the power of going through the air, which he wished to obtain. I, the God of Wealth, that move about at will, am pleased with thy courage. So ask me for another boon, whatever thou mayest desire." After saying this he manifested himself, and I, bowing before him, said: "When I shall supplicate thee, adorable one, thou shalt appear on my thinking of thee, and grant me a suitable boon." The God of Wealth said: "So be it," and disappeared. And having obtained magic power, I went back quickly to my own palace.

52. *Story of King Vikramāditya and the Courtesan*

"Thus I have told you my adventure, so by means of that boon of Kuvera I must now recompense Madanamālā. So you must now go back to Pāṭaliputra, taking with you my disguised Rājpūt retinue, and I, as soon as I have in a novel way recompensed my beloved, will immediately go there, with the intention of returning here."

Having said this, and having performed his daily duties, the king dismissed his minister with his retinue. He said, "So be it," and departed; and the king spent that night with Madanamālā, anxious about his approaching separation. She too, embracing him frequently, because her heart seemed to tell her that he was going to a distance, did not sleep all that night.

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[1] Cf. *Sicilianische Märchen*, vol. ii, p. 46, where the giant treacherously lets fall his gauntlet, and asks his adversary to pick it up. His adversary, the hero of the story, tells him to pick it up himself, and when the giant bends down for the purpose, cuts off his head with one blow of his sword. ——*Cf.* the incident of the Ḍomba in the story of the cunning Siddhikarī, Vol. I, p. 157; and see Bloomfield, "On False Ascetics and Nuns," *Journ. Amer. Orient. Soc.*, vol. xliv, No. 3, p. 215.—N.M.P.

In the morning the king, having performed all his necessary duties, entered a chapel for the daily worship of the gods, on the pretence of repeating prayers. And there the God of Wealth appeared before him on his thinking of him, and bowing before him the king craved that boon formerly promised, in the following words: "O god, give me here to-day, in accordance with that boon which you promised me, five great indestructible golden figures of men,[1] such that, though their limbs may be continually cut off for any desired use, those limbs will grow again, exactly as before." The God of Wealth said: "Even so; be there unto thee five such figures as thou desirest!" Having said this, he immediately disappeared. And the king immediately beheld those five great golden figures of men suddenly standing in the chapel; then he went out delighted, and, not forgetting his promise, he flew up into the air and went to his city of Pāṭaliputra. There he was welcomed by his ministers and the citizens and his wives, and he remained engaged in his kingly duties, while his heart was far away in Pratishṭhāna.

In the meanwhile, in Pratishṭhāna, that beloved of his entered that chapel to see her love, who had entered it long before. And when she entered she did not perceive that beloved king anywhere, but she beheld five gigantic golden figures of men. When she saw them, and did not find him, she reflected in her grief: "Surely that love of mine was some Vidyādhara or Gandharva, who bestowed upon me these men and flew away up to heaven. So what am I to do with these figures, which are all a mere burden, now that I am deprived of him?" Thus reflecting, she asked her servants over and over again for news of him, and went out and roamed about her domain. And she found no satisfaction anywhere, either in the palaces, the gardens, the chambers or other places; but she kept lamenting, grieved at being separated from her lover, ready to abandon the body.

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[1] See the note on automata on pp. 56-59 of this volume, and Cosquin, *Études Folkloriques*, p. 609.—N.M.P.

Her attendants tried to comfort her, saying: "Do not despair, mistress, for he is some god roaming about at will, and when he pleases he will return to you, fair one." With such hope-inspiring words did they at length so far console her that she made this vow: "If in six months he does not grant me to behold him I will give away all my property and enter the fire." With this promise she fortified herself, and remained every day giving alms, thinking on that beloved of hers. And one day she cut off both the arms of one of those golden men and gave them to the Brāhmans, being intent on charity only. And the next day she perceived with astonishment that both arms had grown again, exactly as they were before. Then she proceeded to cut off the arms of the others, to give them away; and the arms of all of them grew again as they were before. Then she saw that they were indestructible, and every day she cut off the arms of the figures and gave them to studious Brāhmans, according to the number of Vedas they had read.

The Indestructible Figures

And in a few days a Brāhman, named Sangrāmadatta, having heard the fame of her bounty, which was spread abroad in every direction, came from Pāṭaliputra. He, being poor, but acquainted with four Vedas, and endowed with virtues, entered into her presence desiring a gift, being announced by the doorkeepers. She gave him as many arms of the golden figures as he knew Vedas, after bowing before him with limbs emaciated with her vow and pale with separation from her beloved. Then the Brāhman, having heard from her sorrow-stricken attendants the whole of her story, ending in that very terrible vow, was delighted, but at the same time despondent, and loading two camels with those golden arms went to his native city, Pāṭaliputra.

Then that Brāhman, thinking that his gold would not be safe there unless guarded by the king, entered the king's presence and said to him, while he was sitting in the hall of judgment: "Here I am, O great King, a Brāhman who am an inhabitant of thy town. I, being poor, and desiring wealth, went to the southern clime, and arrived at a city named Pratishṭhāna, belonging to King Narasinha. There, being desirous of a donation, I went to the house of Madanamālā, a courtesan of distinguished fame. For with her there lived long some divine being, who departed somewhere or other, after giving her five indestructible figures of men. Then the high-spirited woman became afflicted at his departure, and considering life to be poison-agony, and the body, that fruitless accumulation of delusion, to be merely a punishment for thieving, lost her patience, and being with difficulty consoled by her attendants, made this vow: 'If in the space of six months he does not visit me, I must enter the fire, my soul being smitten by adversity.'

"Having made this vow, she, being resolved on death, and desiring to perform good actions, gives away every day very large gifts. And I beheld her, King, with tottering feet, conspicuous for the beauty of her person, though it was thin from fasting; with hand moistened with the water of giving, surrounded with maids like clustering bees, sorely afflicted, looking like the incarnation of the *mast* condition of the elephant of love.[1] And I think that lover who deserts her, and causes by his absence that fair one to abandon the body, deserves blame, indeed deserves death. She to-day gave to me, who know the four Vedas, four golden arms of human figures, according to right usage, proportioning her gift to the number of my Vedas. So I wish to purify my house with sacrifice and to follow a life of religion here; therefore let the king grant me protection."

The King Vikramāditya, hearing these tidings of his beloved from the mouth of the Brāhman, had his mind suddenly turned towards her. And he commanded his doorkeeper to do what the Brāhman wished, and thinking how constant was the affection of his mistress, who valued her life as stubble. and in his impatience supposing that she would be able to assist him in accomplishing his vow, and remembering that the time fixed for her abandoning the body had almost arrived, he quickly committed his kingdom to the care of his ministers, and flying through the air reached Pratishṭhāna, and entered the house of his beloved. There he beheld his beloved, with raiment pellucid like the moonlight, having given her wealth away to Paṇḍits,[1] attenuated like a digit of the moon at the time of its change.

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[1] Here there is an elaborate pun: *kara* means "hand" and also "proboscis"; *dāna*, "giving" and "the chor that exudes from the temples of a *mast* elephant." "Surrounded with clustering bees" may also mean, "surrounded with handmaids whose consolations worried her."

Madanamālā, for her part, on beholding him arrived unexpectedly, the quintessence of nectar to her eyes, was for a moment like one amazed. Then she embraced him, and threw round his neck the noose of her arms, as if fearing that he would escape again. And she said to him with a voice the accents of which were choked with tears: "Cruel one, why did you depart and forsake my innocent self?"

The king said: "Come, I will tell you in private," and went inside with her, welcomed by her attendants. There he revealed to her who he was, and described his circumstances, how he came there to conquer King Narasinha by an artifice, and how, after slaying Prapanchabuddhi, he acquired the power of flying through the air, and how he was enabled to reward her by a boon that he obtained from the Lord of Wealth, and how, hearing tidings of her from a Brāhman, he had returned there.

Having told the whole story, beginning with the subject of his vow, he again said to her: "So, my beloved, that King Narasinha, being very mighty, is not to be conquered by armies, and he contended with me in single combat, but I did not slay him, for I possess the power of flying in the air, and he can only go on the earth; for who that is a true Kshatriya would desire to conquer in an unfair combat? The object of my vow is, that that king may be announced by the heralds as waiting at the door; do you assist me in that."

When the courtesan heard this she said: "I am honoured by your request." And summoning her heralds she said to them: "When the King Narasinha shall come to my house, you must stand near the door with attentive eyes, and while he is entering you must say again and again: 'King, Prince Narasinha is loyal and devoted to thee.' And when he looks up and asks: 'Who is here?' you must immediately say to him: 'Vikramāditya is here.'" After giving them these orders she dismissed them, and then she said to the female warder: "You must not prevent King Narasinha from entering here."

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[1] The word *vibudha* also means "gods"—and the gods feed on the moon.

After issuing these orders Madanamālā remained in a state of supreme felicity, having regained the lord of her life, and gave away her wealth fearlessly.

The Object of King Vikramāditya's Vow is realised

Then King Narasinha, having heard of that profuse liberality of hers, which was due to her possession of the golden figures, though he had given her up, came to visit her house. And while he entered, not being forbidden by the warder, all the heralds shouted in a loud voice, beginning at the outer door: "King, Prince Narasinha is submissive and devoted." When that sovereign heard that, he was angry and alarmed, and when he asked who was there, and found out that King Vikramāditya was there, he waited a moment and went through the following reflections: "So this king has forced his way into my kingdom and carried out the vow he made long ago, that I should be announced at his door. In truth this king is a man of might, since he has thus beaten me to-day. And I must not slay him by force, since he has come alone to a house in my dominions. So I had better enter now." Having thus reflected, King Narasinha entered, announced by all the heralds. And King Vikramāditya, on beholding him enter with a smile on his face, rose up also with smiling countenance and embraced him. Then those two kings sat down and inquired after one another's welfare, while Madanamālā stood by their side.

And in the course of conversation Narasinha asked Vikramāditya where he had obtained those golden figures. Then Vikramāditya told him the whole of that strange adventure of his, how he had slain the base ascetic and acquired the power of flying through the air, and how, by virtue of the boon of the God of Wealth, he had obtained five indestructible gigantic golden figures. Then King

Narasinha chose that king for his friend, discovering that he was of great might, that he possessed the power of flying, and that he had a good heart. And having made him his friend, he welcomed him with the prescribed rites of hospitality, and taking him to his own palace, he entertained him with all the attentions paid to himself. And King Vikramāditya, after having been thus honoured, was dismissed by him and returned to the house of Madanamālā.

Then Vikramāditya, having accomplished his difficult vow by his courage and intelligence, determined to go to his own city. And Madanamālā, being unable to remain separated from him, was eager to accompany him, and with the intention of abandoning her native land she bestowed her dwelling upon the Brāhmans. Then Vikramāditya, the moon of kings, went with her, whose mind was exclusively fixed on him, to his own city of Pāṭaliputra, followed by her elephants, horses and footmen. There he remained in happiness (accompanied by Madanamālā, who had abandoned her own country for his love), having formed an alliance with King Narasinha.

[M] "Thus, King, even courtesans are occasionally of noble character and as faithful to kings as their own wives, much more than matrons of high birth."

On hearing this noble tale from the mouth of Marubhūti, the King Naravāhanadatta and his new wife Ratnaprabhā, sprung from the glorious race of the Vidyādharas, were much delighted.

CHAPTER XXXIX

WHEN Marubhūti had told this story there, the [M] commander-in-chief, Hariśikha, said in the presence of Naravāhanadatta: "It is true, good women value nothing more than their husbands, and in proof of it listen now to this still more wonderful tale.

53. *Story of Śṛingabhuja and the Daughter of the Rākshasa*

There is a city on the earth named Vardhamāna, and in it there dwelt a king named Vīrabhuja, chief of righteous men. And though he had a hundred wives, one queen, of the name of Guṇavarā, was dearer to him than his life. And, in spite of his hundred wives, it happened, as Fate would have it, that not one of them bore him a son. So he asked a physician named Śrutavardhana: "Is there any medicine able to bring about the birth of a son?" When the physician heard that, he said: "King, I can prepare such a medicine,[1] but the king must procure for me a wild goat." When he heard this speech of the physician's, the king gave an order to the warder and had a goat brought for him from the forest. The physician handed over the goat to the king's cooks and with its flesh prepared a sovereign elixir for the queens.

The king went off to worship his god, after ordering the queens to assemble in one place. And ninety-nine of those queens did assemble in one place, but the Queen Guṇavarā alone was not present there, for she was at that time near the king, who was engaged in praying to his god. And when they had assembled the physician gave them the whole of the elixir to drink, mixed with powder, not perceiving the absence of Guṇavarā.

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[1] *Cf.* the *lichi* in the fifteenth of Miss Stokes's *Indian Fairy Tales*, and the *pāyasa* in the sixteenth Sarga of the *Rāmāyaṇa*. See also Gonzenbach, *Sicilianische Märchen*, p. 269, and Bernhard Schmidt's *Griechische Märchen*, pp. 104, 117, 120. The beginning of this tale belongs to Mr Baring-Gould's "Gold-child" root. Another parallel is to be found in Kaden's *Unter den Olivenbäumen*, p. 168. See also *Sagas from the Far East*, p. 268; Birlinger, *Aus Schwaben*, p. 105; and "Volsunga Saga" in Hagen's *Helden-Sagen*, vol. iii, pp. 8-9.——See Vol. II, p. $136n^1$, to which I would add Crooke, *op. cit.*, vol. i, pp. 227-228.—N.M.P.

Immediately the king returned with his beloved, having performed his devotions, and perceiving that that drug was completely finished, he said to the physician: "What! Did you not keep any for Guṇavarā? You have forgotten the principal object with which this was undertaken." After saying this to the abashed physician, the king said to the cooks: "Is there any of the flesh of that goat left?" The cooks said: "The horns only remain." Then the physician said: "Bravo! I can make an admirable elixir out of the centre of the horns." After saying this, the physician had an elixir prepared from the fleshy part of the horns, and gave it to Queen Guṇavarā mixed with powder.

Then the ninety-nine wives of the king became pregnant, and all in time brought forth sons. But the head Queen Guṇavarā conceived last of all, and afterwards gave birth to a son with more auspicious marks than the sons of all the others. And as he was sprung from the juice of the fleshy part of the horns, his father, the king, gave him the name of Śṛingabhuja, and rejoiced greatly at his birth. He grew up with those other brothers, and though in age he was the youngest of all, he was superior to all in good qualities. And in course of time that prince became like the God of Love in beauty, and like Arjuna in his skill in archery, and like Bhīma in strength. Accordingly the other queens, seeing that Queen Guṇavarā, now that she had this son, was more than ever dear to King Vīrabhuja, became jealous of her.

Then an evil-minded queen among them, named Ayaśolekhā, deliberated with all the others and entered into a conspiracy; and when the king came home one day she exhibited an assumed sadness in her face. The king asked her the reason, and she said, with apparent reluctance: "My husband, why do you endure patiently the disgrace of your house? You avert disgrace from others, why do you not avert it from yourself? You know the young superintendent of the women's apartments named Surakshita; your Queen

Guṇavarā is secretly devoted to him. Since no man but he can penetrate into the women's apartments, which are strictly watched by guards, she associates with him. And this is a well-known subject of gossip in the whole harem." When she said this to the king, he pondered and reflected, and went and asked the other queens one after another in private, and they were faithful to their treacherous plot, and told him the same story.

Then that wise king conquered his anger, and reflected: "This accusation against these two is improbable, and yet such is the gossip. So I must not without reflecting reveal the matter to anyone. but they must by an artifice be separated now, to enable me to see the termination of the whole matter."

Having determined on this, next day he summoned Surakshita, the superintendent of the women's apartments, into his judgment-hall and, with assumed anger, said to him: "I have learned, villain, that you have slain a Brāhman, so I cannot endure to see your face until you have made a pilgrimage to holy places." When he heard that, he was amazed, and began to murmur: "How can I have slain a Brāhman, my sovereign?" But the king went on to say: "Do not attempt to brazen it out, but go to Kashmir to wash away your sin (where are those holy fields, Vijayakshetra, and Nandikshetra the purifying, and the *kshetra*[1] of the boar), the land which was hallowed by Vishṇu, the bow-handed god, where the stream of the Ganges bears the name of Vitastā, where is the famous Maṇḍapakshetra, and where is Uttaramānasa; when your sin has been washed away by a pilgrimage to these holy places you shall behold my face again, but not till then."

With this speech the King Vīrabhuja dismissed the helpless Surakshita, sending him to a distance on the pretence of a pilgrimage to holy places. Then the king went into the presence of that Queen Guṇavarā, full of love and anger and sober reflection. Then she, seeing that his mind was troubled, asked him anxiously: "My husband, why are you seized to-day with a sudden fit of despondency?"

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[1] *Kshetra* here means "a holy field" or sacred spot.

When the king heard that, he gave her this feigned answer: "To-day, Queen, a great astrologer came to me and said: 'King, you must place the Queen Guṇavarā for some time in a dungeon, and you must yourself live a life of chastity, otherwise your kingdom will certainly be overthrown, and she will surely die.' Having said this, the astrologer departed; hence my present despondency." When the king said this, the Queen Guṇavarā, who was devoted to her husband, distracted with fear and love, said to him: "Why do you not cast me this very day into a dungeon, my husband? I am highly favoured if I can benefit you even at the sacrifice of my life. Let me die, but let not my lord have misfortune. For a husband is the chief refuge of wives in this world and in the next." Having heard this speech of hers, the king said to himself, with tears in his eyes: "I think there is no guilt in her, nor in that Surakshita, for I saw that the colour of his face did not change and he seemed without fear. Alas! nevertheless I must ascertain the truth of that rumour."

After reflecting thus, the king in his grief said to the queen: "Then it is best that a dungeon should be made here, Queen!" She replied: "Very good." So the king had a dungeon easy of access made in the women's apartments and placed the queen in it. And he comforted her son Śṛingabhuja (who was in despair and asked the reason) by telling him exactly what he told the queen. And she, for her part, thought the dungeon heaven, because it was all for the king's good. For good women have no pleasure of their own; to them their husbands' pleasure is pleasure.[1]

The Queen is disgraced

When this had been done, that other wife of the king's, named Ayaśolekhā, said of her own accord to her son, who was named Nirvāsabhuja: "So our enemy Guṇavarā has been thrown into a dungeon, and it would be a good thing if her son were banished from this country. So, my boy, devise a scheme with the help of your brothers by which Śṛingabhuja may be quickly banished from the country."

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[1] This part of the story reminds one of the "Clerk's Tale" in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales.*

Having been addressed in this language by his mother, the jealous Nirvāsabhuja told his other brothers and continued to ponder over a scheme.

The Rākshasa and the Golden Arrow

And one day, as the king's sons were practising with their weapons of war, they all saw an enormous crane in front of the palace. And while they were looking with astonishment at that misshapen bird a Buddhist mendicant, who possessed supernatural knowledge, came that way and said to them: "Princes, this is not a crane; it is a Rākshasa named Agniśikha, who wanders about in an assumed shape destroying towns. So pierce him with an arrow, that being smitten he may depart hence." When they heard this speech of the mendicant's the ninety-nine elder brothers shot their arrows, but not one struck the crane.

Then that naked mendicant again said to them: "This younger brother of yours, named Śṛingabhuja, is able to strike this crane, so let him take a bow suitable for the purpose."

When Nirvāsabhuja heard that, the treacherous one remembered the injunction of his mother, an opportunity for carrying out which had now arrived, and reflected: "This will be a means of getting Śṛingabhuja out of the country.[1] So let us give him the bow and arrow belonging to our father. If the crane is pierced and goes off with our father's golden arrow sticking in it, Śṛingabhuja will follow it, while we are searching for the arrow. And when he does not find, in spite of his search, that Rākshasa transformed into a crane, he will continue to roam about hither and thither; he will not come back without the arrow."

Thus reflecting, the treacherous one gave to Śṛingabhuja his father's bow with the arrow, in order that he might smite the crane. The mighty prince took it and drew it and pierced that crane with the golden arrow, the notch of which was made of a jewel. The crane, as soon as it was pierced, went off with the arrow sticking in its body, and flying away, departed with drops of blood falling from the wound.

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[1] See Ralston's *Russian Folk-Tales*, p. 80, where numerous parallels are adduced. *Cf.* also Gonzenbach's *Sicilianische Märchen*, vol. i, p. 199.

Then the treacherous Nirvāsabhuja, and the other brothers, instigated by his hints, said to the brave Śṛingabhuja: "Give us back the golden arrow that belongs to our father, otherwise we will abandon our bodies before your eyes. For unless we produce it our father will banish us from this country, and its fellow is not to be made or obtained." When Śṛingabhuja heard that, he said to those crafty ones: "Be of good cheer! Do not be afraid. Abandon your terror! I will go and slay that miserable Rākshasa and bring back the arrow." Having said this, Śṛingabhuja took his own bow and arrows and went in the same direction in which the Rākshasa had gone, quickly following up the track of the drops of blood that had fallen on the ground.

The other sons returned delighted to their mothers, and Śṛingabhuja, as he went on step by step, at last reached a distant forest. Seeking about in it, he found in the wood a great city, like the fruit of his own tree of merit fallen to him in due time for enjoyment. There he sat down at the root of a tree to rest, and as if in a moment beheld a maiden of wonderful beauty coming there, appearing to have been made by the Creator in some strange way of ambrosia and poison; since by her absence she deprived of life, and by her presence she bestowed it.

And when the maiden slowly approached him, and looked at him with an eye raining love, the prince fell in love with her, and said to her: "Gazelle-eyed one, what is the name of this city, and to whom does it belong? Who are you, and why have you come here? Tell me." Then the pearly-toothed maid turned her face sideways, and fixed her eyes on the ground, and spake to him with sweet and loving voice: "This city is Dhūmapura, the home of all felicity; in it lives a mighty Rākshasa, by name Agniśikha; know that I am his matchless daughter, Rūpaśikhā by name, who have come here with mind captivated by your unparalleled beauty. Now you must tell me who you are and why you have come here." When she said this, he told her who he was, and of what king he was the son, and how he had come to Dhūmapura for the sake of an arrow.

Then Rūpaśikhā, having heard the whole story, said: "There is no archer like you in the three worlds, since you pierced even my father with a great arrow when he was in the form of a crane. But I took that golden arrow for my own, by way of a plaything. But my father's wound was at once healed by the minister Mahādanshṭra, who excels all men in knowledge of potent drugs for curing wounds. So I will go to my father, and after I have explained the whole matter I will quickly introduce you into his presence, my husband. So I call you, for my heart is now fully set upon you."

Having said this, Rūpaśikhā left Śṛingabhuja there and immediately went into the presence of her father, Agniśikha, and said: "Father, there has come here a wonderful prince named Śṛingabhuja, matchless for gifts of beauty, birth, character and age. I feel certain that he is not a man; he is some portion of a god incarnate here below; so if he does not become my husband I will certainly abandon my life."

When she said this to him, her father, the Rākshasa, said to her: "My daughter, men are our appropriate food. Nevertheless, if your heart is set upon it, let it be so; bring your prince here and show him to me." When Rūpaśikhā heard that, she went to Śṛingabhuja, and after telling him what she had done she took him into the presence of her father. He prostrated himself, and Agniśikha, the father of the maiden, after saluting him courteously, said to him: "Prince, I will give you my daughter Rūpaśikhā if you never disobey my orders." When he said this, Śṛingabhuja, bending low, answered him: "Good! I will never disobey your orders." When Śṛingabhuja said this to him, Agniśikha was pleased, and answered: "Rise up! Go and bathe, and return here from the bathroom." After saying this to him, he said to his daughter: "Go and bring all your sisters here quickly." When Agniśikha had given these orders to Śṛingabhuja and Rūpaśikhā they both of them went out, after promising to obey them.

Then the wise Rūpaśikhā said to Śṛingabhuja: "My husband, I have a hundred sisters, who are princesses, and we are all exactly alike, with similar ornaments and dresses, and all of us have similar necklaces upon our necks. So our father will assemble[1] us in one place and, in order to bewilder you, will say: 'Choose your own love out of the midst of these.' For I know that such is his treacherous intention; otherwise why is he assembling all of us here? So when we are assembled I will put my necklace on my head instead of my neck; by that sign you will recognise me; then throw over my neck the garland of forest flowers. And this father of mine is somewhat silly; he has not a discerning intellect; besides, what is the use against me of those powers which he possesses by being a Rākshasa? So, whatever he says to entrap you, you must agree to, and must tell it to me, and I shall know well enough what further steps to take."

The Tasks

Having said this, Rūpaśikhā went to her sisters, and Sṛingabhuja, having agreed to what she said, went to bathe. Then Rūpaśikhā came with her sisters into the presence of her father, and Sṛingabhuja returned, after he had been washed by a female servant. Then Agniśikha gave a garland of forest flowers to Sṛingabhuja, saying: "Give this to that one of these ladies who is your own love." He took the garland and threw it round the neck of Rūpaśikhā,[2] who had previously placed the necklace on her head by way of token. Then Agniśikha said to Rūpaśikhā and Sṛingabhuja: "I will celebrate your marriage ceremony to-morrow morning."

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[1] The D. text reads *saṃghaṭayati* instead of *saṃghaṭṭayati*.—N.M.P.

[2] *Cf.* the story of "The Golden Lion" in Gonzenbach's *Sicilianische Märchen*, vol. ii, p. 76, where the lady places a white cloth round her waist. See Dr Köhler's note on the passage. *Cf.* also the hint which Messeria gives to her lover in "The Mermaid," Thorpe's *Yule-tide Stories*, p. 198, and the behaviour of Singorra on p. 214. See also "The Hasty Word," Ralston's *Russian Folk-Tales*, p. 368, and "The Water King and Vasilissa the Wise," p. 128; Veckenstedt's *Wendische Sagen*, pp. 256, 258; and Liebrecht's *Zur Volkskunde*, p. 408, and Wirt Sikes' *British Goblins*, p. 39. The washing of the hero by a *cheṭī* is quite Homeric (*Odyssey*, xix, 386). In a Welsh story (Professor Rhys, *Welsh Tales*, p. 8) a young man discovers his lady-love by the way in which her sandals are tied. There are only two to choose from, and he seems to have depended solely upon his own observation.—*Cf.* also the *Svayaṃvara* of Damayantī, where she has to resort to an "Act of Truth" in order to discover which of her numerous suitors is Nala. See p. 181 of this volume.—N.M.P.

Having said this, he dismissed those two lovers and his other daughters to their apartments, and in a short time he summoned Śṛingabhuja and said this to him: "Take this yoke of oxen and go outside this town and sow in the earth the hundred *khārīs*[1] of sesame-seed which are piled there in a heap."

When Śṛingabhuja heard that he was troubled, and he went and told it to Rūpaśikhā, and she answered him as follows: "My husband, you need not be in the least despondent about this; go there at once; I will easily perform this by my magic power." When he heard this, the prince went there and, seeing the sesame-seeds in a heap, despondently began to plough the land and sow them, but while he was beginning he saw the land ploughed and all the seeds sown in due course by the might of his lady-love's magic power, and he was much astonished.

So he went to Agniśikha and told him that this task was accomplished. Then that treacherous Rākshasa again said to him: "I do not want the seeds sown; go and pile them up again in a heap." When he heard that, he again went and told Rūpaśikhā. She sent him to that field, and created innumerable ants,[2] and by her magic power made them gather together the sesame-seeds. When Śṛingabhuja saw that, he went and told Agniśikha that the seeds had been piled up again in a heap.

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[1] A *khārī* = about three bushels.

[2] *Cf.* the way in which Psyche separated the seeds in *The Golden Ass of Apuleius*, Lib. VI, cap. x, and the tasks in Grimm's *Märchen*, Nos. 62, 186 and 193. A similar incident is found in a Danish tale, "Svend's Exploits," p. 353 of Thorpe's *Yule-tide Stories*. Before the king will allow Svend to marry the princess, he gives him a task exactly resembling the one in our text. He is told to separate seven barrels of wheat and seven barrels of rye which are lying in one heap. The ants do it for him because he had on a former occasion crumbled his bread for them. So in No. 83 of the *Sicilianische Märchen* the ants help Carnfedda because he once crumbled his bread for them. See also the story of the beautiful Cardia, in the same collection, p. 188. The hero has first to eat a cellarful of beans; this he accomplishes by means of the king of ravens, his brother-in-law. He next disposes of a multitude of corpses by means of another brother-in-law, the king of the wild beasts; he then stuffs a large number of mattresses with feathers by the help of a third brother-in-law, the king of the birds. See also Stokes' *Indian Fairy Tales*, tale xxii, and the note at the end of this chapter. The tasks are also found in the *Pentamerone* of Basile (Burton, vol. i, p. 196 *et seq.*; vol. ii, pp. 305 *et seq.* and 511 *et seq.*); in Gaal, *Märchen der Magyaren*, p. 182 (the title of the tale is "Die dankbaren Thiere": some grateful ants

Then the cunning but stupid Agniśikha said to him: "Only two *yojanas* from this place, in a southerly direction, there is an empty temple of Śiva in a wood. In it lives my dear brother Dhūmaśikha. Go there at once, and say this in front of the temple: 'Dhūmaśikha, I am sent by Agniśikha as a messenger to invite you and your retinue: come quickly, for to-morrow the ceremony of Rūpaśikhā's marriage is to take place.' Having said this, come back here to-day with speed, and to-morrow marry my daughter Rūpaśikhā." When Śṛingabhuja was thus addressed by the rascal he said, "So be it," and went and recounted the whole to Rūpaśikhā.

The good girl gave him some earth, some water, some thorns and some fire, and her own fleet horse, and said to him: "Mount this horse and go to that temple and quickly repeat that invitation to Dhūmaśikha as it was told to you, and then you must at once return on this horse at full gallop, and you must often turn your head and look round; and if you see Dhūmaśikha coming after you, you must throw this earth behind you in his way. If in spite of that Dhūmaśikha pursues you, you must in the same manner fling the water behind you in his path. If in spite of that he comes on, you must in like manner throw these thorns in his way. If in spite of them he pursues, throw this fire in his way;

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are found at p. 339); in Grössler's *Sagen aus der Grafschaft Mansfeld*, pp. 60, 61; in Waldau's *Böhmische Märchen*, pp. 18, 142, 262; and in Kuhn's *Westfälische Märchen*, vol. ii, p. 249, where frogs, ants and wasps help the hero.

——*Cf.* also Macculloch, *Childhood of Fiction*, pp. 17, 205, 240, 392; *Nights* (Burton, Supp., vol. v, p. 5); Crooke, "Some Notes on Homeric Folk-Lore," *Folk-Lore*, vol. xix, 1908, p. 158; Hartland, *Legend of Perseus*, vol. i, p. 49, and vol. iii, p. 102; Clouston, *Popular Tales and Fictions*, vol. i, p. 237 *et seq.*; Chauvin, *op. cit.*, vi, p. 200; Cosquin, *Contes Populaires de Lorraine*, vol. ii, p. 242; and Bolte, *op. cit.*, vol. ii, p. 19 *et seq.*, and vol. iii, pp. 338-339 and 406 *et seq.* *Cf.* also Grimm No. 165 and its numerous analogues in Bolte, *op. cit.*, vol. iii, p. 276 *et seq.* Some further examples of the "Tasks" *motif* will be found in the note on the "Magic Obstacles" *motif* at the end of this chapter, with which they are inseparably linked.—N.M.P.

and if you do this you will return here without the Daitya; so do not hesitate—go, you shall to-day behold the power of my magic."

The Pursuit

When she said this to him, Śṛingabhuja took the earth and the other things, and said, "I will do so," and mounting her horse went to the temple in the wood. There he saw an image of Śiva, with one of Pārvatī on his left and one of Gaṇeśa on his right, and, after bowing before the Lord of the Universe,[1] he quickly addressed to Dhūmaśikha the form of invitation told him by Agniśikha, and fled from the place at full speed, urging on his horse. And he soon turned his head and looked round, and he beheld Dhūmaśikha coming after him. And he quickly threw that earth behind him in his way, and the earth, so flung, immediately produced a great mountain. When he saw that the Rākshasa had, though with difficulty, climbed over that mountain and was coming on, the prince in the same way threw the water behind him. That produced a great river in his path, with rolling waves. The Rākshasa with difficulty got across it and was coming on when Śṛingabhuja quickly strewed those thorns behind him. They produced a dense, thorny wood in Dhūmaśikha's path. When the Rākshasa emerged from it the prince threw the fire behind him, which set on fire the path with the herbs and the trees. When Dhūmaśikha saw that the fire was hard to cross, like Khāṇḍava,[2] he returned home, tired and terrified. For on that occasion the Rākshasa was so bewildered by the magic of Rūpaśikhā that he went and returned on his feet, and he did not think of flying through the air.

Then Śṛingabhuja returned to Dhūmapura, free from fear, commending in his heart that display of his love's magic power. He gave up the horse to the delighted Rūpaśikhā, and related his adventure, and then went in to the presence of Agniśikha. He said: "I went and invited your brother Dhūmaśikha." When he said this, Agniśikha, being perplexed, said to him: “If you really went there, mention some peculiarity of the place.”

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[1] *I.e.* Śiva.

[2] A forest in Kurukshetra sacred to Indra and burnt by Agni the God of Fire with the help of Arjuna and Kṛishṇa.

When the crafty Rākshasa said this to Śṛingabhuja, he answered him: “Listen, I will tell you a token. In that temple there is a figure of Pārvatī on the left side of Śiva, and of Gaṇeśa on his right.” When Agniśikha heard that he was astonished, and thought for a moment: “What! Did he go there, and was my brother not able to devour him? Then he cannot be a mere man; he must be a god; so let him marry my daughter, as he is a fitting match for her.” After thus reflecting he sent Śṛingabhuja as a successful suitor to Rūpaśikhā, but he never suspected that there was a traitor in his own family. So Śṛingabhuja went, eager for his marriage, and after eating and drinking with her managed somehow to get through the night.

And the next morning Agniśikha gave to him Rūpaśikhā with all the magnificence appropriate to his magic power, according to due form, in the presence of the fire. Little in common have Rākshasas' daughters and princes, and strange the union of such! Wonderful indeed are the results of our deeds in a previous state of existence!

The prince, after he had obtained that beloved daughter of the Rākshasa, seemed like a swan who had got hold of a soft lotus, sprung from mud. And he remained there with her, who was devoted to him alone, enjoying various dainty delights provided by the magic power of the Rākshasa.

When some days had passed there, he said in secret to the Rākshasa's daughter: “Come, my beloved, let us return to the city of Vardhamāna. For that is my capital city, and I cannot endure to be banished from my capital city by my enemies, for people like myself hold honour dear as life. So leave for my sake the land of your birth, though it is hard to leave; inform your father, and bring that golden arrow in your hand.” When Śṛingabhuja said this to Rūpaśikhā she answered: “I must immediately obey your command. I care not for the land of my birth, nor for my relatives; you are all those to me.[1] Good women have no other refuge than their husbands. But it will never do to communicate our intention to my father, for he would not let us go. So we must depart without that hot-tempered father of mine knowing of it. And if he hears from the attendants and comes after us, I will bewilder him by my knowledge, for he is senseless and like an idiot."

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[1] “῞Εκτορ, ἀτὰρ σύ μοί ἐσσι πατὴρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ ἠδὲ κασίγνητος, σὺ δέ ωοι θαλερὸς παρακοίτης.”—*Iliad*, Book VI.

When he heard this speech of hers, he set out delighted on the next day with her, who gave him the half of her kingdom, and filled a casket with priceless jewels, and brought that golden arrow; and they both mounted her splendid horse Śaravega,[1] having deceived the attendants by representing that they were going for a pleasure excursion in the park, and journeyed towards Vardhamāna.

When the couple had gone a long distance the Rākshasa Agniśikha found it out, and in wrath pursued after them through the air. And hearing afar off the noise produced by the speed of his flight, Rūpaśikhā said to Śṛingabhuja on the road: "My husband, my father has come to make us turn back, so remain here without fear; see how I will deceive him. For he shall neither see you nor the horse, since I shall conceal both by my deluding power." After saying this, she got down from the horse and assumed by her deluding power the form of a man.[2] And she said to a woodcutter who had come to the forest to cut wood: "A great Rākshasa is coming here, so remain quiet for a moment." Then she continued to cut wood with his axe. And Śṛingabhuja looked on with a smile on his face.

In the meanwhile that foolish Rākshasa arrived there, and lighted down from the air on beholding his daughter in the shape of a woodcutter, and asked her whether she had seen a man and woman pass that way.[3] Then his daughter, who had assumed the form of a man, said with great effort, as if tired: "We two have not seen any couple, as our eyes are fatigued with toil, for we two woodcutters have been occupied here in cutting a great quantity of wood to burn Agniśikha, the King of the Rākshasas, who is dead."

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[1] *I.e.* "like an arrow in speed."

[2] For this part of the story see *Sicilianische Märchen*, No. 14, with Dr Köhler's note.

[3] In Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, viii, 355, the *dominus* asks Mestra, who has been transformed into a fisherman, if she has seen herself pass that way

When that silly Rākshasa heard that, he thought: "What! Am I dead? What does that daughter matter to me? I will go and ask my own attendants at home whether I am dead or not."[1]

Thus reflecting, Agniśikha went quickly home, and his daughter set out with her husband as before, laughing as she went.

And soon the Rākshasa returned in high spirits, for he had asked his attendants, who could not help laughing in their sleeves, whether he was alive, and had learnt that he was. Then Rūpaśikhā, knowing from the terrible noise that he was coming again, though as yet far off, got down from the horse and concealed her husband as before by her deluding power, and taking letters from the hand of a letter-carrier who was coming along the road, she again assumed the form of a man.

And so the Rākshasa arrived as before, and asked his daughter, who was disguised as a man: "Did you see a man and a woman on the road?" Then she, disguised as a man, answered him with a sigh: "I beheld no such person, for my mind was absorbed with my haste, for Agniśikha, who was to-day mortally wounded in battle, and has only a little breath left in his body, and is in his capital desiring to make over his kingdom, has dispatched me as a messenger to summon to his presence his brother Dhūmaśikha, who is living an independent life." When Agniśikha heard that he said: "What! Am I mortally wounded by my enemies?"

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[1] *Cf.* the story of "Die kluge Else," the thirty-fourth in Grimm's *Kinder- und Hausmärchen,* where the heroine has a doubt about her own identity and goes home to ask her husband; and No. 59 in the same collection. *Cf.* also Campbell's *Tales from the West Highlands,* vol. ii, p. 375, where one man is persuaded that he is dead, another that he is not himself, and a third that he is dressed when he is naked. See also the numerous parallels given in Ralston's *Russian Folk-Tales,* p. 54. Liebrecht (*Zur Volkskunde*), p. 128, mentions a story in which a woman persuades her husband that he is dead. See also Bartsch's *Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg,* vol. i, p. 508. In Prym and Socin's *Syrische Marchen,* No. 62, p. 250, the flea believes himself to be dead, and tells everyone so.——See also Clouston, *The Book of Noodles,* 1888, p. 157 *et seq.*—N.M.P.

And in his perplexity he returned home again to get information on the point. But it never occurred to him to say to himself: "Who is mortally wounded? Here I am, safe and sound." Strange are the fools that the Creator produces and wonderfully obscured with the quality of darkness! And when he arrived at home and found that the tale was false he would not expose himself again to the laughter of the people, tired of being imposed upon, and forgetting his daughter.

Śṛingabhuja and his Beloved arrive safely

And Rūpaśikhā, after deluding him, returned to her husband as before; for virtuous women know of no other good than the good of their husbands. Then Śṛingabhuja, mounted on the wonderful horse, again proceeded rapidly with his wife towards the city of Vardhamāna. Then his father Vīrabhuja, having heard that he was returning in company with her, went out much pleased to meet him. The king, when he saw him adorned with that wife, like Kṛishṇa with Bhāmā, considered that he had gained afresh the bliss of sovereign sway.

And when his son got down from his horse and clung to his feet with his beloved, he raised him up and embraced him, and with his eyes, in which stood the water of joyful tears, performed in noble wise the auspicious ceremony that put an end to his own despondency, and then conducted him into his palace, making high festival. And when he asked his son where he had been, Śṛingabhuja told him his whole history from the beginning. And after summoning his brothers, Nirvāsabhuja and all, into his father's presence he gave them the golden arrow. Then the King Vīrabhuja, after what he had heard and seen, was displeased with those other sons, and considered Śṛingabhuja his only true son.

Then that wise king drew this true conclusion: "I suspect that, as this son of mine out of spite was banished by these enemies, brothers only in name, though he was all the while innocent, so his mother Guṇavarā, whom I love so well, was falsely accused by their mothers, and was all the while innocent. So what is the use of delay? I will find out the truth of it immediately."

After these reflections the king spent that day in performing his duties, and went at night to sift his other wife Ayaśolekhā. She was delighted to see him, and he made her drink a great quantity of wine,[1] and she in her sleep murmured out, while the king was awake: "If we had not falsely slandered Guṇavarā, would the king ever have visited me here?"[2]

When the king heard this speech of the wicked queen, uttered in her sleep, he felt he had attained certainty, and rose up in wrath and went out; and going to his own chamber he had the eunuchs summoned, and said to them: "Take that Guṇavarā out of the dungeon, and after she has bathed bring her quickly; for the present moment was appointed by the astrologer as the limit of her stay in the dungeon for the purpose of averting the evil omens." When they heard that, they said: "So be it." And they went and quickly brought the Queen Guṇavarā into the presence of the king, bathed and adorned. Then that wedded pair, happy in having crossed the sea of separation, spent that night unsated with mutual embraces. Then the king related to the queen with delight that adventure of Śṛingabhuja, and told his son the circumstances of his mother's imprisonment and release.

In the meanwhile Ayaśolekhā, waking up, found out that the king was gone, and guessing that he had entrapped her with his conversation, fell into deep despondency. And in the morning the King Vīrabhuja conducted his son Śṛingabhuja, with his wife Rūpaśikhā, into the presence of Guṇavarā. He came, and was delighted to behold his mother emerged from the dungeon, and with his new wife he worshipped the feet of his parents. Guṇavarā, embracing her son, who had returned from his journey, and her daughter-in-law, obtained in the way above related, went from joy to joy.

Then, by the order of his father, Śṛingabhuja related to her at length his own adventure, and what Rūpaśikhā did. Then Queen Guṇavarā, delighted, said to him: "My son, what has not that Rūpaśikhā done for you? For she, a heroine of wonderful exploits, has given up and sacrificed for you her life, her family, her native land—these three. She must be some goddess, become incarnate for your sake by the appointment of Destiny. For she has placed her foot on the head of all women that are devoted to their husbands." When the queen had said this, the king applauded her speech, and so did Rūpaśikhā, with head modestly bent.

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[1] *Cf.* Hagen's *Helden-Sagen*, vol. ii, p. 167, where Ake makes his wife Wolfriana intoxicated with the object of discovering her secret.

[2] Reading *avadishyāma*. I find that this is the reading of a MS. in the Sanskrit College.

Just at that moment the superintendent of the women's apartments, Surakshita, who had been long ago slandered by that Ayaśolekhā, returned home from visiting all the holy bathing-places. He was announced by the doorkeeper, and bowed delighted at the king's feet, and then the king, who now knew the facts, honoured him exceedingly. And by his mouth he summoned the other queens who were wicked, and said to him: "Go! fling all these into the dungeon." When the Queen Guṇavarā heard that, and the terrified women were thrown into the dungeon, she said, out of compassion to the king, clinging to his feet: "King, do not keep them for a long time in the dungeon! Have mercy, for I cannot bear to see them terrified." By thus entreating the king she prevented their imprisonment, for the only vengeance that the great make use of against their enemies is compassion. Then those queens, dismissed by the king, went ashamed to their houses, and would even have preferred to have been in the embrace of death. And the king thought highly of the great-hearted Guṇavarā, and considered, because he possessed that wife, that he must have accomplished virtuous acts in a former state of existence.

Then the king, determined to banish his other sons by an artifice, had them summoned, and spake to them this feigned speech: "I have heard that you villains have slain a Brāhman traveller, so go and visit all the holy bathing-places in succession. Do not remain here." When the sons heard that, they were not able to persuade the king of the truth, for when a ruler is bent on violence who can convince him? Then Śṛingabhuja, beholding those brothers departing, with his eyes full of tears produced by pity, thus addressed his father: "Father, pity their one fault; have mercy upon them." Having said this, he fell at the feet of that king. And the king, thinking that that son was able to bear the burden of sovereignty, being even in his youth like an incarnation of Vishṇu, full of glory and compassion, hiding his real sentiments and cherishing his anger against them, nevertheless did what Śṛingabhuja asked. And all those brothers considered their younger brother as the saviour of their lives. And all the subjects, beholding the exceeding virtue of Śṛingabhuja, became attached to him.

Then the next day his father, King Vīrabhuja, anointed as crown prince Śṛingabhuja, who was the oldest in virtue of them all, though he had elder brothers. And then Śṛingabhuja, having been anointed, and having obtained the leave of his father, went with all his forces to conquer the world. And having brought back the wealth of numerous kings, whom he overcame by the might of his arm, he returned, having diffused the splendour of his glory through the earth. Then, bearing the weight of the realm with his submissive brothers, the successful Prince Śṛingabhuja, giving pleasure to his parents, who remained in the enjoyment of comfort, free from anxiety, and bestowing gifts on Brāhmans, dwelt at ease with Rūpaśikhā, as if with incarnate success.

[M] "Thus virtuous women serve their husbands in every way, devoted to them alone, like Guṇavarā and Rūpaśikhā, the mother-in-law and daughter-in-law."

When Naravāhanadatta, in the society of Ratnaprabhā, heard this story from the lips of Hariśikha he was much delighted, and exclaimed: "Bravo!" Then he rose up and quickly performed the religious ceremony for the day, and went with his wife into the presence of his father, the King of Vatsa, and after eating, and whiling away the afternoon with singing and playing, he spent the night with his beloved in his own private apartments.

NOTE ON THE "MAGIC OBSTACLES" *MOTIF*

In a Norwegian tale, called "The Widow's Son," p. 295 of Thorpe's *Yule-tide Stories,* will be found an incident closely resembling the pursuit of Śṛingabhuja by Dhūmaśikha. The widow's son has, contrary to the orders of a Troll, in whose house he found himself, entered several chambers, in one of which he found a thorn-whip, in another a huge stone, and a water-bottle. In the third he found a boiling copper kettle, with which he scalded his finger, but the Troll cured it with a pot of ointment. In the fourth room he found a black horse in a stall, with a trough of burning embers at its head, and a basket of hay at its tail. The youth thought this cruel, so he changed their position. The horse, to reward him, informed him that the Troll on his return would certainly kill him, and then continued: "Lay the saddle on me, put on the armour, and take the whip of thorn, the stone, and the water-flask and the pot of ointment, and then we will set out." When the youth mounted the horse it set off at a rapid rate. After riding some time, the horse said: "I think I hear a noise; look round, can you see anything?" "A great many are coming after us, certainly a score at least," answered the youth. "Ah! that is the Troll," said the horse, "he is coming with all his companions." They travelled for a time until their pursuers were gaining on them. "Throw now the thorn-whip over your shoulder," said the horse, "but throw it far away from me." The youth did so, and at the same moment there sprang up a large thick wood of briers.

The youth now rode on a long way, while the Troll had to go home to fetch something wherewith to hew a road through the wood. After some time the horse again said: "Look back, can you see anything now?" "Yes, a whole multitude of people," said the youth, "like a church congregation." "That is the Troll; now he has got more with him; throw out now the large stone, but throw it far from me."

When the youth had done what the horse desired, there arose a large stone mountain behind them. So the Troll was obliged to go home after something with which to bore through the mountain; and while he was thus employed, the youth rode on a considerable way. But now the horse bade him again look back. He then saw a multitude like a whole army, they were so bright that they glittered in the sun. "Well, that is the Troll with all his friends," said the horse. "Now throw the water-bottle behind you, but take good care to spill none on me." The youth did so, but notwithstanding his caution he happened to spill a drop on the horse's loins. Immediately there arose a vast lake, and the spilling of a few drops caused the horse to stand far out in the water; nevertheless he at last swam to the shore. When the Trolls came to the water, they lay down to drink it all up, and they gulped and gulped it down till they burst. (Folk-lore demons experience great difficulty in crossing water.) "Now we are quit of them," said the horse.

In Laura von Gonzenbach's *Sicilianische Märchen,* vol. ii, p. 57, we find a similar incident. In the story of Fata Morgana, a prince, who carries off a bottle filled with her perspiration, but imprudently wakes her by kissing her, is pursued by her with two lions. He throws three pomegranates behind him: the first produces a river of blood, the second a thorny mountain, the third a volcano. This he does by the advice of his horse, who is really Fata Morgana's brother transformed by magic. See also vol. i, p. 343. *Cf.* also the seventy-ninth tale in Grimm's *Kinder-und Hausmärchen* (16th edition in one volume), "Die Wassernixe."

In *Orient und Occident*, vol. ii, p. 113, Dr Köhler, in his remarks on the *Tales from the West Highlands*, collected by J. F. Campbell, compares the story of Agniśikha with the second story in Campbell's collection, entitled "The Battle of the Birds." In this a king's son wishes to marry the youngest daughter of a giant. The giant sets him three tasks to do: to clean out a stable, to thatch it with feathers, and to fetch eggs from a magpie's nest in the top of a tree more than five hundred feet high. All these tasks he accomplishes by the help of the young lady herself. In the last task she makes a ladder of her fingers for him to ascend the tree by, but in so doing she loses her little finger. The giant requires the prince to choose his wife from among three sisters similarly dressed (see p. 225). He recognises her by the loss of the little finger.

When bedtime came the giant's daughter told the prince that they must fly or the giant would kill him. They mounted on the grey filly in the stable. But before starting the daughter cut an apple into nine shares; she put two at the head of the bed, two at the foot, two at the door of the kitchen, two at the house door, and one outside the house. The giant awoke and called, "Are you asleep?" several times, and the shares answered: "No." At last he went and found the bed empty and cold, and pursued the fugitive couple.

At the break of day the giant's daughter felt her father's breath burning her back. She told the prince to put his hand in the horse's ear and fling what he found behind him. He found a sprig of sloe, flung it behind him, and produced a wood twenty miles long. The giant had to go back for his axe and wood-knife.

In the middle of the day the prince finds in the ear of the filly a piece of grey stone. This produces twenty miles of rock behind them. The giant has to go back for his lever and mattock. The next thing that the prince finds and flings behind him is a bladder of water. This produces a fresh-water loch twenty miles broad. In it the giant is happily drowned. The rest of the story has no bearing upon the tale of Śṛingabhuja. Köhler compares a story in William Carleton's stories of the Irish peasantry. Here there is a sprig, a pebble and a drop of water producing a wood, a rock and a lake. He compares also a Norwegian story, Ashbjörnsen, No. 46, and some Swedish stories collected by Hylten Cavallius and G. Stephens. The three tasks are very different in the various forms of the tale. The ladder of fingers is only found in the Celtic form.

It is only in the Gaelic and Irish forms that the objects thrown behind to check pursuit are found in the ear of the horse.

In another variant of the story, "The Mermaid," Thorpe's *Yule-tide Stories,*

p. 205, we have the pursuit with much the same incidents as in our text. See also Ralston's remarks on the story in our text, at pp. 132 and 143 of his *Russian Folk-Tales*. *Cf.* also Veckenstedt's *Wendische Sagen*, p. 216. An Indian parallel will be found in Miss Frere's *Old Deccan Days*, pp. 62, 63. A modern Greek one in Bernhard Schmidt's *Griechische Märchen*, pp. 76-79. *Cf.* also for the tasks the story of Bisara, Kaden's *Unter den Olivenbäumen*, and that of "Die schöne Fiorita." Herr Kaden aptly compares the story of Jason and Medea. Another excellent parallel is furnished by the story of "Schneeweiss-Feuerroth" in the same collection, where we have the pursuit much as in our text. The pursuit and tasks are found in the tale called "La Montagne Noire," on p. 448 of *Mélusine*, a periodical which appeared in the year 1878, and in "Branca-flor," No. 14 in Coelho's *Contos Populares Portuguezes*, and in Gaal's *Märchen der Magyaren*, p. 60. The pursuit also occurs in the *Pentamerone* of Basile (Burton, vol. i, p. 52 *et seq.*, and pp. 145-146).

——The *motif* of the Magic Obstacles has appealed to story-tellers in all parts of the world, and examples of it are found in nearly every collection of stories extant.

It would be superfluous to detail these variants, for not only would the list occupy too much space, but the ground has already been sufficiently covered. I would, therefore, merely give the chief references where variants are to be found, and a few remarks on the possible origin of the *motif* itself.

An important list of variants is that in Bolte and Polivka, *Anmerkungen zu den Kinder-und Hausmärchen der Brüder Grimm*, vol. ii, p. 140 *et seq.*, while special reference should be made to V. Chauvin, "Les Obstacles Magiques," *Revue des Trad. Pop.*, vol. xvi, 1901, p. 538 *et seq.* (see also p. 223 *et seq.* of the same volume). See also Cosquin, *Contes Populaires de Lorraine*, vol. i, story 3, p. 32 *et seq.*, and p. 152 *et seq.*; ditto, *Études Folkloriques*, p. 591 *et seq.*; Clouston, *Popular Tales and Fictions*, vol. i, pp. 439-443; Ralston, *Russian Folk-Tales*, p. 143; and Saintyves, *Les Contes de Perrault*, pp. 383-387.

Some very interesting variants—Basuto, Kafir, Aino, Siamese, Samoan, etc.—are to be found in Macculloch's *Childhood of Fiction*, p. 171 *et seq.* On p. 177 the author suggests that perhaps in the earliest form of the incident of the transformed objects there was no transformation at all, only some object thrown down delayed the pursuer, as Atalanta was delayed by the golden apples of Hippomenes.

I feel, however, it would be better merely to recognise the early existence of this variety of the *motif* and not to take it as the original form of the *motif*. That it was not so is surely proved by the ancient Egyptian story of the "Two Brothers" (Maspero, *Stories of Ancient Egypt*, p. 8), which dates from the nineteenth dynasty. Here we read that when Baîti was pursued by his elder brother, Phrâ-Harmakhis caused a large piece of water full of crocodiles to appear as an obstacle to check the pursuit.

The idea of hindering a pursuer, whether animal or human, is, I think, one of those *motifs* which would naturally occur to all peoples, both primitive and civilised. So natural, indeed, does the *motif* appear that it seems quite useless to attempt to attach any particular origin to it.

Among primitive tribes the doctrines of totemism, the external soul, the belief in transformations, and, above all, sympathetic magic, can all be detected in the "Magic Obstacles" *motif*.

In many of the variants we notice that the object resembles that into which it is transformed—*e.g.* in the story of the "Flea," *Pentamerone,* fifth diversion of the first day (Burton, vol. i, p. 47 *et seq.*), a twig becomes a forest, a drop of water a river, a stone a fortress. In other variants a comb becomes a range of mountains, a mirror a lake, and so on. This is, of course, the outcome of the belief in sympathetic magic, and without doubt is a very important factor in this *motif*, although it does not account for all the variants. Local environment and the individuality of the story-teller, adaptor, or scribe are probably responsible for variants where the objects bear no resemblance at all to what they produce.

This *motif*, then, appears to be one which has not migrated, but is the spontaneous production of many different lands and of varying stages of civilisation. Variants may have travelled from country to country, but the basic idea of hindering a pursuer is universal.—N.M.P.

CHAPTER XL

THEN, the next morning, when Naravāhanadatta [M] was in Ratnaprabhā's house, Gomukha and the others came to him. But Marubhūti, being a little sluggish with intoxication produced by drinking spirits, approached slowly, decorated with flowers and anointed with unguents. Then Gomukha, with face amused at his novel conception of statesman-like behaviour, out of fun ridiculed him by imitating his stammering utterance and staggering gait, and said to him: "How comes it that you, though the son of Yaugandharāyaṇa, do not know policy, that you drink spirits in the morning and come drunk into the presence of the prince?"

When the intoxicated Marubhūti heard this, he said to him in his anger: "This should be said to me by the prince or some superior. But tell me, who are you that you take upon you to instruct me, you son of Ityaka?" When he said this, Gomukha replied to him, smiling: "Do princes reprove with their own mouths an ill-behaved servant? Undoubtedly their attendants must remind him of what is proper. And it is true that I am the son of Ityaka, but you are an ox of ministers[1]; your sluggishness alone would show it. The only fault is that you have no horns."

When Gomukha said this to him, Marubhūti answered: "You too, Gomukha, have much of the ox nature about you; but you are clearly of mixed breed, for you are not properly domesticated." When all laughed at hearing this, Gomukha said: "This Marubhūti is literally a jewel, for who can introduce the thread of virtue[2] into that which cannot be pierced even by a thousand efforts? But a jewel of a man is a different kind of thing, for that is easily penetrated. As an illustration, listen to the story of the bridge of sand.

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[1] *I.e.* a great or distinguished minister. "Bull" is more literal than "ox," but does not suit the English idiom so well. *Gomukha* means "ox-face."

[2] *Guṇa* means "virtue" and also "a thread."——Cf. *Raghuvamśa*, i. 4. —N.M.P.

54. *Story of Tapodatta*

There lived in Pratishṭhāna a Brāhman of the name of Tapodatta. He, though his father kept worrying him, would not learn the sciences in his boyhood. Subsequently he found himself censured by all, and, being filled with regret, he went to the bank of the Ganges, in order to perform asceticism for the acquisition of knowledge. There he betook himself to severe mortification of the flesh, and while he was thus engaged Indra, who had beheld him with astonishment, came to him to prevent him, disguised as a Brāhman. And when he had come near him he kept taking grains of sand from the bank and throwing them into the billowy water of the Ganges. When Tapodatta saw that, he broke his silence, and asked him out of curiosity: "Brāhman, why do you do this unceasingly?"

And Indra, disguised as a Brāhman, when he had been persistently questioned by him, said: "I am making a bridge over the Ganges for man and beast to cross by." Then Tapodatta said: "You fool, is it possible to make a bridge over the Ganges with sand, which will be carried away at some future time by the current?"

When Indra, disguised as a Brāhman, heard that he said to him: "If you know this truth, why do you attempt to acquire knowledge by vows and fasting, without reading or hearing lectures?[1] The horn of a hare[2] may really exist, and the sky may be adorned with painting, and writing may be performed without letters, if learning may be acquired without study. If it could be so acquired, no one in this world would study at all." When Indra, disguised as a Brāhman, had said this to Tapodatta, Tapodatta reflected, and thinking that he had spoken truth, put a stop to his self-mortification and went home.

[M] "So, you see, a wise man is easily made to listen to reason, but the foolish Marubhūti cannot be induced to listen to reason, but when you admonish him he flies into a passion." When Gomukha said this, Hariśikha said before the company: "It is true, O King, that the wise are easily induced to listen to reason.

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[1] For examples of this "Impossibilities" *motif* see the note at the end of this chapter.—N.M.P.

[2] I read *rūpam* for *rūpyam*.

55. *Story of Virūpaśarman*

For instance, there lived of old time in Benares a certain excellent Brāhman named Virūpaśarman, who was deformed and poor. And he, being despondent about his misshapen form and his poverty, went to the grove of ascetics there, and began to practise severe mortification of the flesh, through desire for beauty and wealth.

Then the king of the gods[1] assumed the vile shape of a deformed jackal with a diseased body and went and stood in front of him. When he saw that unfortunate[2] creature with its body covered with flies, Virūpaśarman slowly reflected in his mind: "Such creatures are born into the world on account of actions done in a former life, so is it a small thing for me that I was made thus by the Creator? Who can overstep the lot prescribed by Destiny?" When Virūpaśarman perceived this, he brought self-mortification to an end and went home.

[M] "So true is it, O King, that a wise man is instructed with little effort, but one whose mind is void of discernment is not instructed even with great exertion."

Thus spoke Hariśikha, and Gomukha assented, but Marubhūti, who was drunk and did not understand a joke, said in great anger: "There is power in the speech of Gomukha, but there is no might in the arms of men like you. A garrulous, quarrelsome, effeminate person makes heroes blush."[3] When Marubhūti said this, being eager for a fight, Prince Naravāhanadatta, with a smile on his face, himself tried to appease him, and after dismissing him to his house, the prince, who loved the friends of his youth, performed the duties of the day, and so spent it in great comfort.

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[1] *I.e.* Indra.

[2] Literally, "having no auspicious marks."

[3] In the D. text we read *vācālaiḥ kalahaḥ klībaiḥ*, and B.'s compound *Gomukhavāci* is written as two separate words. We thus get a much better rendering: "Men like you, Gomukha, have only strength in their tongue, not in their arms. It is blameful for heroes to quarrel with effeminate braggarts." See Speyer, *op. cit.*, p. 113.—N.M.P.

And the next day, when all these ministers came, and among them Marubhūti bowed down with shame, his beloved Ratnaprabhā spake thus to the prince: "You, my husband, are very fortunate in that you have these pure-hearted ministers bound to you by the fetters of a love dating from early childhood, and they are happy in possessing such an affectionate master; you have been gained by one another through actions in a former state of existence; of that there can be no doubt."

When the queen said this, Tapantaka, the son of Vasantaka, the companion in amusements of Naravāhanadatta, remarked: "It is true; our master has been gained by our actions in a former life. For everything depends upon the power of actions in a former life. Hear in illustration of it the following tale:—

56. *Story of King Vilāsaśīla and the Physician Taruṇachandra*

There dwelt in a city named Vilāsapura, the home of Śiva, a king rightly named Vilāsaśīla.[1] He had a queen named Kamalaprabhā, whom he valued as his life, and he long remained with her, addicted to pleasure only. Then in course of time there came upon the king old age, the thief of beauty, and when he beheld it he was sorely grieved. He thought to himself: "How can I show to the queen my face marred with grey hairs, like a snow-smitten lotus?[2] Alas! it is better that I should die." Busied with reflections like these, the king summoned into his hall of audience a physician named Taruṇachandra[3] and thus spake to him respectfully: "My good man, because you are clever and devoted to me, I ask you whether there is any artifice by which this old age can be averted."

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[1] *I.e.* fond of enjoyment.

[2] For a note on the "Grey Hair" *motif* see Vol. I, p. 121n^1.—N.M.P.

[3] *I.e.* new moon.

When Tarunachandra, who was rightly named as being only of the magnitude of one digit, and desiring to become a full moon, heard that, the cunning fellow reflected: "I must make my profit out of this blockhead of a king, and I shall soon discover the means of doing it."

Having thus reflected, the physician said to the king: "If you will remain in an underground chamber alone, O King, for eight months, and take this medicine, I engage to remove your old age."[1] When the king heard this, he had such an underground chamber prepared; for fools intent on objects of sense cannot endure reflection. But the ministers used arguments like the following with him: "O King, by the goodness and asceticism and self-denial of men of old time, and by the virtue of the age, elixirs were produced. But these forest remedies,[2] which we hear of now, O King, owing to the want of proper materials, produce the opposite effect to that which is intended, and this is quite in accordance with the treatises[3]; for rogues do in this way make sport with fools. Does time past ever return, O king?"

Still these arguments did not penetrate into his soul. for it was encased in the thick armour of violent sensual desire. And, in accordance with the advice of that physician, he entered that underground chamber alone, excluding the numerous retinue that usually waits upon a king. And alone, with one servant belonging to that physician, he made himself a slave to the taking of drugs and the rest of the treatment. And the king remained there in that dark subterranean den, which seemed as if it were the overflowing, through abundance, of the ignorance of his heart.

And after the king had spent six months in that underground chamber that wicked physician, seeing that his senility had increased, brought a certain young man who resembled him in appearance, with whom he had agreed that he would make him king. Then he dug a tunnel into that underground chamber from a distance, and after killing the king in his sleep he brought his corpse out by the underground passage and threw it into a dark well. All this was done at night. And by the same tunnel he introduced that young man into the underground chamber and closed that tunnel.

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[1] In the *Mahāvastu Avadāna* (in Dr R. L. Mitra's *Sanskrit Buddhist Literature of Nepal*, p. 123) a girl named Amitā is cured of leprosy by being shut up in an underground chamber.

[2] I suppose this must mean "prepared of the flesh of wild goats." A MS. in the Sanskrit College reads *ramyāni*, "pleasant."

[3] In the D. text we have a slightly different reading, and Speyer (*op. cit.*, p. 114) would translate: *"But in the present time, O King, these elixirs are only heard of* [*=they do not exist in reality*], and owing to the want of proper materials, produce the opposite effect to that which is intended. *For this reason it is not fit* [*to do*] *so* [*as the physician advises*]."—N.M.P.

What audacious wickedness will not a low fellow, who is held in check by no restraints, commit when he gets a favourable chance of practising upon fools?

Then the next day the physician said to all the subjects: "This king has been made young again by me in six months, and in two months his form will be changed again. So show yourselves to him now at a little distance." Thus he spake, and brought them all to the door of the underground chamber, and showed them to the young man, telling him at the same time their names and occupations. By this artifice he kept instructing that young man in the underground chamber in the names of all the subjects every day for two months, not excepting even the inhabitants of the harem.

The False Rejuvenation

And when a fitting time came he brought the young man, after he had been well fed,[1] out of the subterranean chamber, saying: "This king has become young again." And the young man was surrounded by the delighted subjects, who exclaimed: "This is our own king restored by drugs." Then the young man, having thus obtained the kingdom, bathed; and performed with much pleasure, by the help of his ministers, the kingly duties. And from that time forth he lived in much felicity, transacting regal business and sporting with the ladies of the harem, having obtained the name of Ajara.[2] And all the subjects considered that he was their former king transformed by drugs, not guessing the truth, and not suspecting the proceedings of the physician.

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[1] *Plushṭa* is a mistake for *pushṭa*; see Böhtlingk and Roth *r.s.*

[2] *I.e.* free from old age.

And King Ajara, having gained over the subjects and the Queen Kamalaprabhā by kind treatment, enjoyed the royal fortune together with his friends. Then he summoned a friend called Bheshajachandra and another called Padmadarśana and made both of them like himself, satisfying them with gifts of elephants, horses and villages. And he honoured the physician Taruṇachandra on account of the advancement he had conferred on him, but he did not repose confidence in him because his soul had fallen from truth and virtue.

And once on a time the physician of his own motion said to the king: "Why do you make me of no account and act independently? Have you forgotten the occasion on which I made you king?" When King Ajara heard that, he said to the physician: "Ha! you are a fool. What man does anything for anyone, or gives anything to anyone? My friend, it is our deeds in a former state of existence that give and do. Therefore do not boast yourself, for this elevation I attained by asceticism, and I will soon show you this by ocular proof."

When he said this to the physician, the latter reflected as one terrified: "This man is not to be intimidated and speaks like a resolute sage. It is better to overawe that master, the secret of whose character is instability,[1] but that cannot be done with this man, so I must submit to him. In the meanwhile let me wait and see what he will show me so manifestly." Thus reflecting, the physician said, "It is true," and held his peace.

And the next day King Ajara went out to roam about and amuse himself with his friends, waited on by Taruṇachandra and others. And as he was strolling he reached the bank of a river, and in it he saw five golden lotuses come floating down the current. And he made his servants bring them, and taking them and looking at them, he said to the physician Tarunachandra, who was standing near him:

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[1] This clause seems unmeaning. Instead of *yad rahasyaṃ taraṅgatvam* of the B. text, we find in the D. text *yad rahasyāntarangatvaṃ svāmisaṃvananaṃ*, etc., "Even the most excellent means to gain one's master's favour, the possessing a secret in common, is useless with this man; so I must submit to him." See Speyer, *op. cit.*, p. 114.—N.M.P.

"Go up along the bank of this river and look for the place where these lotuses are produced; and when you have seen it, return, for I feel great curiosity about these wonderful lotuses, and you are my skilful friend."

When he was thus commissioned by the king the physician, not being able to help himself, said, "So be it," and went the way he was ordered. And the king returned to his capital; but the physician travelled on, and in course of time reached a temple of Śiva that stood on the bank of that river. And in front of it, on the shore of a holy bathing-place in that stream, he beheld a great banyan-tree, and a man's skeleton suspended on it. And while, fatigued with his journey, he was resting after bathing and worshipping the god, a cloud came there and rained. And from that human skeleton hanging on the branches of the banyan-tree, when rained upon by the cloud, there fell drops of water.[1] And when they fell into the water of the bathing-place in that river the physician observed

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[1] This reminds one of the thirteenth story in the *Gesta Romanorum*.——In this tale a man is walking through a meadow and on becoming thirsty seeks to quench his thirst in a rivulet of pure water, but the more he drinks the more thirsty he becomes. Amazed at this, he determines to trace the water to its source to see if he can satisfy his thirst there, and on his way he meets an old man to whom he explains his predicament. The old man points out the source of the stream and looking in the direction the other beholds a putrid dog, with its mouth wide open and its teeth black and decayed, through which the whole fountain gushes in a surprising manner. The man regards the stream with terror and confusion, and being apprehensive of poison is afraid to drink again. He is, however, encouraged to do so by the old man and finds to his surprise that the water immediately slakes his thirst. By this the old man explains that, in the same way, you should not abstain from going to Mass merely because you disapprove of the priest.

In the *Mahābhārata* (I, cxcix) we read of golden lotuses floating along the current, whereupon Indra, desirous of ascertaining whence they come, proceeds along the course of the stream and discovers that they emanate from a woman whose tear-drops, as they fall on the stream, are being transformed into golden lotuses.

In one of Steel and Temple's *Wide-Awake Stories*, "Prince Lionheart and his Three Friends," the hero sees a stream down which rubies are floating. He follows the stream and finds a golden basket hanging from a tree in which lies the head of a beautiful maiden. The blood dropping from her throat turns into rubies and floats with the current. See also Crooke, *Popular Religion and Folk-Lore of Northern India*, vol. i, pp. 40-41.—N.M.P that those golden lotuses were immediately produced from them.

The physician said to himself: "Ha! what is this wonder? Whom can I ask in the uninhabited wood? Or, rather, who knows the creation of Destiny that is full of so many marvels? I have beheld this mine of golden lotuses; so I will throw this human skeleton into the sacred water. Let right be done, and let golden lotuses grow from its back." After these reflections he flung the skeleton down from the top of that tree; and after spending the day there the physician set out the next day for his own country, having accomplished the object for which he was sent.

And in a few days he reached Vilāsapura, and went, emaciated and soiled with his journey, to the court of King Ajara. The doorkeeper announced him, and he went in and prostrated himself at the feet of the king. The king asked him how he was, and while he was relating his adventure the king put everyone else out of the hall and himself said: "So you have seen, my friend, the place where the golden lotuses are produced, that most holy sanctuary of Śiva; and you saw there a skeleton on a banyan-tree; know that that is my former body. I hung there in old time by my feet, and in that way performed asceticism, until I dried up my body and abandoned it. And, owing to the nobility of my penance, from the drops of rain-water that fall from that skeleton of mine are produced golden lotuses. And in that you threw my skeleton into the water of that holy bathing-place you did what was right, for you were my friend in a former birth. And this Bheshajachandra and this Padmadarśana, they also were friends, who associated with me in a former birth. So it is owing to the might of that asceticism, my friend, that recollection of my former birth and knowledge and empire have been bestowed on me. By an artifice I have given you ocular proof of this, and you have described it with a token, telling how you flung down the skeleton; so you must not boast to me, saying that you gave me the kingdom; and you must not allow your mind to be discontented, for no one gives anything to anyone without the help of actions in a former life. From his birth a man eats the fruit of the tree of his former actions."

When the king said this to the physician he saw that it was true, and he remained satisfied with the king's service, and was never afterwards discontented. And that noble-minded King Ajara, who remembered his former birth, honoured the physician becomingly with gifts of wealth, and lived comfortably with his wives and friends, enjoying the earth conquered by his policy, and originally obtained by his good actions, without an opponent.

[M] "Thus in this world all the good and bad fortune that befalls all men at all times is earned by actions in a former life. For this reason I think we must have earned you for our lord in a former birth, otherwise how could you be so kind to us while there are other men in existence ? "

Then Naravāhanadatta, having heard in the company of his beloved, from the mouth of Tapantaka, this strangely pleasing and entertaining tale, rose up to bathe. And after he had bathed he went into the presence of his father, the King of Vatsa, frequently raining nectar into the eyes of his mother, and after taking food he spent that day and night in drinking and other pleasures with his parents and his wife and his ministers.

NOTE ON THE "IMPOSSIBILITIES" *MOTIF*

This incident is found in the story of Yavakrīta in the 135th chapter of the *Mahābhārata*.

——The *motif* of proving the impossibility of one thing by showing the impossibility of another thing is not uncommon in folk-lore. Perhaps the most famous example is that of the iron-eating mice in *Jātaka* No. 218. As this story occurs in the *Ocean of Story* (Chapter LX) I will reserve my remarks on it until we come to it. There are, however, several other analogues of the *motif* in our present text.

First of all I should mention the legend of St Augustine. He tells us that one day he was wandering along the seashore deep in his meditations on the mystery of the Trinity. Suddenly he beheld a child who had dug a hole in the sand and was trying to fill it with sea-water. St Augustine asked the object of his task. "I am going to empty into the hole," replied the boy, "all the water of the great deep." "Impossible," exclaimed St Augustine. "Not more impossible than for thee, O Augustine, to explain the mystery on which thou art now meditating."

La Fontaine (*Fables de la Fontaine*, edit. Lemerre, vol. i, pp. 41-42, 45) in his translation of *La Vie d'Esope le Phrygien* related how the Pharaoh Nectanebo sent an ambassador to Lycerus, King of Babylon, and to his minister Æsop. "I have mares in Egypt that conceive by the neighing of the horses that are about Babylon: what have you to answer as to this?" The Phrygian took back his reply the next day, and when he arrived at his lodging he ordered children to take a cat and to whip it along the streets. The Egyptians, who adore that animal, were extremely scandalised at the treatment it received; they rescued it from the hands of the children, and went to complain to the king. The Phrygian was brought into his presence. "Do you not know," said the king to him, "that this animal is one of our gods? Why then have you caused it to be treated in this manner?" "It is by reason of the crime that it has committed against Lycerus, for last night it strangled a cock of his that was very industrious, and crowed at all hours." "You are a liar," replied the king; "how is it possible for a cat to make so long a journey in so short a time?" "And how is it possible," said Æsop, "for your mares to hear our horses neigh at so great a distance, and to conceive by hearing them?" (See Maspero, *Popular Stories of Ancient Egypt*, p. xxix.)

In a Bihari tale translated by S. C. Mitra (*Journ. Anth. Soc. Bomb.*, vol. vi, 1902, pp. 140, 141) we read of a dispute about a horse which, according to popular rumour, had been produced from an oilman's press. A jackal is elected to decide the case. All are assembled to hear the evidence. The jackal is late in arriving, and explains that on the way he came across a tank full of fish, and he set fire to the water so as to roast the fish, and the time passed as he stopped to eat them. The people exclaim that water could not take fire and roast fish. "Just as easily as an oil-press can give birth to a horse."

Among the exempla of the Rabbis we find various similar legends. The following précis are found in Gaster's *Exempla of the Rabbis*, 1924, at the pages indicated.

No. 12, p. 54.—The Emperor in speaking to the Rabbi Gamliel expresses his doubt as to the existence of God. His answer, however, does not satisfy the Emperor, so on the next morning Gamliel slaps the face of his servant in his presence. The Emperor is wroth and thinks the Rabbi deserves punishment for acting so in his presence. Gamliel replies: "He brought me some extraordinary news; a ship of mine, lost for seven years, has suddenly returned fully laden without sailors and without sails." The Emperor declares that it is impossible, and the Rabbi replies: "If so, how can a world created by God govern and feed itself alone, without the One who looks after it?"

No. 329, p. 118.—David's servants were eating eggs. One had eaten his, and was ashamed to sit with the others. So he borrowed an egg and promised to return, when asked, all that might come from one egg. After a time the man was brought by his creditor before King David, who condemned him to pay an enormous amount, as it was claimed that from the egg a chicken could be hatched which would lay eighteen eggs, from which eighteen chickens would be hatched and again eighteen. The man is met by Solomon, who, being told of the judgment, advised him to sow boiled peas in the field. When seen by David and asked how he could expect these to grow, he was to reply: "How can a boiled egg be hatched and produce chickens?"

A similar legend is found on p. 124. See also the analogues given by Gaster on p. 246.—N.M.P.

CHAPTER XLI

AND the next day, as Naravāhanadatta was in the [M] apartments of Ratnaprabhā, talking over various subjects with his ministers, he suddenly heard a sound, which appeared to be like that of a man weeping outside in the courtyard of the palace. And when someone asked, " What is that ? " the female attendants came and said : " My lord, the chamberlain Dharmagiri is weeping here. For a foolish friend of his came here just now and said that his brother, who went on a pilgrimage to holy places, was dead in a foreign land. He, bewildered with grief, forgot that he was in the court and began to lament, but he has been just now taken outside by the servants and conducted to his own house." When the prince heard this he was grieved, and Ratnaprabhā, moved with pity, said in a despondent tone : " Alas ! the grief which is produced by the loss of dear relatives is hard to bear ! Why did not the Creator make men exempt from old age and death ? " When Marubhūti heard this speech of the queen's he said : " Queen, how can mortals ever attain this good fortune ? For listen to the following story, which I will tell you, bearing on this question.

57. *Story of King Chirāyus and his Minister Nāgārjuna*

In the city of Chirāyus there was in old time a king, named Chirāyus,[1] who was indeed long-lived, and the home of all good fortune. He had a compassionate, generous and gifted minister, named Nāgārjuna, who was sprung from a portion of a Bodhisattva,[2] who knew the use of all drugs, and by making an elixir he rendered himself and that king free from old age, and long-lived.

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[1] *I.e.* long-lived.

[2] *I.e.* "one whose essence is perfect knowledge" (*sattva* = "essence," "own nature," *svabhāva*). Although this is probably the original meaning of the word, historically a *bodhisattva* = "one who is on the way to the attainment of perfect knowledge"—*i.e.* a future Buddha. For a full authoritative article

One day an infant son of that minister Nāgārjuna, whom he loved more than any of his other children, died. He felt grief on that account, and by the force of his asceticism and knowledge proceeded to prepare out of certain ingredients the Water of Immortality,[1] in order to prevent mortals from dying. But while he was waiting for the auspicious moment in which to infuse a particular drug Indra found out what was going on.

And Indra, having consulted with the gods, said to the two Aśvins[2]: "Go and give this message to Nāgārjuna on the earth from me: 'Why have you, though a minister, begun this revolutionary proceeding of making the Water of Life? Are you determined now to conquer the Creator, who indeed created men subject to the law of death, since you propose to make men immortal by preparing the Water of Life? If this takes place, what difference will there be between gods and men? And the constitution of the universe will be broken up, because there will be no sacrificer and no recipient of sacrifice. So, by my advice, discontinue this preparation of the Water of Life, otherwise the gods will be angry and will certainly curse you. And your son, through grief for whom you are engaged in this attempt, is now in Svarga.'" With this message Indra dispatched the two Aśvins. And they arrived at the house of Nāgārjuna,

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on the subject see "Bodhisattva," by L. de la Vallée Poussin, in Hastings' *Ency. Rel. Eth.*, vol. ii, pp. 739-753.—N.M.P.

[1] See chap. iv. of Ralston's *Russian Folk-Tales*; Veckenstedt's *Wendische Sagen*, p. 221; Bernhard Schmidt's *Griechische Märchen*, p. 125.——This is, of course, the Amṛita which was produced at the Churning of the Ocean (see Vol. I, pp. $3n^1$, $55n^1$). As is only natural, the "Water of Life" *motif* dates back from the very earliest ages, and was closely connected with the early Babylonian worship of Ishtar. For an interesting chapter on the Water of Life see Macculloch, *Childhood of Fiction*, p. 52 *et. seq.* Sir George Grierson tells us (*Folk-Lore*, vol. xi, 1900, pp. 433-434) that in Eastern Hindustan there is a universal belief that the Water of Life actually exists in everyone's little finger, and if he only knew how to do the trick he would be able to put it, so to speak, on tap. Bihari folk-lore is full of references to this.—N.M.P.

[2] See the note at the end of this chapter.—N.M.P.

and, after receiving the *argha*,[1] told Nāgārjuna, who was pleased with their visit, the message of Indra, and informed him that his son was with the gods in heaven.

Then Nāgārjuna, being despondent, thought: "Never mind the gods; but if I do not obey the command of Indra these Aśvins will inflict a curse on me. So let this Water of Life go; I have not accomplished my desire; however, my son, on account of my good deeds in a former life, has gone to the abode of bliss."

Having thus reflected, Nāgārjuna said to these two gods, the Aśvins: "I obey the command of Indra. I will desist from making the Water of Life. If you two had not come I should have completed the preparation of the Water of Life in five days and freed this whole earth from old age and death." When Nāgārjuna had said this he buried, by their advice, the Water of Life, which was almost completed, in the earth before their eyes. Then the Aśvins took leave of him and went and told Indra in heaven that their errand was accomplished, and the king of gods rejoiced.

The Queen schemes on her Son's behalf

And in the meanwhile Nāgārjuna's master, the King Chirāyus, anointed his son Jīvahara crown prince. And when he was anointed, his mother, the Queen Dhanaparā, on his coming in great delight to salute her, said to him as soon as she saw him: "Why do you rejoice without cause, my son, at having obtained this dignity of crown prince, for this is not a step to the attainment of the kingly dignity, not even by the help of asceticism? For many crown princes, sons of your father, have died, and not one of them has obtained the throne; they have all inherited disappointment. For Nāgārjuna has given this king an elixir, by the help of which he is now in the eighth century of his age. And who knows how many more centuries will pass over the head of this king, who makes his short-lived sons crown princes."

When her son heard that he was despondent, and she went on to say to him: "If you desire the throne, adopt this expedient. This minister Nāgārjuna every day, after he has performed the day's devotions, gives gifts at the time of taking food, and makes this proclamation: 'Who is a suppliant? Who wants anything? To whom can I give anything, and what?' At that moment go to him and say: 'Give me your head.' Then he, being a truthful man, will have his head cut off; and out of sorrow for his death this king will die, or retire to the forest; then you will obtain the crown. There is no other expedient available in this matter."

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[1] Water, rice, *dūrva* grass, etc., offered to guests.

When he heard this speech from his mother the prince was delighted, and he consented, and determined to carry her advice into effect; for the lust of sovereign sway is cruel and overcomes one's affection for one's friends.

Then that prince went, the next day, of his own accord to the house of that Nāgārjuna, at the time when he took his food. And when the minister cried out, "Who requires anything, and what does he require?" he entered and asked him for his head.

The minister said: "This is strange, my son. What can you do with this head of mine? For it is only an agglomeration of flesh, bone and hair. To what use can you put it? Nevertheless, if it is of any use to you, cut it off and take it." With these words he offered his neck to him. But it had been so hardened by the elixir that, though he struck at it for a long time, he could not cut it, but broke many swords over it.

In the meanwhile the king, hearing of it, arrived, and asked him not to give away his head; but Nāgārjuna said to him: "I can remember my former births, and I have given away my head ninety-nine times in my various births. This, my lord, will be the hundredth time of my giving away my head. So do not say anything against it, for no suppliant ever leaves my presence disappointed. So I will now present your son with my head; for this delay was made by me only in order to behold your face." Thus he spoke, and embraced that king, and brought a powder out of his closet, with which he smeared the sword of that prince. Then the prince cut off the head of the minister Nāgārjuna with a blow of that sword, as a man cuts a lotus from its stalk. Then a great cry of wailing was raised, and the king was on the point of giving up his own life when a bodiless voice sounded from the heaven in these words: "Do not do what you ought not, King. You should not lament your friend Nāgārjuna, for he will not be born again, but has attained the condition of a Buddha."

When King Chirāyus heard this, he gave up the idea of suicide, but bestowed great gifts, and out of grief left his throne and went to the forest. There in time he obtained by asceticism eternal bliss.

Then his son Jīvahara obtained his kingdom; and soon after his accession he allowed dissension to arise in his realm, and was slain by the sons of Nāgārjuna, remembering their father's murder. Then through sorrow for him his mother's heart broke. How can prosperity befall those who walk in the path trodden by the ignoble?

And a son of that King Chirāyus, born to him by another wife, named Śatāyus, was placed on his throne by his chief ministers.

[M] "Thus, as the gods would not permit Nāgārjuna to carry out the task of destroying death, which he had undertaken, he became subject to death. Therefore it is true that this world of living beings was appointed by the Creator unstable, and full of grief hard to ward off, and even with hundreds of efforts it is impossible for anyone to do anything here which the Creator does not wish him to do."

When Marubhūti had told this story he ceased speaking, and Naravāhanadatta rose up with his ministers and performed his daily duties.

NOTE ON THE AŚVINS

The Aśvins are, perhaps, best described as twin deities of light. Both their origin and the reason for their various attributes are obscure. In Vedic mythology they are described as the sons of Dyaus, the Sky Father or Heaven (*cf.* the Greek Zeus), and also as the sons of Sūrya, the sun, or Savitṛi, the quickening activity of the sun. According to this latter version the sun married Sañjñā, who, after bearing her husband two children, fled from him owing to his overpowering splendour. After numerous vicissitudes he reduced his splendour, disguised himself as a horse, and sought out his lost wife. Sañjñā, not allowing him to approach her from behind, turned her head in his direction, and from the united breath of their nostrils were produced the two Aśvins, who were hence called Nāsatyā.

The meaning of this name is unknown, but in Yāska's *Nirukta*, a kind of Vedic etymological commentary, the word is said (vi, 13) to mean "true, not false," while Yāska himself suggests it may mean "nose-born" (*nāsikā-prabhavas*). The antiquity of the epithet was shown by Professor Winckler's discovery in 1907 of cuneiform tablets at Boghaz-Köi containing records of treaties between the Hittites and the kings of Mitāni (*c.* 1400 B.C.). Among the gods called upon as witnesses was Na-ša-at-ti-ia—*i.e.* Nāsatyā. For a list of the numerous papers on this important discovery see the *Cambridge History of India*, vol. i, p. *320n*[2].

The question as to who the Aśvins were is asked in *Nirukta* (xii, 1), but no definite answer is given, only various opinions can be quoted. They are said to be "Heaven and Earth," "Day and Night," "Sun and Moon," "two kings who perform holy acts," etc. They have also been described as the personification of two luminous points or rays imagined to precede the break of day. Modern scholars, however, see in them either the morning and evening stars, or twilight (one half light and one half dark).

Although no less than fifty hymns are addressed to them in the *Ṛig-Veda*, there is little that is definite about them. They are described as riding in a golden chariot, which in most accounts is drawn by horses (the name Aśvinā means "the two horsemen"), but poets often say it was drawn by some kind of bird, a buffalo, or an ass. They are the precursors of the Dawn (Ushās), who appears at the yoking of their car. She is sometimes described as the sister and sometimes as the wife of the Aśvins. More commonly, however, their joint wife is Sūryā, who rides with them in the car. In still other hymns (*Ṛig-Veda*, x, 85) Soma, the moon, is the husband of Sūryā, and the Aśvins are only the groomsmen, who help to get her for Soma from her father vitṛi. They lost one of the wheels of their chariot at this wedding and consequently we find references to their three-wheeled car.

In different hymns of the *Ṛig-Veda* they are referred to as "Sons of the Sun," "Children of the Sky," "Bright Lords of Lustre," "Offspring of the Ocean," "Honey-hued," and so on. Thus it is obvious that they originally represented some twin phenomenon in cosmical mythology, but exactly what is hard to say

But there is another aspect of the Aśvins to be considered. They are described as healers of disease, deliverers from distress (especially on the sea), lifters-up of the downtrodden, and friends of lovers. Such an office was considered rather *infra dig.* among the gods, and consequently they lost a certain amount of prestige.

In Brāhmanical mythology the cosmical element of the Aśvins has disappeared and they remain as physicians of great kindness and personal beauty. Their names are now Nāsatyā and Dasra. The best-known story, found differently in the *Śatapatha Brāhmaṇa* and the *Mahābhārata,* is that of Chyavana, the old husband of the beautiful Sukanyā. The Aśvins fell in love with her and tried in vain to seduce her. They finally consented to rejuvenate her husband, and in return were given a share of the Soma. Again in *Mahābhārata* (i, 111), on being invoked, they restore the eyesight of Upamanyu, who, becoming blind through eating certain forest leaves, had fallen into a pit. There are many other stories of their good deeds: They rescued Bhujyu from drowning and Atri from a fiery pit. When Viśpalā lost her leg they furnished her with an iron one.

It will be seen from the above varying scraps of mythology connected with the Aśvins that it is very hard, if not quite impossible, to state their origin, or to say what is the connecting link which joins the cosmical and more human sides of their character. The one may have evolved from the other, the healing and vivifying power of the sun and light being the medium, or perhaps the healing attributes may have been added in the effort to preserve the memory of some real historical mortal physicians, or "kings who performed holy acts," whose deeds would otherwise have been lost in the oblivion of the ages.

We cannot help seeing a certain likeness with the Διὸς κόρω of the Greeks, Castor and Pollux, who are also twin horsemen and act as saviour-gods to mankind. Dual gods or heroes are found in many mythologies and their association may possibly point to the syncretism of allied cults, or to the development of new cults out of a primitive cult epithet. (See further Crooke, "Some Notes on Homeric Folk-Lore," *Folk-Lore,* vol. xix, 1908, p. 163. For notes and references on the Castor and Pollux myth see Frazer's translation of *Apollodorus,* Loeb Classical Library, vol. ii, pp. 30, 31.)

It is interesting to compare the post-Homeric attributes of Apollo as a god of healing and as a marine deity. The former side of his character is shown in such titles as Iatromantis and Oulios, and the latter in such names as Delphinius, Epibaterius, Euryalus, etc.—N.M.P.

CHAPTER XLII

THEN early the next day Naravāhanadatta went off [M] to the forest for the purpose of hunting, surrounded with elephants, in the company of his father and his friends; but before going he comforted his beloved Ratnaprabhā, who was anxious about him, by saying that he would quickly return.

Then the scene of the chase became like a garden adorned with lovely creepers for his delight, for in it the pearls that dropped from the claws of the lions, that had cleft the foreheads of elephants, and now fell asleep in death, were sown like seeds; and the teeth of the tigers that were cut out by the crescent-headed arrows were like buds, and the flowing blood of the deer seemed like shoots, and the wild boars, in which stuck the arrows adorned with heron feathers, seemed like clusters, and the fallen bodies of Śarabhas[1] showed like fruit, and the arrows falling with deep hum appeared like bees.

Gradually the prince became wearied, and desisted from the chase, and went on horseback to another wood with Gomukha, who was also riding. There he began to play at ball, and while he was thus engaged a certain female ascetic came that way. Then the ball slipped from his hand and fell on her head; whereupon the female ascetic laughed a little, and said to him: "If your insolence is so great now, what will it be if you ever obtain Karpūrikā for a wife?"[2]

When Naravāhanadatta heard this, he dismounted from his horse, and prostrating himself at the feet of that female ascetic, said to her: "I did not see you, and my ball fell on your head by chance. Reverend one, be propitiated, and pardon that fault of mine." When the female ascetic heard this she said: "My son, I am not angry with you"; and being victorious over her wrath she comforted him with blessings.

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[1] Fabulous animals with eight feet.

[2] Cf. *Sicilianische Märchen*, vol. i, p. 74.

And then, thinking that the wise, truthful ascetic was well disposed to him, Naravāhanadatta respectfully asked her: "Who, reverend lady, is this Karpūrikā spoken of by you? Condescend to inform me, if you are pleased with me, for I am curious on this head."

When he said this, bending before her, the female ascetic said to him: "There is on the other side of the sea a city named Karpūrasambhava[1]; in it there is a king rightly named Karpūraka; he has a daughter, a lovely maiden, named Karpūrikā, who appears like a second Lakshmī, deposited in security there by the ocean, having seen that the first Lakshmī had been carried away by the gods after the Churning. And she, as she hates men,[2] does not desire to be married; but she will desire it, if at all, when she sees you. So go there, my son, and you shall win that fair one; nevertheless, while you are going there, you will suffer great hardship in the forest. But you must not be perplexed at that, for all shall end well." When the ascetic had said this she flew up into the air and disappeared.

Then Naravāhanadatta, drawn on by the command of Love uttered through her voice, said to his attendant Gomukha: "Come, let us go to Karpūrikā in the city of Karpūrasambhava, for I cannot remain a moment without beholding her." When Gomukha heard that, he said: "King, desist from your rashness. Consider how far off you are from the sea and from that city, and whether the journey is worth taking for the sake of that maiden. Why, on merely hearing her name,[1] do you abandon celestial wives and alone run after a mere woman who is enveloped in doubt, owing to your not knowing what her intention is?"

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[1] *I.e.* camphor-produced.——Mysterious Lands of Camphor and Camphor Islands are often mentioned in Eastern legend. In the tale of "Hasan of Bassorah" (Burton *Nights*, vol viii, p. 81), while searching for the Islands of Wak, Hasan calls upon the Lord of the Land of Camphor (see Chauvin, vii, p. 11n^2), and Arabian writers speak of the white city of al-Barraqa, in which cries and songs were heard but no inhabitants seen. Sailors who landed there for water found it clear and sweet with an odour of camphor, but the houses receded as fast as approached and finally faded from view. See G. Ferrand, *Relations de Voyage et Textes Géographiques Arabes*, Paris, 1913, vol. i, pp. 145, 157, and vol. ii, pp. 570-573. For an interesting article on camphor see W. H. Schoff, *Journ. Amer. Orient. Soc.*, vol. xlii, 1922, pp. 355-370.—N.M.P.

[2] Cf. *Nights*, Burton, vol. iii, p. 31, and vol. vii, pp. 209, 243.—N.M.P.

When Gomukha said this to him, the son of the King of Vatsa said: "The speech of that holy ascetic cannot be false. So I must certainly go to find that princess." Having said this, he set out thence on horseback that very moment. And Gomukha followed him; silently, though it was against his wish. When a lord does not act on the advice of his servants their only course is to follow him.

The Prince is lost

In the meanwhile the King of Vatsa, having finished his hunting, returned to his city thinking that that son of his was returning among his own armed followers. And the prince's followers returned with Marubhūti and the others to the city, supposing that the prince was with the armed followers of his father. When they arrived the King of Vatsa and the others searched for him, and finding that he had not returned, they all went to the house of Ratnaprabhā. She at first was grieved at that news, but she called up a supernatural science and was told by it tidings of her husband, and said to her distressed father-in-law: "My husband heard the Princess Karpūrikā mentioned by a female ascetic in the forest, and in order to obtain her he has gone to the city of Karpūrasambhava. And he will soon have accomplished his object, and will return here with Gomukha. So dismiss anxiety, for this I have learned from a science." By these words she comforted the King of Vatsa and his retinue. And she dispatched another science to wait on her husband during his journey and dispel his fatigue: for good women who desire their husband's happiness do not nourish jealousy.

In the meanwhile Naravāhanadatta performed a long journey on horseback in that forest, accompanied by Gomukha. Then a maiden suddenly came up to him in his path and said to him: "I am a science,[2] sent by

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[1] For falling in love on mere mention see Vol. I, p. 128, 128*n*¹, and Vol. II, pp. 143, 144.—N.M.P.

[2] See Vol. II, pp. 211, 211*n*¹, and 212, 212*n*¹.—N.M.P.

Ratnaprabhā, named Māyāvatī; I will guard you on the path without being seen, so proceed now without fear." Having said this, the incarnate science disappeared as he gazed at it.

By virtue of it Naravāhanadatta continued his journey with his thirst and hunger appeased, praising his beloved Ratnaprabhā. And in the evening he reached a wood with a pure lake in it, and with Gomukha he bathed and took a meal of delicious fruit and water. And at night he tied up the two horses underneath a large tree, after supplying them with grass, and he and his minister climbed up into it to sleep. While reposing on a broad bough of the tree he was wakened by the neighings of the terrified horses, and saw a lion that had come close underneath. When he saw it he wished[1] to get down for the sake of the horses, but Gomukha said to him: "Alas! you are neglecting the safety of your person and acting without counsel; for kings the first duty is the preservation of their persons, and counsel is the foundation of rule. How can you desire to contend with wild beasts armed with teeth and claws? For it was to avoid these that we just now got up into this tree."

When the king had been restrained from descending by these words of Gomukha's, seeing the lion killing the horse, he immediately threw his sword at it from the tree, and succeeded in wounding it with the weapon, which was buried in its body. The mighty lion, though pierced with the sword, after killing that horse, slew the other also. Then the son of the King of Vatsa took Gomukha's sword from him and, throwing it, cut the lion in half in the middle. And descending he recovered his sword from the body of the lion, and ascending again to his sleeping-place he passed the night there in the tree.

In the morning Naravāhanahatta got down and set out to find Karpūrikā, accompanied by Gomukha. Then Gomukha, beholding him travelling on foot, as the lion had slain his horse, in order to amuse him on the way, said:

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[1] I find that a MS. in the Sanskrit College reads *avatitīrshum*. This is obviously the right reading.

"Listen, King; I will relate you this story, which is particularly appropriate on the present occasion.

58. *Story of King Parityāgasena, his Wicked Wife and his Two Sons*

There is in this world a city named Irāvatī, which surpasses Alakā[1]; in it there dwelt a king named Parityāgasena. And he had two beloved queens, whom he valued as his life. One was the daughter of his own minister, and her name was Adhikasangamā; and the other was of royal race, and was called Kāvyālankārā. And with those two the king propitiated Durgā to obtain a son, and performed penance without food, sleeping on *darbha* grass.

Then Bhavānī, who is kind to her votaries, pleased with his penance, appeared to him in a dream and gave him two heavenly fruits, and thus commanded him: "Rise up and give your two wives these two fruits to eat, and then, King, you will have born to you two heroic sons."[2]

Having said this, Gaurī disappeared, and the king woke up in the morning and rose delighted at beholding those fruits in his hand. And by describing that dream of his he delighted his wives, and bathed and worshipped the consort of Śiva, and broke his fast. And at night he first visited that wife of his Adhikasangamā, and gave her one of the fruits, and she immediately ate it. Then the king spent the night in her pavilion, out of respect for her father, who was his own prime minister. And he placed near the head of his bed the second fruit, which was intended for the other queen.

While the king was asleep the Queen Adhikasangamā rose up, and desiring for herself two similar sons, she took from his head and ate that second fruit also. For women are naturally envious of their rivals. And in the morning, when the king rose up and was looking for that fruit, she said: " I ate that second fruit also."

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[1] The city of Kuvera, the God of Wealth.

[2] Readers will remember that Vāsavadattā received a fruit from Śiva which brought about the birth of Naravāhanadatta. See Vol. II, p. 136, 136n^1, where several references to analogues are given. See also Hartland, *Legend of Perseus*, vol. i, p. 41, and Crooke, *op. cit.*, vol. i, p. 228.—N.M.P.

Then the king went away despondent, and after spending the day he went at night to the apartments of the second queen. And when she asked for that other fruit he said to her: " While I was asleep your fellow-wife treacherously devoured it." Then the Queen Kāvyālankārā, not having obtained that fruit which was to enable her to give birth to a son, remained silently grieved.

In the course of some days that Queen Adhikasangamā became pregnant, and in due time gave birth to twin sons. And the King Parityāgasena rejoiced, and made a great feast, since his desire was fulfilled by their birth. And the king gave the name of Indīvarasena to the elder of the two, who was of wonderful beauty and had eyes like a blue lotus. And he gave to the younger the name of Anichchhasena, because his mother ate the second fruit against his wish.

Then Kāvyālankārā, the second wife of that king, on beholding this, was angry, and reflected: " Alas! I have been cheated by this rival wife out of having children; so I must without fail revenge myself on her. I must destroy these sons of hers by my cunning." Having thus reflected, she remained thinking over a means of doing this. And as fast as those two princes grew, the tree of enmity grew in her heart.

The Two Princes start on their Adventures

And in course of time those two princes, having attained manhood, and being mighty of arm, and desirous of conquest, said to their father: " We have attained manhood, and we have been trained in the use of weapons, so how can we remain here endowed to no profit with these mighty arms? Out on the arms and the youth of a Kshatriya that longs not for victory! So let us go now, father, and conquer the regions." When the King Parityāgasena heard this request of his sons he was pleased, and consented, and made arrangements for their expedition. And he said to them: " If ever you are in difficulties you must think upon the goddess Durgā, the remover of sorrows, for she gave you to me." Then the king sent forth those two sons on their expedition, accompanied by his troops and feudal chiefs, after their mother had performed the auspicious ceremonies to ensure them success. And he sent after them his own sagacious prime minister, their maternal grandfather, whose name was Prathamasangama.

Then those two mighty princely brothers, with their army, first marched in due order to the eastern quarter and subdued it. Then these two irresistible heroes of approved might, to whom many kings had joined themselves, went to the southern quarter to conquer it. And their parents rejoiced on hearing these tidings of them, but their second mother was consumed with the fire of concealed hate.

The treacherous queen then got the following false dispatch written in the king's name to the chiefs in the princes' camp, by means of the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, whom she had bribed with heaps of treasure: "My two sons, having subdued the earth by the might of their arms, have formed the intention of killing me and seizing my kingdom; so if you are loyal to me you must without hesitation put to death both those sons of mine." This letter Kāvyālankārā sent off secretly by a courier.[1] And the courier went secretly to the camp of those two princes and gave that letter to the chiefs. And they all, after reading it, reflecting that the policy of kings is very cruel, and considering that that command of their master must not be disobeyed, met and deliberated in the night, and, as they saw no way out of the difficulty, determined to kill those two princes, though they had been fascinated by their virtues. But their maternal grandfather, the minister, who was with them, heard of it from a friend that he had among the chiefs, and after informing the princes of the state of affairs he thereupon mounted them on swift horses and conveyed them safely out of the camp.

The two princes, when conveyed away by the minister at night, travelled along with him, and entered the Vindhya forest out of ignorance of the true road. Then, after the night had passed, as they slowly proceeded on their way, about noon their horses died, overcome with excessive thirst,

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[1] For a note on the "Letter of Death" see the end of this chapter. —N.M.P.

And that aged maternal grandfather of theirs, whose palate was dry with hunger and thirst, died exhausted with the heat before the eyes of those two, who were also weary. Then those afflicted brothers exclaimed in their sorrow: "Why has our father reduced to this state us who are innocent, and fulfilled the desire of that wicked second mother of ours?" In the midst of their lamentation they thought upon the goddess Ambikā,[1] whom their father had long ago pointed out to them as their natural protectress. That moment, by force of thinking on that kind protectress, their hunger, thirst and fatigue left them, and they were strong. Then they were comforted by faith in her, and without feeling the fatigue of the journey they went to visit that goddess who dwells in the Vindhya forest. And when those two brothers had arrived there, they began a course of fasting and asceticism to propitiate her.

In the meanwhile those chiefs in the camp assembled together in a band, and went with the intention of doing the princes a mischief; but they could not find them, though they searched everywhere. They said: "The princes have escaped somewhere with their maternal grandfather"; and fearing that the whole thing would come out, they went in a fright to the King Parityāgasena, and, showing him the letter, they told him the whole story. He, when he heard it, was agitated, and said to them in his anger: "I did not send this letter; this is some deception. And how comes it that you did not know, you foolish creatures, that I should not be likely to put to death two sons obtained by severe austerities? They have been put to death as far as you are concerned, but they were saved by their own merits, and their maternal grandfather has exhibited a specimen of his statesmanship." He said this to the chiefs, and though the Secretary who wrote the treacherous letter fled, the king quickly had him brought back by his royal power, and after thoroughly investigating the whole matter, punished him as he deserved. And he threw into a dungeon his wicked wife Kāvyālankārā, who was guilty of such a crime as trying to slay his sons. For how can an evil deed audaciously done, the end of which is not considered through the mind being blinded with excessive hate, help bringing ruin? And as for those chiefs who had set out with his two sons and returned, the king dismissed them and appointed others in their place. And with their mother he continued to seek for tidings of those sons, plunged in grief, devoted to righteousness, thinking upon Durgā.

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[1] The mother—*i.e.* Durgā.

In the meanwhile that goddess, who has her shrine in the Vindhya mountains, was pleased with the asceticism of the Prince Indīvarasena and his younger brother. And she gave Indīvarasena a sword in a dream, and appearing to him, thus addressed him: "By the power of this sword thou shalt conquer enemies hard to overcome, and whatever thou shalt think of thou shalt obtain, and by means of it you shall both gain the success you desire."

The Magic Sword

When the goddess had said that she disappeared, and Indīvarasena, waking up, beheld that sword in his hand. Then he comforted his younger brother by showing him that sword and describing to him his dream, and in the morning he and his brother broke their fast on wild fruits. Then he worshipped that goddess, and having his fatigue removed by her favour, he departed rejoicing, with the sword in his hand, in the company of his brother.

And after he had travelled a long distance he found a great and splendid city, looking like the peak of Meru on account of its golden houses. There he beheld a terrible Rākshasa standing at the gate of the high street, and the hero asked him what was the name of the town, and who was its king. That Rākshasa said: "This city is called Śailapura, and it is possessed by our lord Yamadanshṭra, the slayer of his foes, King of the Rākshasas."

When the Rākshasa said this, Indīvarasena attempted to enter, in order to slay Yamadanshṭra, but the Rākshasa at the door tried to prevent him, upon which the mighty Indīvarasena killed him, cutting off his head with one stroke of his sword. After slaying him the hero entered the royal palace, and beheld inside it the Rākshasa

Yamadanshṭra sitting on his throne, having a mouth terrible with tusks, with a lovely woman at his left hand, and a virgin of heavenly beauty on his right hand. And when Indīvarasena saw him he went with the sword given him by Durgā in his hand and challenged him to fight, and the Rākshasa drew his sword and stood up to resist him. And in the course of the fight Indīvarasena frequently cut off the Rākshasa's head, but it grew again.[1] Seeing that magic

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[1] See Ralston's remarks on this story in his *Russian Folk-Tales*, p. 71. In Hagen's *Helden-Sagen*, vol. i, p. 44, Hilda reunites as fast as she is cut in two, but at last Dietrich, by the advice of Hildebrand, steps between the two pieces and interferes with the *vis medicatrix*. Baring-Gould seems to identify this story of Indīvarasena with that of St George. In his essay on that hero-saint (*Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*, p. 305) he observes: "In the *Kathā Sarit Sāgara* a hero fights a demon monster and releases a beautiful woman from his thraldom." The story, as told by Somadeva, has already progressed, and assumed a form similar to that of Perseus and Andromeda. ——The idea of the hero finding the person or animal he has killed coming to life again is one of the oldest *motifs* in fiction. It first appears on an Egyptian papyrus of Ptolemaic times, in the "Adventure of Satni-Khamoîs with the Mummies." Here we read (Maspero, *Popular Stories of Ancient Egypt*, p. 127): "He came to the place where the eternal serpent was; he attacked him, he slew him. The serpent came to life, and took his form again. He attacked the serpent a second time; he slew him. The serpent came to life again. He attacked the serpent a third time; he cut him in two pieces, he put sand between piece and piece; the serpent died, and he did not again take his previous form."

There is a curious variant in the *Nights* (Burton, vol. vii, p. 361), where, in the story of "Sayf al-Muluk and Badi'a al-Jamal," the hero cuts the ghul in half by a single stroke across his waist. Whereupon the ghul screams out: "O man, an thou desire to slay me, strike me a second stroke." He is just about to make the second stroke when a certain blind man who has befriended him calls out: "Smite him not a second time, for then he will not die, but will live and destroy us." He accordingly holds his hand, and the ghul dies.

I notice another variant in a recent number of *Folk-Lore* (Dec. 1923, p. 302), which, although again different from that in our text, seems to have the same basic idea—that in the case of supernatural beings or animals there is a kind of magical power making their life hard to destroy, but once the secret is discovered, and the magical properties annulled, they are slain like an ordinary human being or animal.

The variant referred to appears in Buxton's "Some Navajo Folk-Tales and Customs," and is as follows:—"Then the man used the lightning and killed the giant. The blood started to run out of his mouth, and flowed back in two streams behind his head. Nayezesegoni stuck his club into the power of his, and having had a sign made to him by the virgin at the Rākshasa's side, who had fallen in love with him at first sight, the prince, after cutting off the head of the Rākshasa, being quick of hand, again cut it in two with a stroke of his sword. Then the Rākshasa's magic was baffled by contrary magic, and his head did not grow again, and the Rākshasa died of the wound.

When he was slain the lovely woman and the princess were delighted, and the prince with his younger brother sat down and asked them the following questions: "Why did this Rākshasa live in such a city as this, guarded by one warder only, and who are you two, and why do you rejoice at his being slain?" When they heard this, the virgin was the one that answered, and she spoke as follows: "In this city of Śailpura there lived a king of the name of Vīrabhuja, and this is his wife Madanadanshṭrā, and this Rākshasa came and devoured him by the help of his magic power. And he ate up his attendants, but he did not eat this Madanadanshṭrā, whom alone he spared because she was beautiful, but he made her his wife. Then he became disgusted with this city though beautiful, and building in it houses of gold he remained here sporting with Madanadanshṭrā, having dismissed his retinue. And I am the younger sister of this Rākshasa, and unmarried, but the moment I saw you I fell in love with you. Accordingly she is glad at his having been slain, and so also am I; so marry me here now, my husband, since love makes me offer myself to you."

The Magic Chariot

When Khaḍgadanshṭrā said this, Indīvarasena married her then and there by the *gāndharva* form of marriage. And he remained in that very city, having everything brought to him on his thinking of it, by the virtue of the sword of Durgā, married and accompanied by his younger brother. And once on a time he made a chariot that would fly through the air, produced by thought through

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ground to prevent the two streams of blood joining, as if they had the giant would have come to life again."

In some cases the head of the giant repeatedly flies on again until the secret of his "life-index" is discovered. See, for instance, R. B. Shaw, "On the Shighni (Ghalchah) Dialect," *Journ. As. Soc. Bengal*, vol. xlvi, pt. i, No. 2, 1877, pp. 115-117.—N.M.P.

the virtue of his sword, that resembled in its powers the philosopher's stone, and placed in it his heroic brother Anichchhasena, and sent him off from his retreat to bear tidings of him to his parents. Anichchhasena, for his part, travelled quickly through the air in that chariot and reached Irāvatī, that city of his father. There he refreshed his grief-worn parents with the sight of him, as the moon refreshes the partridges when exhausted with severe heat. And he approached them and fell at their feet, and was embraced by them; and when they questioned him he dispelled their apprehensions with good news of his brother. And he told in their presence the whole adventure of himself and his brother, which in the beginning was sad, but in the end was happy. And there he heard the treacherous device which his wicked second mother had, out of enmity, contrived for his destruction.

Then Anichchhasena remained there in tranquillity, in the company of his delighted father and his mother, honoured by the subjects. But after some days had passed his fears were aroused by a threatening dream, and he yearned to see his brother again, and said to his father: "I will depart, and by telling my brother Indīvarasena that you are anxiously awaiting him I will bring him back. Give me leave to depart, my father."

When his father heard that, being anxious for the sight of his son, he and his wife gave Anichchhasena leave to depart, and he immediately mounted his chariot and reached through the air that city of Śailapura. And when he arrived there he entered the palace of that brother of his. He saw there his elder brother lying senseless in the presence of Khaḍgadanshṭrā and Madanadanshṭrā, who were weeping. In his perplexity he asked: "What does this mean?" And then Khaḍgadanshṭrā said, with her eyes fixed on the ground, though the other blamed her for it: "When you were away your brother one day, on my going to bathe, had a secret intrigue with this Madanadanshṭrā, and I, on returning from bathing, found him with her, and abused him. Then he tried to propitiate me, but I, being exceedingly bewildered by unforgiving jealousy, that seemed to have possessed me, thought thus with myself: 'Ah! without taking me into account, he favours another. I believe he shows this insolence confiding in the magic properties of his sword, so I will hide this weapon of his.' After thus reflecting, in my folly I thrust his sword into the fire at night while he was asleep. The consequence was that his sword was dimmed and he was reduced to this state. And I am grieved for this myself and upbraided by Madanadanshṭrā. So you have come here now when both our minds are blinded with grief and we have resolved on death. So take this sword and kill me with it, since I have proved true to the customs of my race and acted cruelly."

When Anichchhasena was thus entreated by his brother's wife, he thought that he ought not to slay her on account of her repentance, but prepared to cut off his own head. But at that moment he heard the following voice from the air: "Do not act thus, prince; your brother is not dead, but he has been struck senseless by Durgā, who is angry at his not having taken sufficient care of the sword, and you must not impute guilt to Khaḍgadanshṭrā, for this circumstance is the consequence of your all having been born into this world on account of a curse. And they were both of them your brother's wives in a former life. So propitiate Durgā in order to gain your object."

Accordingly Anichchhasena gave up his intention of slaying himself. But he mounted that chariot, and took that fire-dimmed sword, and went to propitiate the soles of the feet of Durgā, the dweller in the Vindhya range. There he fasted, and was about to propitiate the goddess with the offering of his head when he heard this voice from heaven: "Do not be rash, my son. Go; thy elder brother shall live, and the sword shall become pure from stain, for I am pleased with thy devotion."

When Anichchhasena heard this speech of the goddess he immediately saw that the sword in his hand had recovered its brightness, and he walked round the goddess, keeping his right hand towards her, and ascending his swift magic car, as if it were his own desire,[1] he returned in a state of anxious expectation to that Śailapura. There he saw that his elder brother had just risen up, having suddenly regained consciousness, and, weeping, he seized his feet, and his elder brother threw his arms round his neck. And both the wives of Indīvarasena fell at the feet of Anichchhasena and said: "You have saved the life of our husband." Then he told the whole story to his brother Indīvarasena; who questioned him, and he, when he heard it, was not angry with Khaḍgadanshṭrā, but was pleased with his brother.[1]

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[1] The word literally means "chariot of the mind." There is a pun here.

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[1] This resembles the German story of the two brothers as given in Cox's *Mythology of the Aryan Nations*, vol. i, p. 162. See also Gonzenbach's *Sicilianische Märchen*, Nos. 39 and 40, with Dr Köhler's note. He there refers us to his own remarks on the fourth of Campbell's *West Highland Tales* in *Orient und Occident*, vol. ii, p. 118, and to Grimm, Nos. 60 and 85, Hahn, No. 22, Widter-Wolf, No. 8, Vernaleken, No. 35, etc. In Grimm's No. 60 we have a magic sword, and the temporary death of one of the brothers is indicated by the dimming of one side of a knife. This story resembles Grimm's more closely than that of Aśokadatta and Vijayadatta in Chapter XXV. See also Bartsch's *Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg*, vol. i, p. 474, and De Gubernatis, *Zoological Mythology*, vol. i, p. 328; vol. ii, p. 317. The story of Amys and Amylion, in Ellis's *Metrical Romances*, resembles closely the tale as given by Grimm and Gonzenbach. So too do the seventh and ninth stories of the first day in the *Pentamerone* of Basile, and the fifty-second in Coelho's *Contos Populares Portuguezes*, p. 120. Perhaps the oldest pair of mythological brothers are the Aśvins, who have their counterpart in the Dioscuri and in Heracles and Iphiclus.

——For further analogues to Grimm Nos. 60 and 85 see Bolte and Polivka, *op. cit.*, vol. i, p. 528, and vol. ii, p. 204.

The "External Soul" *motif* has already been discussed (Vol. I, pp. 129-132) and numerous references have been given. In many of the examples found on those pages we saw that the "life" of the person was dependent on a bird, although in some cases it is an inanimate object like a ring, stone, necklace or sword (as in our present text).

In Steel and Temple's *Wide-Awake Stories*, p. 47, the prince's life depends upon a sword, which the witch manages to get hold of. As soon as the sword is heated the prince becomes feverish, and tries to get his sword back. A rivet falls from the hilt, and as the hilt drops so does the prince's head. Barley plants which he had left behind as a "health (*i.e.* passive) index" show his unhappy condition to his friends. A new rivet is forged, the sword is polished and the prince is restored to life. Other examples of the sword as a "life-index" will be found in Shaikh Chilli, *Folk-Tales of Hindustan*, p. 51; Parker, *Village Folk-Tales of Ceylon*, vol. i, p. 165; vol. ii, p. 162 *et seq.*; vol. iii, p. 35 *et seq.* These are discussed by Norton, "The Life-Index," *Studies in Honour of Maurice Bloomfield*, 1920, pp. 214, 215. See also Crooke, *op. cit.*, vol. ii, p. 13, and Chauvin, *Bibliographie Arabe*, v, p. 87*n*1.—N.M.P.

And when he heard from the lips of his brother that his parents were eager to see him, and of the fraud of his second mother, that had brought about his separation from them, he took the sword which his brother handed to him, and mounted a large chariot, which came to him the moment he thought of it, owing to the virtue of the sword, and with his golden palaces, and his two wives, and his younger brother, Indīvarasena returned to his own city, Irāvatī. There he alighted from the air, beheld with wonder by the subjects, and entered the palace, and went with his attendants into the presence of the king. And in that condition he beheld his father and his mother, and fell at their feet with his eyes bathed in streaming tears. And they, the moment they beheld their son, embraced him and his younger brother, and having their bodies, as it were, bathed in nectar, they were relieved from their sorrow.

Indīvarasena returns to his Native City

And when their daughters-in-law, those two wives of Indīvarasena, of heavenly beauty, fell at their feet, they looked on them with delight and welcomed them. And the parents, learning in course of conversation that they were said by a divine voice to have been appointed in a previous life as his wives, were exceedingly delighted. And they rejoiced with astonishment at the power of their son, which enabled him to travel through the air, and bring golden palaces, and do other things of this kind.

Then Indīvarasena remained, with those two wives and his attendants, in the society of his parents, causing delight to the subjects. And once on a time he took leave of his father, King Parityāgasena, and went forth again to conquer the four quarters, accompanied by his younger brother. And the mighty-armed hero conquered the whole earth by the virtue of his sword, and came back, bringing with him gold, elephants, horses and jewels of conquered kings. And he reached his capital, followed out of fear by the conquered earth in the form of the army of dust, that his forces raised. And he entered the palace, where his father advanced to meet him, and he and his brother delighted their mother Adhikasangamā by their return. And after he had honoured the kings, Indīvarasena spent that day in pleasure, accompanied by his wives and followers.

And on the next day the prince made over the earth to his father by way of tribute from the kings, and suddenly recollected his former birth. Then, like one waking up from sleep, he said to his father: "Father, I remember my former birth; listen, I will tell you all about it. There is a city on the plateau of the Himālayas named Muktāpura; in it there lives a king named Muktāsena, a king of the Vidyādharas. And by a queen named Kambuvatī he had born to him in course of time two virtuous sons, Padmasena and Rūpasena. Then a maiden, named Ādityaprabhā, the daughter of a chief of the Vidyādharas, of her own accord, out of love, chose Padmasena for her husband. Hearing of that, a Vidyādhara maiden, of the name of Chandravatī, became love-sick also, and came and chose him for her husband.

"Then Padmasena, having two wives, was continually worried by that wife Ādityaprabhā, who was jealous of her rival. And so Padmasena over and over again importuned his father Muktāsena to the following effect: 'I cannot endure every day the ill temper of my wife, who is blind with jealousy; let me retire to a wood of ascetics to put an end to this misery. Therefore, father, give me permission.'

"His father, annoyed at his persistence, cursed him and his wives, saying: 'What need is there of your going to a wood of ascetics? Fall into the world of mortals. There this quarrelsome wife of yours, Ādityaprabhā, shall be born in the race of Rākshasas, and become your wife again. And this second, Chandravatī, who is virtuous and attached to you, her husband, shall be the wife of a king, and the paramour of a Rākshasa, and shall obtain you as her beloved. And since this Rūpasena has been observed by me to follow you, his elder brother, with affection, he shall be your brother also in that world. There, too, you shall endure some affliction caused by your wives.' Thus he spoke and ceased, and appointed this as the termination of the curse: 'When you, being a prince, shall conquer the earth and give it to your father, then you and they shall remember your former birth, and be freed from your curse.'

"When Padmasena had been thus addressed by his own father, he went with those others to the world of mortals. I am that very Padmasena, born here as your son, Indīvarasena by name, and I have done what I was appointed to do. And the other Vidyādhara prince, Rūpasena, has been born as Anichchhasena, my younger brother. And as for my wives Ādityaprabhā[1] and Chandravatī, know that they have been born here as these two, Khaḍgadanshṭrā and Madanadanshṭrā. And now we have reached that appointed end of our curse. So let us go, father, to our own Vidyādhara home."

Having said this, he, together with his brother and his wives, who remembered their former existence, abandoned the human and assumed the Vidyādhara form. And having worshipped the feet of his father, and taken his two wives in his arms, he went with his younger brother through the air to his own city, Muktāpura. There the wise prince, gladly welcomed by his father Muktāsena, a joy to the eyes of his mother, accompanied by his brother Rūpasena, lived with his Ādityaprabhā, who did not again display jealousy, and with Chandravatī in happiness.

[M] The minister Gomukha, having told this delightful tale on the road, again said to Naravāhanadatta: "Thus the great must endure great pains and gain great glory, but others have little pain and little glory. But you, protected by the might of the science of Queen Ratnaprabhā, shall without difficulty gain that Princess Karpūrikā."

When Naravāhanadatta heard this from the lips of the eloquent Gomukha, he set out on the path with him, insensible to fatigue. And as he travelled he came in the evening to a pellucid lake, the lotuses on which were in full bloom, and which was full of an abundant supply of cold water, delicious as nectar. Its banks were adorned with pomegranate-trees, bread-fruit trees, and rows of mango-trees, and on it the swans sang sweetly. They bathed in it, and devoutly worshipped the beloved[1] of the daughter of Himālaya, and refreshed themselves with various fragrant, sweet-tasting, delightful fruits, and then the son of the King of Vatsa and his friend spent the night on the bank of the lake, sleeping on a bed strewn with soft young shoots.

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[1] *I.e.* brightness of the sun. Chandravatī means moon-like.

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[1] *I.e.* Siva, the beloved of Pārvatī.

NOTE ON THE "LETTER OF DEATH" *MOTIF*

The well-known "Letter of Death" *motif* has already appeared twice in the present work—firstly in the story of Śivavarman (1c), Vol. I, pp. 51, 52; and secondly in that of Phalabhūti (24), Vol. II, p. 114, where I added a short note on the titles given to the *motif*.

They are: "Uriah letter," "Bellerophon letter" and "Mutalammis letter." As each of these has from time to time been considered the standard example of the *motif*, it will, perhaps, be as well to describe them briefly.

The familiar story of Uriah is told in 2 Sam. 11. After Uriah's wife, Bath-sheba, had become pregnant by David, he got Joab to send Uriah to him, on the pretence of asking details of the siege of Balbah.

"And it came to pass in the morning, that David wrote a letter to Joab, and sent it by the hand of Uriah.

"And he wrote in the letter, saying, Set ye Uriah in the forefront of the hottest battle, and retire ye from him, that he may be smitten, and die.

"And it came to pass, when Joab observed the city, that he assigned Uriah unto a place where he knew that valiant men were.

"And the men of the city went out, and fought with Joab: and there fell some of the people of the servants of David; and Uriah the Hittite died also."

The well-known story of Bellerophon occurs in the *Iliad*, vi, 155 *et seq.*

Anteia, the wife of Proitos, became enamoured of Bellerophon, but her love was not reciprocated (see Vol. II, p. 120).

"Then spake she lyingly to King Proitos: 'Die, Proitos, or else slay Bellerophon, that would have converse in love with me against my will.' So spake she, and anger gat hold upon the king at that he heard. To slay him he forbare, for his soul had shame of that; but he sent him to Lykia, and gave him tokens of woe, graving in a folded tablet many deadly things, and bade him show these to Anteia's father, that he might be slain. So fared he to Lykia by the blameless convoy of the gods" (trans. by Lang, Leaf and Myers, 1912).

On his arrival at Lykia, Anteia's father, in accordance with instructions given in the letter, considered the best way of getting rid of Bellerophon was to give him seemingly impossible tasks. Thus at this point the "Letter of Death" *motif* is blended with the "Tasks" *motif*. After he had slain Chimaira and conquered the Solymi and the Amazons, the king realised that he was the brave offspring of a god, and so far from putting him to death, married him to his daughter.

The title by which the *motif* is known in the Moslem East is, however, "Mutalammis letter." This phrase had its origin in one of the most celebrated incidents of early Arab history. Al-Mutalammis, whose real name was Jarīr, son of 'Abd al-Masīḥ, was an eminent poet of the middle of the sixth century A.D. His name is inseparably linked with that of his nephew Ṭarafa, who has been described as the greatest poet of the Arabs after Imr al-Ḳais. From early youth his genius for poetry, and especially for satirical verse, was remarkable. As time went on he surpassed all his contemporary poets in a life of debauchery and gambling, and after many vicissitudes in Baḥrayn, on the Persian Gulf, he set out with his uncle Mutalammis to ‘Amr ibn Hind, King of al-Ḥira (A.D. 554-570). This king was a warlike ruler and specially noted for his great cruelty. (For a bibliography of his life and times see the *Encyclopædia of Islām*, vol. i, 1913, p. 335.)

‘Amr appointed them to attend on his brother Ḳābūs, who, however, treated the two poets with great indignity, which, as can be imagined, gave rise to some verses about him. They began:

"Would that we had instead of ‘Amr
A milch-ewe bleating round our tent!"

Ṭarafa's brother-in-law was a very fat man, of whom he mockingly said: "There is naught good about him but his money, and that waist which is so slender when he stands." ‘Amr joked the brother-in-law about this and in return was informed of the verse that had been written about him. It was these incidents that started the trouble at the court. On another occasion Ṭarafa was seated at table opposite the king's sister. Struck with her beauty, he exclaimed:

"Behold, she has come back to me,
My fair gazelle whose earrings shine;
Had not the king been sitting here,
I would have pressed her lips to mine."

This further insult decided the king to take action. He summoned the two poets and gave them each a letter sealed with the royal seal and addressed to Abū Kārib, governor of Hajar or Baḥrayn.

Taking the letters, the two men set out, but when they had passed outside the city and were proceeding along the banks of the Euphrates the suspicions of Mutalammis were aroused. He decided to open his letter and find out the contents. As neither of them could read he asked a boy of al-Ḥira to read it for him. It was a request to the governor to put the bearer to death—some say by maiming and burying alive. Mutalammis immediately threw the letter into the river, and implored his nephew to do likewise, but the latter refused, disbelieving what the boy had read, fearing to break the royal seal, and thinking that ‘Amr would never offend the great tribe of Bakr by encompassing his death. All entreaties on the part of Mutalammis were unavailing, so they parted. Ṭarafa, continuing his journey, was immediately put to death, and Mutalammis, turning his camel westwards, escaped to Syria to the court of Ghassān.

For various accounts of the life and works of Ṭarafa and Mutalammis see "Lettre sur les poëtes Tarafah et al-Moutalammis, par M. A. Perron à M. Caussin de Perceval," *Journal Asiatique*, 3rd series, vol. xi, pp. 46-69 and 215-257; Hammer-Purgstall, *Literaturgeschichte der Araber*, Part I, vol. i, Vienna, 1850, pp. 163-167; T. Chenery, *The Assemblies of Al-Ḥarīri*, vol. i (1869), Oriental Translation Fund, Royal Asiatic Society, 1898, pp. 358-362 (see also p. 162); C. J. Lyall, *Translations of Ancient Arabic Poetry*, 1885, pp. 79-80; R. A. Nicholson, *A Literary History of the Arabs*, 1907, pp. 107-109;

G. Freytag, *Arabum Proverbia*, Bonn, 1838, i, 721; and Vullers, *Tarafæ Moallaca cum Zuzenii Scholiis*, Paris, 1829. For the two latter references I am indebted to Professor D. S. Margoliouth. A short story about Mutalammis and his wife Umaymah occurs in the *Nights* (Burton, vol. v, pp. 74, 75), and Burton gives a note on the poet in Supp., vol. vi, p. 94, where an example of our *motif* occurs.

None of the above three titles seems to be sufficiently explanatory to embrace the numerous varieties of the *motif* as they occur in folk-lore. In the Uriah story, the scheme succeeds and the victim is killed. In the Greek story of Bellerophon, the letter is delivered untouched and he only escapes because of his divine birth and consequent supernatural powers. In the Arabic story, Mutalammis, who appears only to have been drawn into the trouble owing to his relationship to Ṭarafa, never delivers the letter at all, but destroys it. Thus in each of the three stories the incidents vary considerably, and there appears to be no reason why any particular one should give its name to the *motif*. But if we call it by a comprehensive name such as "Letter of Death" we can take all the above examples as different variants of the *motif*.

In fiction the theme of tales introducing the "Letter of Death" is usually as follows. For some reason or other the hero is considered best out of the way. He is accordingly dispatched with a letter ordering the bearer to be killed. On his way he either meets his rival, who unknowingly delivers the letter for him, or else he falls asleep and the contents of the letter are altered either in ignorance or on purpose, and so the hero escapes his fate.

In the *Kathākoça* (Tawney, p. 168 *et seq.*) is the "Story of Dāmannaka," which contains an interesting version which appears in several other collections. The merchant Sāgarapota overhears certain hermits saying that the boy Dāmannaka, a penniless orphan, will be master of his house. He tries various means to get rid of the boy, all of which fail. On one occasion he sends the boy home to his wife with a letter. The story then proceeds as follows:—

Dāmannaka started on his journey. When he reached the garden of Rājagṛiha he was tired, and he lay down in the temple of the God of Love to refresh himself. Sleep fell upon him. In the meanwhile the daughter of that very merchant, Vishā by name, came there to worship the God of Love. She saw Dāmannaka, with his broad eyes and broad chest; and while she was looking at him her eye fell on her father's letter, so she took it from the end of his stick and read it. It ran as follows: "Health and prosperity! Sāgarapota from the cattle farm lovingly embraces Samudradatta, and tells him what is to be done:

> 'Before he has time to wash his feet, you must immediately bestow
> on this man
> Visha (poison) and so make my heart free from the thorn of pain.'"

She thought: "No doubt my father has found here a bridegroom fit for me; as for the marriage having to be performed this very day, it means that to-day is an auspicious day, so the marriage must take place to-day. As for the order that Visha is to be given, in his eagerness he has written an *anusvāra* instead of the long *ā*, so I will put it right." Having thus reflected, she took some collyrium from her eyes and made the letter *ā* instead of a dot; and sealing the letter up again, she left it as it was, and went home. After a short time Dāmannaka reached the house. He gave the letter to Samudradatta. Samudradatta took the letter and read it and considered it. He said: "My father's order is law to me"; so he collected all the necessary preparations for the marriage, and all the host of his relations assembled. On that very day, as soon as an auspicious moment arrived, Dāmannaka was married.

The story appears in the *Bhakta-māla* of Nābhādāsa, a work on the history of the saints of the Bhāgavata reformation started chiefly by Rāmānuja and Madhva about the same time as Somadeva wrote the *Kathā Sarit Sāgara*. See G. A. Grierson, "Gleanings from the Bhakta-Māla," *Journ. Roy. As. Soc.*, April 1910, p. 295. (For the other two parts of the article see ditto, July 1909, p. 607 *et seq.*, and Jan. 1910, p. 87 *et seq.*) It was briefly related in Stein and Grierson's *Hatim's Tales*, p. xlvi. *Cf.* also N. B. Godabole, "The Story of Chandrahāsya," *Ind. Ant.*, vol. xi, 1882, pp. 84-86.

The story is also found in Bloomfield, *Life and Stories of Pārçvanātha*, p. 160, where a useful note is given; in Hertel, "Die Erzählung von Kaufmann Campaka," *Zeit. d. d. Morg. Gesell.*, vol. lxv, 1911, pp. 458, 459; and ditto in vol. vii of *Indische Erzähler*, p. 38 *et seq.*

For other Eastern variants see Velten, *Märchen und Erzählungen der Suaheli*, 1898, p. 198; Lidzbarski, *Geschichten und Lieder aus den neuaramäischen Handschriften der K. Bibliothek zu Berlin*, 1896, p. 267 *et seq.*; Steel and Temple, *Wide-Awake Stories*, p. 410; Day, *Folk-Tales of Bengal*, p. 120; Stokes, *Indian Fairy Tales*, pp. 53 *et seq.*, and 184 *et seq.*; *Ind. Ant.*, vol. iii, p. 321.

For variants from all parts of the world see Bolte, *op. cit.*, vol. i, p. 276 *et seq.*

The most comprehensive article, however, is that by Cosquin, "La Légende du Page de Sainte Élisabeth de Portugal," *Études Folkloriques*, p. 73 *et seq.*—N.M.P.

CHAPTER XLIII

THE next morning Naravāhanadatta rose up from [M] the bank of that lake,[1] and setting out on his journey, said to his minister Gomukha: "My friend, I remember a certain princess of heavenly beauty, dressed in white garments, came to me towards the end of last night in a dream and said this to me: 'Lay aside your anxiety, dear one, for you will quickly reach a large and wonderful town situated in a forest, on the shore of the sea. And after resting there you shall with ease find that town Karpūrasambhava, and then win that Princess Karpūrikā.' Having said this, she disappeared, and I immediately woke up." When he said that, Gomukha was delighted and said to him: "King, you are favoured by the gods; what is difficult to you? So your enterprise will certainly succeed without difficulty."

When Gomukha had said this, Naravāhanadatta hastened along the path with him. And in course of time he reached a city of vast extent on the shore of the sea, furnished with lofty mansions resembling the peaks of mountains, with streets and arches, adorned with a palace all golden like Mount Meru, looking like a second Earth. He entered that city by the market street, and beheld that all the population, merchants, women and citizens, were wooden automata,[2] that moved as if they were alive, but were recognised as lifeless by their want of speech. This aroused astonishment in his mind. And in due course he arrived with Gomukha near the king's palace, and saw that all the horses and elephants there were of the same material; and with his minister he entered, full of wonder, that palace, which was resplendent with seven ranges of golden buildings. There he saw a majestic man sitting on a jewelled throne, surrounded by warders and women who were also wooden automata, the only living being there, who produced motion in those dull material things, like the soul presiding over the senses. He, for his part, seeing that that hero Naravāhanadatta was of noble form, rose up and welcomed him, and made him sit down on his own seat, and sitting in front of him he thus questioned him: "Who are you? How and why have you come to this uninhabited land with one companion?"

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[1] I read *sarastīrāt* for *sarittīrāt*.

[2] See note on pp. 55-59 of this volume.—N.M.P.

Then Naravāhanadatta told his own story from the beginning, and asked that hero, who was prostrating himself before him: "Who are you, my good sir, and what is this wonderful city of yours? Tell me." That man, when he heard that, began to tell his own story.

59. *Story of the Two Brothers Prāṇadhara and Rājyadhara*

There is a city named Kānchī possessed of great excellences,[1] which, like a girdle, well adorns the earth-bride. In it there was a famous king of the name of Bāhubala, who won Fortune by the might of his arm, and imprisoned her in his treasury, though she is a gadding dame. We were two brothers in his kingdom, carpenters by trade, skilful in making ingenious automata of wood and other materials, such as Maya[2] first invented. My elder brother was by name Prāṇadhara, and he was infatuated with love for a fickle dame, and I, my lord, am named Rājyadhara, and I was ever devoted to him. That brother of mine consumed all my father's property and his own, and some portion of what I had acquired, which, melted by affection, I made over to him.

Then he, being much infatuated about the lady, out of desire to steal wealth for her sake, made a couple of swans of wood with mechanism and strings attached to them. That pair of swans was sent out at night by pulling strings, and entering by means of the mechanical contrivance into the king's treasury through a window; they took from it with their beaks jewels placed in a basket, and returned to the house of my brother. And my elder brother sold the jewels and spent the money so acquired with his paramour, and in that way he robbed the king's treasury every night, and though I tried to prevent him he would not give up that improper proceeding; for who, when blinded by passion, distinguishes between right and wrong?

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[1] Here there is a pun, as the words may also be construed "woven of excellent threads."

[2] Maya was the architect of the Daityas. According to some Maya = Ptolemaios.——This latter theory is very unlikely.—N.M.P.

And then the keeper of the treasury, as the king's treasure-house was plundered night after night without the bolt being moved, though there were no mice in it, for several days in succession inquired into the matter, without saying anything, out of fear, and then, being exceedingly vexed, went and told the matter plainly to the king.

Then the king posted him and some other guards in the treasure-house at night, with orders to keep awake in order to find out the truth of it. Those guards went into the treasure-house at midnight, and while there saw my brother's two swans entering in by the window, impelled by strings. The swans moved round by means of their mechanism and took the jewels; then the guards cut the strings and took the swans to show the king in the morning. And then my elder brother said in a state of bewilderment: "Brother, my two swans have been seized by the guards of the treasury, for the strings have become slack and the pin of the mechanism has dropped. So we must both of us leave this place immediately, for the king, when he hears of it in the morning, will punish us as thieves. For we are both known to be skilled in mechanical contrivances. And I have here a chariot with a pneumatic contrivance, which quickly goes eight hundred *yojanas*, if you press a spring. Let us go by means of it to-day to a distant foreign land, though exile may be disagreeable; for how can an evil deed, that is done in despite of good advice, bring pleasure to anyone? This is the mature fruit of my wickedness in not obeying your advice, which has extended to innocent you as well as to me."

After saying this my brother Prāṇadhara immediately mounted with his family that chariot that flew through the air. But though he urged me I would not mount it, as it was laden with many people, so he flew up in it to the sky and went off to some distant place.

Rājyadhara flies to the empty City

When that Prāṇadhara,[1] who was rightly named, had gone off somewhere, I, expecting that in the morning I singly should be exposed to danger at the hands of the king, mounted another chariot with a pneumatic mechanism, which I had myself made, and quickly travelled two hundred *yojanas* from that place. Then I again started that air-travelling chariot and went another two hundred *yojanas*. Then I left my chariot, terrified at finding that I was near the sea, and travelling on my feet reached in course of time this city, which was empty. And out of curiosity I entered this palace, which was filled with garments, ornaments and couches, and all the other conveniences for a king.

And in the evening I bathed in the water of the garden lake, and ate fruits, and going to the royal bed reflected alone at night: "What am I to do in this uninhabited spot? So to-morrow I will go hence to some place or other, for I no longer need fear danger from King Bāhubala." When I had thus reflected I went to sleep, and towards the end of night a hero of divine appearance, mounted on a peacock, thus addressed me in a dream: "You must live here, good sir, you must not depart elsewhere, and at the time of meals you must go up to the middle court of the palace and wait there." Thus he spoke and disappeared, and I woke up and reflected: "Undoubtedly this heavenly place has been made by Kārttikeya, and he has favoured me with this dream on account of my merits in a former life. I have turned up here because I am to be happy dwelling in this town."

I conceived this hope and rose up; and said the prayer for the day, and at the time of eating I went up to the middle court, and while I was waiting there golden dishes were placed in front of me, and there fell into them from heaven food consisting of ghee, milk, rice, boiled rice and other things[1]; and any other kinds of food that I thought of came to me as fast as I thought of them. After eating all this I felt comforted by the favour of the god. So, my lord, I took up my abode in this city, with kingly luxuries coming to me every day as fast as I wished for them. But I do not obtain wives and retinue by thinking of them, so I made all these people of wood. Though I am a carpenter, since I have come here I enjoy alone all the pleasures of a king by the power of Destiny, and my name is Rājyadhara.[2]

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[1] *I.e.* holding life.

[M] "So repose, now, a day in this god-built town, and I will attend upon you to the best of my ability." After saying this, Rājyadhara led off with him Naravāhanadatta and Gomukha to the city garden. There the prince bathed in the water of the lake and offered lotuses to Śiva, and was conducted to the feasting-place in the middle court, and there he and his minister enjoyed viands which were placed before them by Rājyadhara, who stood in front of them, to whom they came as soon as he thought of them. Then the eating-ground was swept by some unseen hand, and after they had taken betel they drank wine and remained in great felicity.

And after Rājyadhara had eaten, the prince retired to a gorgeous couch, astonished at the wonderful nature of the town, which resembled the philosopher's stone.[3] And when he could not sleep, on account of his recently conceived longing for Karpūrikā, Rājyadhara, who was also in bed, asked her story, and then said to him: "Why do you not sleep, auspicious sir? You will obtain your desired love.

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[1] *Cf.* the *Metamorphoses* (*Golden Ass*) of Apuleius, Lib. V, cap. iii "*Visoquestatim semirotundo suggestu propter instrumentum cœnatorum, rata refectui suo commodum, libens accumbit. Et illico vini nectarei eduliumque variorum fercula copiosa, nullo serviente, sed tantum spiritu quodam impulsa, subministrantur.*" See also the romance of Parthenopex of Blois in Dunlop's *History of Fiction* (Liebrecht's translation, p. 175). See the *Pentamerone* of Basile (Burton, vol. i, p. 39, third diversion of the first day).

[2] *I.e.* holding or possessing a kingdom.

[3] For a short note on this subject see p. 161*n*1.—N.M.P.

For a fair woman, like Fortune, of her own accord chooses a man of high courage. I have had ocular proof of this. so hear the story; I will relate it to you.

60. *Story of Arthalobha and his Beautiful Wife*

That King of Kānchī, Bāhubala, whom I mentioned to you, had a rich doorkeeper, rightly named Arthalobha.[1] He had a beautiful wife named Mānaparā. That Arthalobha, being by profession a merchant, and on account of his avarice distrusting his servants, appointed that wife of his to look after his business in preference to them. She, though she did not like it, being obedient to him, made bargains with merchants and captivated all men by her sweet form and speech. And Arthalobha, seeing that all the sales of elephants, horses, jewels and garments that she made brought in a profit, rejoiced exceedingly.

And once on a time there came there from a distant foreign land a merchant, named Sukhadhana, having a large stock of horses and other commodities. The moment Arthalobha heard that he had come, he said to his wife: "My dear, a merchant named Sukhadhana has arrived from a foreign land; he has brought twenty thousand horses, and innumerable pairs of excellent garments made in China, so please go and purchase from him five thousand horses and ten thousand pairs of garments, in order that with the thousands of horses I already possess and those other five, I may pay a visit to the king, and carry on my commerce."

When commissioned in these words by that villain Arthalobha, Mānaparā went to Sukhadhana, whose eyes were captivated by her beauty, and who welcomed her gladly. And she demanded from him for a price those horses and garments.

The merchant, overpowered with love, took her aside and said to her: "I will not give you one horse or garment for money, but if you will remain one night with me I will give you five hundred horses and five thousand garments." After saying this he solicited that fair one with even a larger

[1] *I.e.* greed of wealth.

amount. Who does not fall in love with women who are allowed to go about without restraint? Then she answered him: "I will ask my husband about this, for I know he will send me here out of excessive cupidity."[1]

After saying this she went home, and told her husband what the merchant Sukhadhana had said to her secretly. And that wicked, covetous husband Arthalobha said to her: "My dear, if you obtain five hundred horses and five thousand pairs of garments for one night, what is the harm in it? So go to him now; you shall return quickly in the morning."

When Mānaparā heard this speech of her mean-spirited husband's, she began to debate in her heart, and thus reflected: "Out on this base, spiritless husband of mine that sells his honour! By continually meditating on gain he has become all made up of the desire of gain. It is better that the generous man, who buys me for one night with hundreds of horses and thousands of pieces of China silk, should be my husband." Thus reflecting, she took leave of her base husband, saying, "It is not my fault," and went to the house of that Sukhadhana. And he, when he saw that she had come, after questioning her and hearing the whole story from her, was astonished, and considered himself fortunate in obtaining her. And he sent off immediately to her husband Arthalobha the horses and garments that were to purchase her, as agreed upon. And he remained that night with her, having all his wishes attained, for she seemed like the fortune which was the fruit of his own wealth, incarnate in bodily form, at last obtained by him.

And in the morning the base Arthalobha sent, in his shamelessness, servants to summon her, whereupon Mānaparā said to them: "How can I return to be the wife of that man who sold me to another? I am not as shameless as he is. Tell me yourselves if this would be becoming now. So depart; the man that bought me is my husband."

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[1] *Cf.* "Die Sieben Weisen Meister," c. 18 (Simrock's *Deutsche Volksbücher*, vol. xii, p. 185).——A close variant of this story forms the fifteenth novel of Masuccio's *Novellino*. (See Waters' translation, 1895, vol. i, pp. 227-237.) Here a cardinal falls in love with the fair Giacomina, who, however, remains true to her husband. The cardinal offers the husband a large sum for his wife's honour, and he, greedy for the money, finally persuades her to go to the cardinal for one night. When he tries to get her back in the morning she acts as does the lady in our text.—N.M.P.

When the servants were thus addressed by her they went and repeated her words to Arthalobha with downcast faces. The mean fellow, when he heard it, wanted to recover her by force. Then a friend of the name of Harabala said to him: "You cannot recover her from that Sukhadhana, for he is a hero, and I do not behold in you manliness corresponding to his. For he is moved to heroism by a woman that loves him on account of his generosity, and he is mighty, and surrounded with other mighty men that have come with him. But you have been deserted by your wife, who separated from you because you sold her out of meanness, and scorn makes you timid, and being reproached you have become effeminate. Moreover, you are not mighty, and you are not surrounded by mighty friends, so how can you possibly be capable of vanquishing that rival? And the king will be angry with you when he hears of your crime of selling your wife; so keep quiet, and do not make a ridiculous blunder."

Though his friend tried to dissuade him with these words, Arthalobha went and beset, in his anger, the house of Sukhadhana with his retainers. While he was thus engaged, Sukhadhana sallied out with his friends and retainers, and in a moment easily defeated the whole of Arthalobha's force.

Arthalobha appeals to the King

And Arthalobha fled, and went into the presence of the king. And concealing his own wicked conduct, he said to the king: "O King, the merchant Sukhadhana has carried off my wife by force." And the king in his rage wished to arrest that Sukhadhana. Then a minister of the name of Sandhāna said to the king: "In any case, my lord, you cannot arrest him, for when his force is increased by that of the eleven friends who have come with him he will be found to have more than a hundred thousand excellent horses. And you have not discovered the truth about the matter; for his conduct will turn out to be not altogether without cause. So you had better send a messenger and ask what it is that this fellow here is chattering about."

When King Bāhubala heard this he sent a messenger to Sukhadhana to ask about the matter. The messenger went and asked about the matter by the king's order, and thereupon Mānaparā told him her story.

When Bāhubala heard that wonderful tale he came to the house of Sukhadhana to behold the beauty of Mānaparā, being filled with excessive curiosity. There he beheld, while Sukhadhana bent before him, Mānaparā, who with the wealth of her beauty would astonish even the Creator. She prostrated herself at his feet, and he questioned her, and heard from her own mouth how the whole thing happened, Arthalobha being present and listening. When he heard it he thought it was true, because Arthalobha was speechless, and he asked that fair one what was to be done now. Then she said decidedly: "How can I return to that spiritless, avaricious man, who sold me to another man without the excuse of distress?" When the king heard this, he said: "Well said."

And then Arthalobha, bewildered with desire, wrath and shame, exclaimed: "King, let him and me fight with our own retainers, without any auxiliary forces; then let it be seen who is spirited and who is spiritless." When Sukhadhana heard this he said: "Then let us fight in single combat; what need is there of retainers? Mānaparā shall be the prize of the victor." When the king heard this he said: "Good! So let it be!" Then, before the eyes of Mānaparā and the king, they both entered the lists mounted. And in the course of the combat Sukhadhana laid Arthalobha on the plain, by his horse's rearing on account of a lance-wound. Then Arthalobha fell three times more on the earth, on account of his horse being killed, but Sukhadhana, who was a fair fighter, restrained himself and would not slay him. But the fifth time Arthalobha's horse fell upon him, and bruised him, and he was carried off by his servants motionless.

Then Sukhadhana was cheered by all the spectators with shouts of applause, and the King Bāhubala honoured him as he deserved. And he immediately bestowed a gift of honour upon the lady, and he confiscated the property of Arthalobha, which had been acquired by unlawful means; and appointing another to his office, he departed pleased to his palace. For good men derive satisfaction from breaking off their connection with the bad. And Sukhadhana, having maintained his claim by force, remained enjoying himself in the society of Mānaparā, his loving wife.

[M] "Thus wives and wealth leave the mean-spirited man and of their own accord come to the high-spirited man from every quarter. So dismiss anxiety. Go to sleep. In a short time, my lord, you will obtain that Princess Karpūrikā." When Naravāhanadatta heard that sound advice of Rājyadhara's he and Gomukha went off to sleep.

And in the morning, while the prince was waiting awhile after his meal, the wise Gomukha addressed Rājyadhara as follows: "Make such an ingenious chariot for my master as that he shall be able by means of it to reach the city of Karpūrasambhava and obtain his beloved." When thus supplicated, that carpenter offered Naravāhanadatta the chariot with a pneumatic contrivance that he had made before. He ascended that sky-travelling chariot, swift as thought, together with Gomukha, and crossed the deep, the home of monsters, that agitated its waves as if exulting to behold his valour, and reached the city of Karpūrasambhava on its shore. There the chariot descended from the sky, and he and Gomukha left it, and out of curiosity wandered about inside the town. And by questioning the people he found out that he had indeed without doubt reached the desired city, and, delighted, he went to the neighbourhood of the palace. There he found a splendid house occupied by an old woman, and he entered it to stay there, and she received him with respect. And eager to hit upon an artifice, he immediately asked that woman: "Noble lady, what is the name of the king here, and what children has he? And tell us of their appearance, for we are foreigners."

When he said this to the old woman, she, seeing that he was of excessively noble form, answered: "Listen, illustrious sir, I will tell you all. In this city of Karpūrasambhava there is a king named Karpūraka; and he, having no children, performed penance, with his wife Buddhikārī, fasting, in honour of Śiva, in order to obtain offspring. After he had fasted for three nights the god Śiva commanded him in a dream: 'Rise up! A daughter shall be born to you who shall be superior to a son, and whose husband shall obtain the sovereignty of the Vidyādharas.' After receiving this order from Śiva the king woke up in the morning; and after communicating this dream to his wife Buddhikārī he rose up and went off delighted, and with his queen broke his fast. And then in a short time that queen conceived by the king, and when the period was completed she brought forth a daughter beautiful in all her limbs. She surpassed in splendour the lights in the lying-in chamber,[1] and they, as it were, heaved sighs by discharging lamp-black. And her father made great rejoicings, and gave her the name of Karpūrikā, which is his own name made feminine. And gradually that moonlight of the eyes of the people, the Princess Karpūrikā, has grown up, and is now in the full bloom of youth. And her father, the king here, desires to have her married, but the haughty girl detests men and will not consent. And when my daughter, who is her friend, put this question to her, 'My dear, why do you not desire marriage, the only fruit of a daughter's birth?' she answered: 'My dear, I remember my former birth, and the cause is something which happened then. Hear it.

61. *Story of the Princess Karpūrikā in her Birth as a Swan*

On the shore of the ocean there is a great sandalwood-tree. Near it here is a lake adorned with full-blown lotuses. I was a female swan on that lake on account of my actions in a previous birth. Once on a time, out of fear of the sea, I made a nest in that sandalwood-tree, with my husband, who was a male swan. When I was dwelling in that nest I had male offspring born to me, and suddenly a great wave of the sea came and carried them off. When the flood carried away my children, out of grief I wept and took no food, and remained in front of a *liṅga* of Śiva on the shore of the sea. Then that male swan, my husband, came to me and said: "Rise up! Why do you lament your children that are dead? We shall get other ones.[1] As long as life is preserved everything can be obtained." His speech pierced my heart like an arrow; and I reflected: "Alas! males are thus wickedly regardless of their youthful offspring, and show no affection to, or compassion for, their females, though they are attached to them. So of what comfort is this husband to me? Of what use is this body that brings only pain?" Thus reflecting, I prostrated myself before Śiva, and devoutly placed him in my heart, and then in front of his symbol, before the eyes of the swan, my husband, I uttered this prayer, "May I become in the next birth a princess remembering my former state," and thereupon I flung myself into the sea. Consequently I have been born in this life such as you see. And because I remember the cruelty of that husband in a former birth my mind does not feel inclined to any suitor. So I do not desire to be married. The rest is in the hands of Destiny.

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[1] See Vol. II, pp. 166-169, and pp. 131n^3, 132n of this volume.—N.M.P.

[M] "This is what the princess said then in private to my daughter, and that daughter of mine came and told it to me. So, my son, I have told you what you asked me. And that princess is undoubtedly destined to be your wife. For she was long ago designated by the god Śiva as the wife of the future Emperor of the Vidyādharas. And I see that you are marked with all the distinguishing signs of an emperor, such as the peculiar freckle,[2] and other marks. Perhaps you are some distinguished person brought here by Providence for that very purpose. Rise up; for the present we will see what there is in my house in the way of provision."

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[1] *Cf.* Herodotus, iii, 119; Sophocles, *Antigone*, ll. 909-912. See also the *Pentamerone* of Basile (Burton, vol. ii, ninth diversion of the fourth day, p. 454), and the *Ucchanga-Jātaka*, No. 67 in Dr Fausböll's edition.

[2] See Vol. I, p. 49, 49n^1, and Vol. II, pp. 4, 7, 7n^1.—N.M.P.

After the old lady had told him this she brought him food, and he and Gomukha spent the night there. And in the morning the prince deliberated in private with Gomukha as to the steps to be taken, and then he assumed the dress of a Pāśupata ascetic, and, accompanied by Gomukha, he went to the king's gate and roamed about in front of it, crying out again and again: "Ah, my female swan! Ah, my female swan!" And the people gazed at him. And when the maids beheld him thus employed they went in astonishment and said to the Princess Karpūrikā: "Your Highness, we have seen at the royal gate a Pāśupata ascetic who, though he has a fellow, is unfellowed in beauty,[1] and he continually utters these words, 'Ah, my female swan! Ah, my female swan!' which bewilders the minds of the women."

When the princess heard this she, as having been a swan in a former birth, was filled with curiosity, and had him, just as he was, conducted by her maids into her presence. And she saw that he was adorned with infinite beauty, like a new God of Love that had taken a vow to propitiate Śiva. And she said to him, when he looked at her with an eye expanded by curiosity: "What is this that you are continually saying: 'Ah, my female swan! Ah, my female swan!'?" Though she said this to him, he went on to say: "Ah, my female swan!"

Then his companion Gomukha answered her: "I will explain this in a few words. Listen, your Highness. In a former birth he was a swan on account of his actions in an anterior state of existence. Then he built himself a nest in a sandalwood-tree, on the bank of a great lake near the shore of the sea, and lived there with his female. And as it happened their offspring in that nest were swept away by a wave, and his female, distracted with grief, threw herself into the sea. Then he, being grieved at separation from her, and disgusted with his bird-nature, desirous of leaving that body, made a pious wish in his heart: 'May I be in a future life a prince remembering my former state, and may this virtuous female swan be my wife, remembering her former existence also.' Then he thought on Śiva, and, scorched with the fire of grief, flung that body into the water of the sea. So he has been now born, my fair lady, as Naravāhanadatta, the son of the King of Vatsa in Kauśāmbī, with the power of recollecting his former existence. When he was born a voice said distinctly from heaven: 'This prince shall be the emperor of all the kings of the Vidyādharas.'

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[1] A mere pun.

"In course of time, when he had become Crown Prince, he was married by his father to the goddess Madanamanchukā of heavenly appearance, who had been born for a certain reason as a woman. And then the daughter of a king of the Vidyādharas named Hemaprabha, the maiden Ratnaprabhā, came of her own accord and chose him for a husband. Nevertheless, thinking on that female swan, he does not enjoy tranquillity; and he told this to me, who have been his servant from my childhood.

"Then, while he was out hunting, it happened that he and I had a meeting in the forest with a holy female hermit. And in the course of conversation she said to him, with favourable condescension: 'Owing to the effect of his actions the God of Love, my son, became a swan. And a heavenly female, that had fallen through a curse, became his dear wife, when he was dwelling, as a swan, in a sandalwood-tree on the bank of the sea. But she threw herself into the sea, through grief at her offspring having been carried away by the tide, and then the male swan flung himself into the sea also. He has now by the favour of Śiva been born as yourself, the son of the King of Vatsa, and you know of that former birth of yours, my son, for you remember your former existence. And that female swan has been now born in Karpūrasambhava, a city on the shore of the sea, as a princess, Karpūrikā by name. Therefore go there, my son, and win her to wife.'

"When the holy female hermit had said this she flew up into the sky and disappeared. And this lord of mine, having heard this information, immediately set out with me to come here. And being attracted by love for you, he risked his life, and after traversing a hundred difficulties he reached the shore of the sea. There we had an interview with the carpenter, named Rājyadhara, who dwells in Hemapura, and who gave us an ingenious chariot. We have mounted on this terrible machine, as if it were our courage having taken shape,[1] and have crossed the perilous gulf of the sea and arrived at this town. For this reason, Queen, my master wandered about, exclaiming, 'Ah, my female swan!' until he came into your presence. Now, from the pleasing sight of the noble moon of your countenance, he enjoys the removal of the darkness caused by the presence of innumerable woes. Now honour your noble guest with the blue lotus garland of your look."

When Karpūrikā heard this feigned speech of Gomukha's she thought it was true, relying on the fact that it harmonised with her own recollections. And she melted in her soul with love, and she thought: "After all, this husband of mine was attached to me, and my despondency was causeless." And she said: "I am in truth that very female swan, and I am fortunate in that my husband has for my sake endured suffering in two births. So now I am your slave, overcome by love." And saying this, she honoured Naravāhanadatta with baths and other hospitalities. Then she informed her father of all this by the mouth of her attendants, and he the moment he heard it came to her.

Then the king thought himself fortunate, having seen that his daughter had conceived a desire to be married, and that an appropriate suitor for her had at length arrived in Naravāhanadatta, who was marked with all the signs of a great emperor. And he gave, with all due honour, his daughter Karpūrikā to Naravāhanadatta according to the prescribed form. And he gave to that son-in-law of his, at every circumambulation from left to right[2] of the sacred fire, thirty millions of gold pieces, and as many lumps of camphor, the heaps of which appeared like the peaks of Meru and Kailāsa, that had witnessed the marriage of Pārvatī, come to behold his magnificence.

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[1] I read with a MS. in the Sanskrit College: *bhayade hā mūrta iva sāhase.*

[2] This subject has already been dealt with in Vol. I, pp. 190-193. See also E. Peacock, "Sunwise Processions," *Folk-Lore,* vol. xi, 1900, p. 220, and W. H. R. Rivers, "Primitive Orientation," ditto, vol. xii, 1901, pp. 210-212.—N.M.P.

Moreover, the King Karpūraka, who had attained his wish, gave Naravāhanadatta a hundred millions of excellent garments and three hundred female slaves well adorned. And Naravāhanadatta, after his marriage, remained with that Karpūrikā, as if with affection incarnate in bodily form. Whose mind was not delighted at the union of that couple, which resembled the marriage of the spring creeper and the spring festival?

Naravāhanadatta meets Prāṇadhara

And on the next day Naravāhanadatta, who had attained his object, said to his beloved Karpūrikā: "Come, let us go to Kauśāmbī." Then she answered him: "If it is to be so, why should we not go there immediately in this chariot of yours that flies through the air? If it is too small I will furnish another large one, for there is living here a mechanic who makes ingenious chariots, who has come from a foreign land, Prāṇadhara by name; I will cause him quickly to make such a chariot." After saying this she called the warder that kept the door and said to him: "Go and order that chariot-maker Prāṇadhara to prepare a large chariot, that will travel through the air, for us to start in."

Then the Queen Karpūrikā, having dismissed the warder, informed her father by the mouth of a slave of her desire to depart. And while the king, on hearing it, was coming thither, Naravāhanadatta thus reflected: "This Prāṇadhara is certainly the brother of Rājyadhara, whom he described as having run away from his native land through fear of his king."

While he was thus thinking, the king quickly arrived, and that mechanic Prāṇadhara came with the warder, and said: "I have ready-made a very large chariot, which will easily carry at this instant thousands of men." When the mechanic said this, Naravāhanadatta said, "Bravo!" and asked him courteously: "Are you the elder brother of Rājyadhara, skilled in various very great mechanical contrivances?" And Prāṇadhara answered him, bowing before him: "I am that very brother of his, but how does your Highness know about us?"

Then Naravāhanadatta told him what Rājyadhara had told him, and how he had seen him. Then Prāṇadhara joyfully brought him the chariot, and he mounted it with Gomukha, after having been politely dismissed by his father-in-law the king, and after bidding farewell to him; but first he placed in it the slaves, camphor and gold. And he took with him Prāṇadhara, whom the king permitted to depart, and that head warder, and his recently married wife Karpūrikā; and his mother-in-law uttered a solemn prayer for a blessing on his journey, and from those stores of splendid garments he bestowed gifts on the Brāhmans; and he said to Prāṇadhara: "First let us go to Rājyadhara on the shore of the sea, and then home."

Then the chariot was driven on by Prāṇadhara, and the prince and his wife flew up into the air quickly by means of it, as if by his accomplished wish.[1] In a moment he crossed the sea, and reached again that city of Hemapura on its shore, the abode of that Rājyadhara. There Rājyadhara bowed before him, delighted at beholding his brother, and as he had no female slaves the prince honoured him with the gift of some, at which he greatly rejoiced.

And after taking leave of Rājyadhara, whose tears flowed fast, as he could hardly bear to part from his elder brother, the prince reached Kauśāmbī in that same chariot.

The Prince returns Home

Then the people, on beholding the prince unexpectedly descend from heaven, riding in that splendid chariot, followed by his retainers, and accompanied by his new bride, were much astonished. And his father, the King of Vatsa, having gathered from the exultations of the citizens that his son had arrived, was delighted, and went out to meet him, accompanied by the queen, the ministers, his daughter-in-law, and other persons. And the king, beholding that son prostrate at his feet with his wife, received him gladly, and thought that the fact that he was to be the future emperor of the aerial spirits was clearly revealed by his coming in a flying chariot.

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[1] "Wish" is literally "chariot of the mind," so here there is a pun.

His mother Vāsavadattā, with Padmāvatī, embraced him, and she shed a tear, which dropped like the knot of pain loosened by seeing him. And his wife Ratnaprabhā, and Madanamanchukā also, and their jealousy being overcome by love for him, they embraced his feet, and won his heart at the same time. And the prince delighted his father's ministers, headed by Yaugandharāyaṇa, and his own, headed by Marubhūti, when they bowed before him, by rewarding them as they severally deserved.

And they all, with the King of Vatsa at their head, welcomed that new wife Karpūrikā, who bowed becomingly before them, like the Goddess of Fortune arrived surrounded by a hundred immortal nymphs, even the sister-shape Amṛita,[1] openly brought by her husband, having crossed the sea adorned with its shore as a garment with a beautiful fringe. And the King of Vatsa honoured that warder of her father's, giving him many *crores* of gold pieces, garments and lumps of camphor, which had been brought in the chariot. And the king then honoured Prāṇadhara as the benefactor of his son Naravāhanadatta, who had pointed him out as the maker of the chariot. And then the king honoured Gomukha, and asked him joyfully: "How did you obtain this princess? And how did you start from this place?"

And then Gomukha deftly told the King of Vatsa, with his wives and ministers, in private, the whole adventure as it took place, beginning with their going to the forest to hunt—how they met the female hermit, and how they crossed the sea by means of the chariot provided by Rājyadhara, and how Karpūrikā was obtained with her female attendants, though she was averse to marriage, and how they returned by the way by which they went, in a chariot which they had obtained by finding Prāṇadhara.

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[1] Both Śrī and the Amṛita came out of the sea when it was churned. *Sudaśārha kūlena* seems to be corrupt.——All is, however, clear in the D. text; see Speyer, *op. cit.*, p. 115, who translates: "and they all welcomed her, arrived with her husband, the ornament of the illustrious family of the Daśārhas, who had brought her over sea, as a manifestation of the very sister of the Amṛita, yea as if she were Śrī accompanied by a hundred of ever-young nymphs."—N.M.P.

Then all of them, shaking their heads in astonishment and joy, said: "To think of the concurrence of all these circumstances, the chase, and the female ascetic, the carpenter Rājyadhara skilled in mechanical contrivances found on the shore of the sea, the crossing the ocean in the chariot that he made, and that another maker of these chariots should have previously reached the other side of the ocean! The truth is, Destiny takes trouble to provide the fortunate with the means of obtaining prosperous success."

Then all respectfully commended Gomukha for his devotion to his lord. And they praised Queen Ratnaprabhā, who by her knowledge protected her lord on his journey, for she produced general satisfaction by acting like a woman devoted to her husband.

Then Naravāhanadatta, having made his party of air-travellers forget the fatigues of their journey, entered his palace with his father and mother, his wives and other relations. Then his treasury was filled with heaps of gold by the friends and relations who came to see him, and whom he honoured, and he loaded Prāṇadhara and his father-in-law's warder with wealth.

And Prāṇadhara, immediately after he had taken food, respectfully addressed this petition to him: "Prince, King Karpūraka gave us the following order: 'You must come back quickly as soon as my daughter has reached her husband's palace, in order that I may have early news of her arrival.' So we must certainly go there quickly this very moment. Give us a letter from Karpūrikā to the king written with her own hand. For otherwise the heart of the king, which is attached to his daughter, will not take comfort. For he, never having mounted an air chariot, fears that we may have fallen from it. So give me the letter, and permit this head warder, who is desirous of ascending the chariot, to depart with me. But I will return here, Crown Prince, and will bring my family, for I cannot abandon the two ambrosial lotuses of your feet."

When Prāṇadhara said this firmly, the son of the King of Vatsa immediately made Karpūrikā sit down to write that letter. It ran as follows: "My father, you must not feel anxious about me, since I share the happiness and possess the love of a good husband. Was the goddess Lakshmī an object of anxiety to the ocean after she had betaken herself to the Supreme Bridegroom?" When she had written the above letter with her own hand, and given it, the son of the King of Vatsa dismissed the warder and Prāṇadhara with honour. And they ascended the chariot, and produced astonishment in the minds of all, as they were seen going through the air, and crossing the sea they went to the city of Karpūrasambhava. There they delighted the King Karpūraka by reading out his daughter's letter, which told that she had reached her husband's palace.

The next day Prāṇadhara took leave of the king, and after visiting Rājyadhara repaired with his family into the presence of Naravāhanadatta. Naravāhanadatta, when he had returned thus quickly after accomplishing his mission, gave him a dwelling near his palace and an ample allowance. And he amused himself and his wives by going about in the flying chariots made by him, as if rehearsing future journeyings in the skies as Emperor of the Vidyādharas.

Thus, having delighted his friends, followers and wives, and obtained a third wife, Karpūrikā, in addition to Ratnaprabhā and Madanamanchukā, the son of the King of Vatsa spent those days in happiness.

APPENDIX I

APPENDIX I

SNEEZING SALUTATIONS

On page 30 we saw that when the prince went to sleep without telling his tale, the merchant's son overheard in the air what seemed to be voices of women engaged in conversation. Disappointed at not hearing the tale, they each pronounced a curse on him in turn; that of the fourth was: "If he escape this also, when he enters that night into his private apartments he shall sneeze a hundred times; and if someone there does not a hundred times say to him, 'God bless you!' he shall fall into the grasp of death. . . ."

It is this familiar benediction after sneezing which I am going to discuss in this appendix.

The most usual form the benediction takes either is as in our text, or else is a wish for long life. As we shall see later, among some peoples no benediction is given at all, the sneeze being simply regarded as either a good or bad omen according to special circumstances.

It is, I think, not at all surprising to find curious customs connected with sneezing in all parts of the world. We have already seen (Vol. II, p. 144n^1) that the twitching or itching of various parts of the body is regarded as ominous; how much more, therefore, would such a violent and sudden thing as a sneeze be looked upon as caused by some unknown power, or as an omen to be most carefully regarded?

Halliday[1] has put this clearly: "It is *per se* a startling phenomenon to find the body, which in normal action is the slave and instrument of its owner's will and intention, behaving in a way independent of his desire or volition. Simply because it is involuntary, the twitching of the eyelid or the tingling of the ear must be miraculous. And primitive man finds a significance in everything which attracts his notice, particularly in cases where there is no obvious cause."

I do not think we need look further for the explanation of sneezing customs, but the varying practices found in different countries and the strange myths invented to explain these practices afford an interesting anthropological study.

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[1] W. R. Halliday, *Greek Divination*, London, 1913, p. 175.

To begin with ancient India: the Buddha is described in the *Gagga-Jātaka* (No. 155) as reprimanding his disciples for crying "Long life!" after a sneeze. The Brethren then ask: "Sir, when did people begin to answer 'Long life!' by 'The same to you'?" Said the Master: "That was long, long ago"; and he told them a tale of the olden time[1]:

"Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was King of Benares, the Bodhisatta came into the world as a brahmin's son of the kingdom of Kāsi; and his father was a lawyer by calling. When the lad was sixteen years old or so, his father gave a fine jewel into his charge, and they both travelled through town after town, village after village, until they came to Benares. There the man had a meal cooked in the gatekeeper's house; and as he could find nowhere to put up he asked where there was lodging to be had for wayfarers who came too late. The people told him that there was a building outside the city, but that it was haunted; but, however, he might lodge there if he liked. Says the lad to his father: 'Have no fear of any Goblin, father! I will subdue him and bring him to your feet.'

"So he persuaded his father, and they went to the place together. The father lay down upon a bench and his son sat beside him, chafing his feet.

"Now the Goblin that haunted the place had received it for twelve years' service of Vessavana,[2] on these terms: that if any man who entered it should sneeze, and when long life was wished him should answer: 'Long life to you!' or 'The same to you!'—all except these the Goblin had a right to eat. The Goblin lived upon the central rafter of the hut.

"He determined to make the father of the Bodhisatta sneeze. Accordingly by his magic power he raised a cloud of fine dust, which entered the man's nostrils, and as he lay on the bench he sneezed. The son did not cry 'Long life!' and down came the Goblin from his perch, ready to devour his victim. But the Bodhisatta saw him descend, and then these thoughts passed through his mind: 'Doubtless it is he who made my father sneeze. This must be a Goblin that eats all who do not say "Long life to you."' And addressing his father he repeated the first verse as follows:—

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[1] W. H. D. Rouse, *The Jātaka*, Cambridge, 1895, vol. ii, pp. 11-13.

[2] A monster with white skin, three legs and eight teeth, guardian of jewels and the precious metals, and a kind of Indian Pluto.

'Gagga, live an hundred years—aye, and twenty more, I pray!
May no goblin eat you up; live an hundred years, I say!'

"The Goblin thought: 'This one I cannot eat, because he said "Long life to you." But I shall eat his father'; and he came close to the father. But the man divined the truth of the matter. 'This must be a Goblin,' thought he, 'who eats all who do not reply, "Long life to you too!"' and so addressing his son he repeated the second verse:

'You too live an hundred years—aye, and twenty more, I pray;
Poison be the goblin's food; live an hundred years, I say!'

"The Goblin, hearing these words, turned away, thinking: 'Neither of these is for me to eat.' But the Bodhisatta put a question to him: 'Come, Goblin, how is it you eat the people who enter this building?'

"'I earned the right for twelve years' service of Vessavana.'

"'What! Are you allowed to eat everybody?'

"'All except those who say "The same to you" when another wishes them long life.'

"'Goblin,' said the lad, 'you have done some wickedness in former lives, which has caused you to be born now fierce and cruel, and a bane to others. If you do the same kind of thing now you will pass from darkness to darkness. Therefore from this time forth abstain from such things as taking life.' With these words he humbled the Goblin, scared him with fear of hell, established him in the Five Precepts, and made him as obedient as an errand-boy.

"Next day, when the people came and saw the Goblin and learned how that the Bodhisatta had subdued him, they went and told the king: 'My lord, some man has subdued the Goblin, and made him as obedient as an errand-boy.' So the king sent for him and raised him to be Commander-in-Chief, while he heaped honours upon the father. Having made the Goblin a tax-gatherer, and established him in the Bodhisatta's precepts, after giving alms and doing good he departed to swell the hosts of heaven."

The Hindus of the North-West Provinces will still say "May you live a hundred years!" on hearing anyone sneeze. (See *North Indian Notes and Queries*, vol. iv, p. 388.) For other references to sneezing in the *Jātakas* see vol. i, p. 279, and vol. v, p. 228.

In more modern days we still find the belief that sneezing is due to demoniacal influence, although opinions differ as to whether it is caused by a Bhūta [1] entering or leaving the nose. The latter view is generally taken by Mohammedans because it is one of the traditions of the Prophet that the nose should be washed out with water, as the devil resides in it during the night.[2] Sneezing once is a good sign; twice a bad sign. More than twice is not regarded. When a child sneezes those near it usually say "*dīrghāyus*" ("long life"), or "*śatāyus*" ("a hundred years"). Adults who sneeze pronounce the name of some god, the common expression being "Śrīmad-rangam." When a Badaga baby is born it is a good omen if the father sneezes before the umbilical cord has been cut, and an evil one if he sneezes after its severance.

In the Telugu country it is believed that a child who sneezes on a winnowing-fan or on the door-frame will meet misfortune unless balls of boiled rice are thrown over it; and a man who sneezes during his meals, especially at night, will also be unlucky unless water is sprinkled over his face and he is made to pronounce his own name and that of his birthplace and his patron deity.[3]

The name of a deity is often uttered by the sneezer. Dubois [4] says that after sneezing a Hindu never fails to exclaim: "Rama! Rama!" Among the Chitāri caste (painters of the Central Provinces) when a man sneezes he will say "Chhatrapati," which is said to be a name of Devī, but is used only on this occasion. When about to start on an expedition or to begin some new enterprise a sneeze is almost always considered an evil omen.[5]

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[1] See Vol. I, Appendix I, p. 206.

[2] W. Crooke, *Popular Religion and Folk-Lore of Northern India*, vol. i, p. 240.

[3] Thurston, *Ethnographic Notes in Southern India*, 1906, p. 248; ditto, *Omens and Superstitions of Southern India*, 1912, pp. 25, 26.

[4] *Hindu Manners, Customs and Ceremonies*, 3rd edit., by Beauchamp, Oxford, 1906, p. 329 (vol. i, p. 465 of the 1825 Paris edition).

[5] Russell, *Tribes and Castes of the Central Provinces*, vol. ii, p. 435; vol. iii, pp. 401, 564, and vol. iv, p. 362.

The same idea is prevalent in many parts of the world. Thus in describing the Province of Lar (Gujarāt and the northern Konkan) Marco Polo says[1]:

"Moreover, if in going out he hears anyone sneeze, if it seems to him a good omen he will go on, but if the reverse he will sit down on the spot where he is, as long as he thinks that he ought to tarry before going on again."

In Persia[2] to sneeze once when starting on any expedition is an evil omen, apparently whether the traveller himself or anyone else perpetrates the sneeze. Persians in such a case will stare hard at the sun[3] in order to induce a second or third sneeze. If they are unsuccessful in doing this they betake themselves to repeating a certain invocation to Allah, but most Persians will give up the expedition, believing firmly that it can end only in disaster. On the other hand, they believe that if they desire anything ardently and someone sneezes at that moment, then their wish is sure to be granted. The demoniacal influence connected with sneezing is clearly shown by the Persian belief that accidents are often due to someone sneezing at the critical moment; thus Sir Percy Sykes' Persian secretary always attributed a bad accident he had while riding to the fact that someone had sneezed just as he was mounting his horse.

In ancient Persia we read in the *Sad Dar*[4] that on sneezing it is requisite to recite one *Yathā-ahū-vairyō* and one *Ashem-vohū* (formulæ in praise of righteousness), because there is a fiend in our bodies endeavouring to make misfortune and sickness. There is also a fire there too, called a disposition and the sneezing instinct. It is connected with the fiend. "Then, as the fire becomes successful over that fiend, and puts her to flight, a sneeze comes because that fiend comes out. Afterwards, because it is necessary, they recite these inward prayers and perform the benediction of the fire, so that it may remain for a long period while thou art keeping this fiend defeated. When another person hears the sneeze it is likewise requisite for him to utter the said prayers and to accomplish the benediction of that spirit."

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[1] Yule, *The Book of Ser Marco Polo*, 1903, vol. ii, pp. 364, 365.

[2] Ella C. Sykes, "Persian Folk-Lore," *Folk-Lore*, vol. xii, 1901, pp. 266, 267.

[3] *Cf.* the Prometheus myth given on p. 309.

[4] E. W. West, *Sacred Books of the East*, vol. xxiv, pp. 265, 266.

According to Father Tachard[1] the Siamese, "se persuadent que le premier juge des enfers, qu'ils appellent Prayamppaban, a un livre où la vie de chaque homme en particulier est écrite, qu'il le relit continuellement et que, lorsqu'il est arrivé à la page qui contient l'histoire de telle personne, elle ne manque jamais d'éternuer. C'est pour cela, disent-ils, que nous éternuons sur la terre; et de là est venue la coutume qu'ils ont de souhaiter une heureuse et longue vie à tous ceux qui éternuent."

In Islam we find that Mohammed did not object to the custom of blessing the sneezer, as did many of the Christian teachers. Lane[2] tells us that on sneezing a man says: "Praise be to God!" Each person present (servants generally excepted) then says to him: "God have mercy upon you"—to which the former generally replies: "God guide us and guide you."

Moslems believe that when Allah placed the Soul (life?) in Adam, the dry clay became flesh and bone, and the First Man, waking to life,[3] sneezed and ejaculated "Al-ḥamdu li'llāh!"—whereto Gabriel replied: "Allah have mercy upon thee, O Adam!" The reason given for Mohammed's liking sneezing is that he realised that the act was accompanied by lightness of body and openness of pores, and said of it: "If a man sneeze or eructate and say 'Al-ḥamdu li'llāh' he averts seventy diseases, of which the least is leprosy" (Juzām).[4]

Among the Hebrews the benedictions used are: "Your health!" "May you live!" "For life!" "For a happy life!" and "God bless you!" The origin given for this custom is found in the *Pirqe Rabbi Eliezer* (chap. lii.), a fanciful history of creation and the patriarchs selected from the Pentateuch, composed in the eighth or ninth century.

Briefly the account is as follows:—At the creation of the world God made seven wonderful things, one of which was a law that a man should sneeze only once and then die, the sneeze signifying the rendering of the soul to God. Naturally everyone went in fear of the fatal sneeze. Matters remained unchanged till the time of Jacob. He immediately saw the great disadvantages of such a law and, humbling himself before God, begged for a brief space to live after his sneeze so as to put his affairs in order. His wish was granted. Time passed and the day of his death drew nigh. He sneezed and did not die. The world was amazed at this phenomenon, which seemed to be changing the law of nature. Accordingly the princes of the earth ordained that in future when anyone sneezed he should immediately be wished "Long life," in the hope that the favour would be further extended.[1]

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[1] *Voyage de Siam des Pères Jésuites envoyés par le Roy aux Indes et à la Chine*, Amsterdam, 1688, p. 287, quoted by Saintyves (p. 29, see below).

[2] *Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians*, 5th edit., 1860, p. 205.

[3] *Cf.* Elisha raising the dead child to life (2 Kings iv, 35), "and the child sneezed seven times, and the child opened his eyes."

[4] R. F. Burton, *Nights*, vol. ix, p. 220n^1.

The Jews also believed in a pseudo-Greek myth told about Prometheus. Roughly the story is as follows [2] :—

When Prometheus had put the finishing touches to his clay figure he wished to give it life. To achieve this he had need of aid from heaven. He made a journey to the sky, conducted by Minerva. Having traversed various planets, where he collected certain influences which he deemed necessary for his object, he arrived at the sun. Then, and long before, this planet was regarded as the soul of the world, as the author of life and as the father of nature. He approached this sphere under the mantle of his patroness with a bottle of crystal. He quickly filled this with a portion of the sun's rays, and having hermetically sealed it he descended to his work. Without losing a moment he held his bottle to the nose of the statue, opened it and the rays of the sun, having lost none of their potency, entered by the respiratory organs into the spongy tissues with such speed that it produced the same effect as it does to-day when we look at the sun. It made the statue sneeze, after which it animated the whole figure. Prometheus, charmed with his success, began to pray ; he prayed for the work of his hands and for its preservation ; his pupil heard this and remembered it all. First impressions have a deep and lasting effect. During the rest of his life he repeated these same wishes on similar occasions, and this custom has descended from father to son to this day.

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[1] See R. Means-Lawrence, *The Magic of the Horseshoe*, London, 1898, p. 227, and P. Saintyves, *L'Éternuement et le Bâillement dans la Magie, l'Ethnographie et le Folklore Médical*, Paris, 1921, p. 32.

[2] Henri Morin, "Sur les souhaits en faveur de ceux qui éternuent," *Mem. de l'Acad. des Ins.*, 1746, vol. iv, pp. 326, 327, reproduced in Leber, *Collection des meilleures Dissertations*, Paris, 1838, vol. viii, pp. 372-374 (quoted by Saintyves, *op. cit.*, p. 33).

The variants of this tale are many and need not be detailed here.

With the Greeks sneezing was usually looked upon as a good omen and of heavenly origin.[1] Thus in Theocritus (vii, 96; Bohn trans., p. 42) we read: "On Simichidas indeed the Loves have sneezed." Again, in Idyll xviii, 16, it is said of Menelaus, the lucky bridegroom: "Blest husband, some lucky person sneezed on thee, as thou wentest to Sparta, that thou mightest accomplish thine object." Homer[2] makes Penelope say: "My son has sneezed a blessing on all my words." The usual saluation was *ζῆθι, Ζεῦ σῶσον*! While Xenophon was addressing the assembly of the Ten Thousand someone sneezed, and the men immediately paid homage to Zeus, whereupon Xenophon continued: "Since, O soldiers, while we were discussing means of escape, an omen from Zeus the Preserver has manifested itself . . ."[3]

According to Abbott[4] the formula of salutation in Macedonia to-day varies according to the occasion, the act of sneezing being interpreted in three different ways:

First, sneezing is regarded as a confirmation of what the person speaking has just said. In that case he interrupts himself in order to address the sneezer as follows: "Health be to thee, for [thou hast proved that] I am speaking the truth!" (*Γειά σου κη ἀλήθεια λέγω*).

Secondly, it is taken as a sign that absent enemies are speaking ill of the sneezer, and the bystanders express the pious wish that those individuals, whoever they be, "may split" (*νὰ σκάσουν*).

Thirdly, it is considered as an indication of health, especially if the sneezer is just recovering from an illness. The formula appropriate in this instance is, "Health to thee, and joy to thee!" (*Γειά του καὶ χαρά σου*), to which some, facetiously inclined, add by way of a crowning happiness—"and may thy mother-in-law burst!" (*καὶ νὰ σκάσ᾽ ἡπεθερά σου*).

He shows the salutation after sneezing to be common amongst the Turks, as well as among savage tribes in many parts of the world.

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[1] Arist., *Probl.*, xxxviii, 7.

[2] *Odyssey*, xvii, 541.

[3] Xenophon, *Anab.*, III, ii, 9.

[4] G. F. Abbott, *Macedonian Folk-Lore*, Cambridge, 1903, pp. 113-116.

The Roman salutation was "Salve!"[1] and sneezing was considered auspicious. Thus in Catullus[2] we read: "When he said this, Love, who had looked upon him before from the left, now sneezed approvingly from the right." Likewise in Propertius[3]: "In thy new-born days, my life, did golden love sneeze, loud and clear, a favouring omen?"

In early Christian times the sign of the cross was made at a sneeze, thus ensuring protection against any evil influences which might be at work. Later, however, the pagan origin of such beliefs was condemned, and St Augustine declared that any attention paid to sneezing was not only sacrilegious, but ridiculous.

The custom of saying "God bless you!" after sneezing received fresh impetus during the plague at Rome in 589-590. As is the case with many other diseases, the plague started with sneezing, whereupon anyone who heard it would flee, calling out "God bless you!" or "God help you!" The same applies to the plagues at Florence (1340-1349); France and England (1361-1362); and the Plague of London in 1664-1666.

The formulæ used in different parts of Europe are all very similar—*e.g.* "Helfiu Got!" "Christ in helfe!" "Got helfe dir!" "Deus te adjuvet!" "Gesundheit!" "God bless you!" "Bless you!" "Felicità!" etc.[4]

As is only to be expected, in many parts of Europe the peasants have invented tales to account for the custom. It will suffice here to give a translation of one current in Picardy.[5]

Near the road of Englebelmer (Somme) there lived long ago a man who passed every night in sneezing continually. At any hour at which one might pass in this neighbourhood one heard nothing but "Atchi! Atchi!" repeated without ceasing, until passers-by would merely comment: "It is the sneezer." Several times the young men of the neighbouring villages assembled to take him by surprise, but when they arrived on the spot, instead of hearing the usual "Atchi!" they heard nothing at all, and the noise did not start again until they were well on their way home. The man or the goblin took pleasure in making the young peasants run along the long road, and remained inaccessible. Finally everyone grew accustomed to the sneezer, and since he had never harmed anyone they lost their fear of passing along the road and contented themselves with making the sign of the cross on hearing the noise.

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[1] Pliny, *Nat. Hist.*, xxviii, 2; Apuleius, *Golden Ass*, ii, 211.

[2] *Carmina*, xlv.

[3] *Eleg.*, ii, 3, 23.

[4] See J. Grimm, *Teutonic Mythology*, trans. J. S. Stallybrass, London, 1882-1888, vol. iii, p. 1116; vol. iv, p. 1637.

[5] E. H. Carnoy, *Littérature orale de Picardie*, Paris, 1883, pp. 42-44.

One summer moonlight night a peasant was returning from the neighbouring market. Soon he heard the "Atchi!" of the sneezer, but it did not alarm him. Doubtless the goblin had nothing else to do, since it pleased him to follow the peasant about a quarter of a league, with his incessant "Atchi!" At last the peasant cried out, annoyed: "Will you never finish sneezing thus? May God bless you, you and your cold!" He had hardly said these words when a phantom, garbed in a big white robe, appeared before his eyes; it was the sneezer. "Thank you, friend; you have delivered me from great suffering. As a result of my sins God condemned me to wander round this village, sneezing without rest from evening to morning, until a charitable living man should deliver me by saying 'God bless you.' Many years have passed since that time, and for at least five hundred years I have come here, sneezing when I see a traveller. No one has said to me, 'God bless you.' Happily, this evening I had the good idea of following you, and you have delivered me for all time. Once again, thank you and good-bye." The ghost disappeared at once, and the man reached Englebelmer, while the sneezer, freed from his misery, doubtless took the road to heaven. From that day onwards the "Atchi!" of the goblin was heard no more.

Before closing this appendix I would add a few sneezing customs from primitive races in different parts of the world.

In Africa salutations of some kind or other are found from Tunis to Zululand, and from Gambia to Somaliland. In his works on the Hausas of North Africa, Tremearne[1] says that after sneezing a man will say "Thanks be to God!" for he considers that by that act one expels some *bori* which has entered without his knowing it. In the *bori* dance, however, the expression is avoided, as it is necessary for the *bori* to enter the dancer's body.

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[1] A. J. N. Tremearne, *The Ban of the Bori* [1914], pp. 79, 288; *Hausa Superstitions and Customs*, 1913, pp. 141, 532.

Among the Bakongo[1] it is, as opposed to the Hausa tribes, considered unlucky for the spirit to depart as it does when one sneezes, so they say "*Sazuka!*" ("Come quickly!") When a baby sneezes the mother calls out: "Come back quickly!"

A newly born Bantu baby is held in the smoke of a slow fire of aromatic woods till it sneezes and coughs, so that the mother may know it is not bewitched.[2]

In West Africa a sneeze of a child is of evil omen; thus in old Calabar[3] the mother says: "*Nsa, nsa, fu!*"—["May danger or guilt be] far from you!"

The Zulus approve of sneezing. It shows that the *idhlozhi* (*manes*) are with the sneezer, and accordingly thanks are returned. If a child sneezes people say "Grow!" as it is a sign of health. Christian Zulus say: "Preserve, look upon me!" or "Creator of Heaven and Earth!"[4]

Among the Indonesians[5] (*i.e.* the non-Malays of the Eastern Archipelago) sneezing denotes that the "soul-substance," or the vital force animating nature during life on this earth, is leaving or returning to the body. If a child sneezes the mother utters a prayer lest a spirit take away the "soul-substance" which has now been removed from the child. If a sick man sneezes it is good luck, because it shows the return of the "soul-substance." For the ordinary adult sneezing is a sign either that friends are thinking of them, or that enemies want to harm their "soul-substance." In order, however, to be on the safe side, it is usual to utter imprecations.

Among the Melanesians and Polynesians when a man sneezed they thought that someone had spoken his name. If he wished to sneeze and could not do so, he thought that someone meant to call him, but was unable to do so. If a man was sick and sneezed they said at once: "Oh, he will live. The spirit [*niono*] has returned to him."

The New Britain people say "*Lalaun!*" ("May you live!").

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[1] John H. Weeks, *Among the Primitive Bakongo*, 1914, p. 277; *Folk-Lore*, vol. xx, 1909, p. 59.

[2] M. L. Hewat, quoted in *Folk-Lore*, vol. xvii, 1906, p. 250.

[3] R. F. Burton, *Wit and Wisdom from West Africa*, 1865, p. 373.

[4] H. Callaway, *The Religious System of the Amazulu*, p. 222 *et seq.* Natal, 1870.

[5] J. G. Frazer, "Indonesians," Hastings' *Ency. Rel. Eth.*, vol. vii, p. 236.

The Samoans say "*Soifua!*" ("May you live!") and the answer given by the person who sneezes is "*ola*," the common word for life.

The Fijians say "*Bula!*" ("May you live!") and the answer given is "*Mole!*" ("Thanks").[1]

In British New Guinea we find, once again, that sneezing is a sign that the soul is returning to the body, and if a man does not sneeze for many weeks together his friends look on it as a grave symptom. His soul, they imagine, must be a very long way off.[2]

The Hervey Islanders have the same beliefs, and in Rarotonga when a person sneezes the bystanders exclaim, as though addressing his spirit: "Ha, you have come back!"[3]

Macculloch[4] remarks that, in connection with the idea that the soul is entering or leaving the body at sneezing, it is noticeable that some savages believe that it may find an exit by the nose, just as it does by the mouth. Hence the nostrils of a dead or dying man are sometimes held or closed (along with the mouth) to keep his soul in, either to benefit the man or to prevent its issuing forth and carrying off the souls of others.[5] In Celebes fish-hooks are attached to a sick man's nose to catch the issuing soul.[6] Eskimo mourners, or those who prepare the body for burial, plug the nostrils, lest the soul should find an exit and follow the dead.[7] Instances of a savage sleeping with nose and mouth covered to prevent the soul leaving are known. Again, as the breath from the mouth may contaminate sacred objects, so also may the breath from the nose. Hence both are covered in certain rites.

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[1] George Brown, *Melanesians and Polynesians*, 1910, p. 240.

[2] J. G. Frazer, *The Belief in Immortality*, vol. i, 1913, p. 194, quoting C. G. Seligmann, *The Melanesians of British New Guinea*, pp. 189-191.

[3] W. W. Gill, *Myths and Songs from the South Pacific*, p. 177.

[4] See his article "Nose," Hastings' *Ency. Rel. Eth.*, vol. ix, pp. 398, 399, to which I am indebted for several useful references.

[5] E. Modigliani, *Un viaggio a Nias*, Milan, 1890, p. 283; M. Radriguet, *Les derniers Sauvages*, Paris, 1882, p. 245 (Marquesans); *Annales de la Prop. de la Foi*, xxxii [1860], 439 (New Caledonians); A. d'Orbigny, *L'Homme Américain*, Strassburg, 1840, ii, 241, 257 (Itonamas, Cayuvavas).

[6] Frazer, *Golden Bough*, vol. iii, p. 30.

[7] *Bulletin of American Museum of Nat. Hist.*, xv [1901], part i, 144; *Rpts. Bur. Ethn.*, Washington (6) [1888], p. 613 *et seq.*; *Rpts. Bur. Ethn.*, Washington (9) [1892], p. 425.

Apart from references already given, the following are worthy of attention :—

Charles Brisard, *L'Éternuement*, Lyon [1896]; Cabanès, "Dieu vous bénisse!—Origine d'un dicton," *Mœurs intimes du passé*, 1st series, Paris [1898]; J. Knott, "Origin of the Custom of Salutation after Sneezing," *St Louis Medical Review*, 1906, vol. liv, pp. 382-384; R. G. Haliburton, *New Materials for the History of Man*, Halifax, Nova Scotia, 1863. (The article on sneezing contained in the latter reference originally appeared in the *Nova Scotia Inst. Nat. Sci.*, 4th May 1863.)

R. E. Enthoven gives interesting details of sneezing superstitions in the Bombay Presidency in his *Folklore of Bombay*, pp. 332-335, 1924.

APPENDIX II

APPENDIX II

INDIAN EUNUCHS

In order to discover the different methods of castration employed on the human male in the East from the earliest times, it is necessary to examine the etymology of the words used to express the state itself and the means by which the subject is reduced to that state.

The method of crushing (mentioned in the *Atharva-Veda*, VI, cxxxviii, 2) is apparent in such words as—Latin, *capo*, " capon," from Greek, *κόπτω*, " strike "; Greek, *θλαθίας*, *θλιβίας*, " eunuch," from *θλάω*, " crush "; and Sanskrit, *vadhri*, " *eunuch*," from Sanskrit, *vadh*, " strike."

Cutting is shown in—Latin, *castro*, " castrate," from root *kes*, Sanskrit, *śas*, " cut "; Greek, *τομίας*, " eunuch," from *τέμνω*, " cut "; and Sanskrit, *niraṣṭa*, " castrated," from *aśri*, " edge " or " knife."

Finally, the operation of dragging appears to be implied in such words as—Greek, *σπάδων*, " eunuch," from *σπάω*, " drag."

There still remains the Greek *εὐνοῦχος*, from which the best-known English term " eunuch " is derived. The old etymology by which the word means " one who is warder of the bed," from *εὐνή* and *ἔχειν*, cannot now be accepted.

Jensen (*Zeit. f. Assyr.*, i, 20) regards *εὐνοῦχος* as a loan-word from the Semitic, the Hebrew being borrowed from the Assyrian *ša rêši* (*rîši*), " he who is the head *or* chief." Campbell Thompson tells me, however, that he has recently come across a word for " eunuch " in cuneiform (*Cun. Texts*, xxiii, 10), *šu-ut ri-e-ši* (*ea alidi*), " one who does not beget," which certainly conveys what *we* mean by " eunuch."

For fuller details on the etymological side of the subject see Schrader, *Reallex. der indogerm. Altertumskunde*, Strassburg, 1901, p. 919; Hirt, *Indogermanen*, Strassburg, 1905-1907, pp. 291, 658; and Louis H. Gray, " Eunuch," Hastings' *Ency. Rel. Eth.*, vol. v, p. 579.

The derivations of the terms connected with castration clearly show their Oriental origin, but where in the East the practice actually started is unknown, although Mesopotamia is usually considered to have been its first home. It was known in Assyria, Israel, Ethiopia, Egypt, Persia, India, China, Greece and Rome. (See the list of references at the end of this appendix.)

In ancient India the social status of the eunuch was of the very lowest. Thus we read in the *Mahābhārata* (VIII, xlv, 25):

"Mlechchhas [barbarians, non-Aryans] are the dirt of humanity; oil-men are the dirt of Mlechchhas; eunuchs are the dirt of oil-men; and they who appoint Kshatriyas as priests in their sacrifices are the dirt of eunuchs."

The following references to eunuchs are taken from the article by Gray (*op. cit.*, pp. 582-583).

A eunuch, or "long-haired man," is neither man nor woman (*Śatapatha Brāhmaṇa*, V, i, 2, 14; IV, 1, 1*f.*; XII, vii, 2, 12; cf. *Mahābhārata*, v, clx, 115; and the references given by Bloomfield, *Sacred Books of the East*, xlii, 538 *et seq.*), and there is reason to believe that they ministered to unnatural sensuality (R. Schmidt, *Beiträge zur indischen Erotik*, Leipzig, 1902, p. 211). They could not inherit property (*Āpastamba Dharma Śāstra*, II, vi, 14, 1; *Gautama D. Ś.*, xxviii, 43; *Vāsishṭha D. Ś.*, xvii, 53 *et seq.*), and were to be maintained by the king, who was to take what would have been their inheritance if they had been normal men (*Vāsishṭha D. Ś.*, xix, 35 *et seq.*). They were excluded from the *śrāddha*, or sacrifice to the *manes* (Manu, iii, 165), of which they were unworthy (*ib.*, iii, 150), even as they were unfit for the ordeal by sacred libation (*Nārada D. Ś.*, i, 332). No Brāhman might eat of a sacrifice performed by eunuchs (Manu, iv, 205 *et seq.*), nor might he consume any food prepared by them (*ib.*, iv, 211; *Vāsishṭha D. Ś.*, xiv, 2; *Āpastamba D. Ś.*, I, vi, 18, 27; 19, 15), nor accept alms offered by them (*Vāsishṭha D. Ś.*, xiv, 19). They were forbidden to serve as witnesses (*Nārada D. Ś.*, i, 179) and were deemed incapable of keeping a secret (*Milindapañhā*, IV, i, 6). In contempt for their effeminacy they might not be struck in battle (Manu, vii, 19), a special penalty being imposed for killing them (*ib.*, xi, 134; *Gautama D. Ś.*, xxii, 23). Being sterile, and so essentially ill-omened, the very sight of them was defiling (Manu, iii, 239 *et seq.*), and they were forbidden to be near the king during his consultations (*Mahābhārata*, xii, lxxxiii, 55), while the neat-herd Gañjā laments (Temple, *Legends of the Panjāb*, Bombay, 1884-1900, ii, 396): " When I was in my mother's womb eunuchs danced at the door; and so I am lame, and have no hair on my head."

A eunuch might not be converted (*Milindapañhā*, IV, vii, 53), nor might he be ordained (*Mahāvagga*, i, 61), and a *bhikkhu* was forbidden to castrate himself (*Chullavagga*, v, 7). Eunuchs were permitted to marry (Manu, ix, 79, 204). Dancers, who are of low caste in India, were castrated (*Mahābhārata*, iii, xlvi, 50), and the dancing of eunuchs is already referred to in *Atharva-Veda*, viii, vi, 11. In the *purushamedha*, or human sacrifice of the Vedic period, a eunuch was the victim offered to Misfortune [Pāpman] and —in this case the victim being neither of Brāhman nor of Śūdra caste—to Prajāpati (*Vājasaneya Saṃh.*, xxx, 5, 22).

In modern India, although dwindling in numbers, there still exist classes of eunuchs forming separate communities. The most widely known name under which they go is Hijra or Hījdā, but numerous other names are found in different parts of India. Thus in the North-West Provinces they are also known as Mukhannas; in the Bombay Presidency as Pavayās or Fātadās; in the Central Provinces as Khasua; and in Madras as Khōja. In some states where two distinct names are in use it has been suggested that one of them applies to natural and the other to artificially created eunuchs, but such a division seems arbitrary to a great extent. For instance, in Saugor it is said that the Hijras are artificial eunuchs, while in Madras it is they who are the natural ones. The point is, however, not an important one.

The origin of the eunuch class in India is wrapped up in legend, as is the case with so many tribes and castes. In Gujarāt tradition has it that they are the castrated votaries of the goddess Bouchera, Behechrā, or Bahucharā, who was a sister of Devī. She is supposed to be the spirit of a martyred Chāran or Bhāt woman. Some Chāran women were once travelling from Sulkhanpūr to a neighbouring village when they were attacked and plundered by Kolis. One of the women, whose name was Bahucharā, snatched a sword from a boy who attended her and with it cut off both her breasts. She immediately perished and her two sisters committed suicide.

All three became Devīs and were worshipped in different places.

Bahucharā was chiefly venerated at Chunvāl, and as she became deified through self-mutilation, so her votaries emasculate themselves, and by wearing female clothes and adopting feminine manners try to make themselves as near as they can to their goddess, not only in dress, but also sexually.

For a short account of the Pavayā eunuchs see A. K. Forbes, *Rās Mālā* (new edition by Rawlinson, 1924), vol. ii, pp. 95-99.

We get further details of the origin and initiation rites of the Pavayās in Enthoven's *Tribes and Castes of Bombay*, vol. iii, 1922, p. 226 *et seq.* (largely taken from the *Bombay Gazetteer*, vol. ix, pt. i, pp. 506-507).

In Ahmedābād, Panch Mahāls, Kāthiāwār, Cutch and Khāndesh the Pavayā caste is found in small numbers. They are recruited from both Hindus and Musalmāns, who consider themselves the creatures, or rather the temples or houses, of the goddess Bahucharājī. Except that they do not dine together, Pavayās from Hindu and Musalmān families bear a close resemblance. According to their traditions a king of Champaner named Bāria was unhappy because he had no son. He was a devout worshipper of the goddess Bahucharājī, and through her favour a son was born to him and named Jeto. This Jeto was born impotent, and Bāria, out of respect to the goddess through whose favour the son was obtained, set him apart for her service. Bahucharājī appeared to Jeto in a dream and told him to cut off his private parts and dress himself as a woman. Jeto obeyed the goddess, and this practice has since been followed by all who join the caste.

Impotence is an indispensable qualification for admission into the caste. When an impotent man desires to be admitted he applies to one of the Pavayās, who breathes into his right ear, bores both ears with the point of a needle, and administers to him a solemn oath never to steal and never to act as a procurator to any woman. The novice is then admitted on probation. He eats coarse sugar, puts on women's clothes, receives a new name, generally ending in "de," such as Dhanade, Jhinide, Ladude and Khimde. The probationary period lasts from six to twelve months, during which the conduct of the novice is carefully watched and the fact of his impotence thoroughly tested. When impotence is established the next ceremony is emasculation. For this purpose the novice bathes, dresses himself in clean clothes and worships the image of the goddess. He prays to her to grant a propitious day for the operation. It is believed that if the operation is performed on a day approved by the goddess the result is seldom fatal. Behind a screen set up for the purpose the cutting is performed with a razor by the person himself, without any assistance. This is held to correspond to a birth-ceremony, which makes the patient a member of the caste. After the operation the patient lies for three days on a cot on his back without moving. During that time thirty pounds of sesame oil is continuously poured on the parts affected. For ten days more, or till the wound is healed, it is washed with a decoction of the *bor* (*Zizyphus jujuba*) and *bābul* (*Acacia arabica*) bark. On the sixth day after the operation coarse flour mixed with molasses and clarified butter is distributed among the caste people. The patient remains screened for forty days, during which he eats light food. Clarified butter is his chief nourishment, and he is forbidden the use of red pepper, oil and asafœtida.

In 1880 the Gāikwār of Baroda forbade castration in his state, to the great sorrow of the Pavayās, who say that by thus remaining in their natural condition they displease the goddess, and that during seven lives they will remain impotent as a punishment for failing to sacrifice the useless member.

The Pavayās keep images of Bahucharājī in their homes and worship them daily, and when on begging tours are careful to visit her shrines in the Chunvāl. They keep both Hindu and Musalmān holidays.

They bury their dead. After death the body is washed and laid on a cot covered with a sheet and perfumed. The body is shrouded in a clean coverlet for burial. As they are neither males nor females they do not touch the coffin, which is carried, and the burying performed, by Musalmāns, the companions of the dead standing by mourning. On the *dasa* or tenth day and on the *chālisa* or fortieth day after a death the dearest companion of the deceased is bound, on pain of expulsion, to feed the caste-people and the Musalmān bier-bearers. A tomb is raised over the dead.

Pavayās live as beggars, singing the praise of their patron goddess Bahucharājī. In begging they stand in front of some villager, clap their hands and offer the usual blessing: "May mother Bahucharajī do you and your children good," or "Ado Bhavāni"—that is, "Rise, goddess Bhavāni." If anyone fails to give them alms they abuse him, and if abuse fails they strip themselves naked, a result which is greatly dreaded, as it is believed to bring dire calamity. They beg in bands on certain beats and receive fixed yearly dues in kind or in cash from shopkeepers, carpenters, tailors, shoemakers, goldsmiths, Lohārs, etc. They also receive fees from every Kunbi on the birth of a son, and in most parts of Gujarāt when a son is born to a barren woman, or to a woman who has had no male issue, Pavayās are called in and made to dance in front of the house.

In the *Bombay Gazetteer*, vol. ix, 1899, pt. ii, pp. 21-22, we get a rather different and more detailed account of the initiation ceremony.

It takes place at the temple of the goddess Behechrā, about sixty miles north-east of Aḥmedābād, in the village of Sulkhanpūr, where the neophyte repairs under the guardianship or adoption of some older member of the brotherhood. The lad is called the daughter of the old Hījdā, his guardian. The emasculation takes place under the direction of the chief Hījdā priest of Behechrā. The rites are secret. It is said that the operation and initiation are held in a house with closed doors, where all the Hījdās meet in holiday dress. The fireplace is cleaned and the fire is lighted to cook a special dish of fried pastry called *talaṇ*. While the oil in which the pastry is to be fried is boiling, some of the fraternity, after having bathed the neophyte, dress him in red female attire, deck him with flower-garlands, and, seating him on a stool in the middle of the room, sing to the accompaniment of a *dhol* or small drum and small copper cymbals. Others prepare the operating-room. In the centre of this room soft ashes are spread on the floor and piled in a heap. The operator approaches chewing betel-leaf. The hands and legs of the neophyte are firmly held by some one of the fraternity, and the operator, carelessly standing near with an unconcerned air, when he finds the attention of his patient otherwise occupied, with great dexterity and with one stroke completely cuts off the entire genital organs. He spits betel nut and leaf juice on the wound and stanches the bleeding with a handful of *bābul* (*Acacia arabica*) ashes. The operation is dangerous and is not uncommonly fatal.

Some North Gujarāt Hījdās, though they hold themselves devotees of Behechrā, neither suffer emasculation nor wear women's dress. They affect only the mincing talk and manners of lewd women. They marry and beget children, and are Hījdās only in name. They also perform plays at the birth of sons among the poorer Musalmāns. Hījdās of the play-acting class are to be found in and about Ahmedābād. As a class Gujarāt Hījdās enjoying independent means of livelihood have not to engage in sodomy to any active extent. As votaries of Behechrā they hold fields and lands, and rights on lands awarded to them from of old by native chiefs, village communities and private persons. They have rights on communities also, receiving yearly payments from them. Woe betide the wight who opposes the demands of a Hījdā! The whole rank and file of the local fraternity besiege his house with indecent clamour and gesture.

A few extra details will be found in Russell, *Tribes and Castes of the Central Provinces*, vol. iii, pp. 206-209; Crooke, *Tribes and Castes of the North-Western Provinces and Oudh*, vol. ii, p. 495; and H. Ebden, "A Few Notes, with reference to 'The Eunuchs' to be found in the large Households of the State of Rajpootana," *The Indian Annals of Medical Science*, April 1856, No. vi, p. 520 *et seq.*

In Southern India the eunuch caste is practically non-existent, and even in 1870 the numbers were only small.

There is an interesting article by J. Shortt on the "Kojahs [*sic*] of Southern India" in the *Journ. Anth. Inst.*, vol. ii, 1873, pp. 402-407. It was largely used by Thurston in his "Khōja" article, *Castes and Tribes of Southern India*, vol. iii, p. 288 *et seq.*, the medical details being, however, mostly omitted.

A few extracts from Shortt's article will serve as an interesting comparison to the description already given in this appendix:

"The true Kojahs, or eunuchs, are chiefly seen in the houses of wealthy Mussulman nobles, by whom they are placed at the head of their zenanas or harems. Sometimes they hold important charges with a considerable amount of general control. The ladies of the harem look upon them as their confidential advisers in all matters relating to their personal concerns, whilst to them is left the entire management, arrangement, and supplies, etc., of the interior. In fact, all that concerns the female apartment is confided to their care."

The description of the initiatory rites is very similar to that practised in Gujarāt, but we get fresh details of their clothing and behaviour:

"The hair of the head is put up like women, well oiled, combed, and thrown back, tied into a knot, and shelved to the left side, sometimes plaited, ornamented, and allowed to hang down the back; the whiskers, moustache and beard closely shaven. They wear the *cholee* or short jacket, the *saree* or petticoat, with an apron or scarf which they wrap around the shoulders and waist, and put on an abundance of nose, ear, finger and toe rings. They cultivate singing, play the *dhole*, a country drum of an oblong shape, and attitudinize. They go about the bazaars in groups of half-a-dozen or more, singing songs with the hope of receiving a trifle. They are not only persistent but impudent beggars, rude and vulgar in the extreme, singing filthy, obscene, and abusive songs to compel the bazaarmen to give them something. Should they not succeed they would create a fire and throw in a lot of chillies, the suffocating and irritative smoke producing violent coughing, etc., so that the bazaarmen are compelled to yield to their importunity and give them a trifle to get rid of their annoyance, as they are not only unable to retain their seats in the bazaars, but customers are prevented from coming to them in consequence. With the *douceur* they get they will move off to the next bazaar to resume the trick. While such were the pursuits in the day, at nightfall they resorted to debauchery and low practices by hiring themselves out to a dissipated set of Moslems, who are in the habit of resorting to these people for the purpose, whilst they intoxicate themselves with a preparation termed *majoon*, being a confection of opium and a kind of drink termed *boja*, a species of country beer manufactured from *raji*, which also contains bang; in addition to this they smoke bang. The Higras are met with in most of the towns of southern India, more especially where a large proportion of Mussulmans is found."

In Vol. I, p. 255 *et seq.*, we read some account of the dedication of *basivis*, who through their dedication to a deity assume masculine privileges. There is one goddess, Huligamma, to whom are dedicated not only *basivis*, but also men who are born as eunuchs or are in some way malformed. They dress exactly as women and might easily be mistaken for women. Fawcett (*Journ. Anth. Soc. Bomb.*, 1890-1892, p. 343), writing in 1891, says that numbers of them may be seen at the goddess' temple on the left bank of the Tungabhadra river, Raichur, in the Nizam's territory. They carry on the head a circular basket, in the centre of which is a kind of *kalisam*, representing the goddess, and hung about it and in it are various feminine ornaments and toilet gear.

Men who believe themselves temporarily or permanently impotent, as a form of vow assume female attire in the name of the goddess in the hope of restoration of virile power, and in many cases, as is only natural, this manifests itself sooner or later.

After reading the above account of Indian eunuchs the reader will at once be struck with the similarity to the Galli, the eunuch priests of Artemis of Ephesus and the Syrian Astarte of Hierapolis.

They too attempted to make themselves as much like their goddess as they could. The account given by Lucian (*De Dea Syria*, 50, 51) is very curious.

"On certain days," says Lucian, "a multitude flocks into the temple, and the Galli in great numbers, sacred as they are, perform the ceremonies of the men and gash their arms and turn their backs to be lashed. Many bystanders play on the pipes the while many beat drums; others sing divine and sacred songs. All this performance takes place outside the temple, and those engaged in the ceremony enter not into the temple.

"During these days they are made Galli. As the Galli sing and celebrate their orgies, frenzy falls on many of them, and many who had come as mere spectators afterwards are found to have committed the great act. I will narrate what they do. Any young man who has resolved on this action strips off his clothes, and with a loud shout bursts into the midst of the crowd, and picks up a sword from a number of swords which I suppose have been kept ready for many years for this purpose. He takes it and castrates himself and then runs wild through the city, bearing in his hands what he has cut off. He casts it into any house at will, and from this house he receives women's raiment and ornaments. Thus they act during their ceremonies of castration." (See Strong and Garstang's *The Syrian Goddess*, 1913, pp. 84-85, and Frazer, *Golden Bough*, vol. v, p. 269 *et seq.*)

Louis Gray (*op. cit.*, p. 582) gives the various theories as to the explanation of the self-mutilation of Attis, but considers that the only one which seems to fit the facts is that of Farnell, *Cult of the Greek States*, vol. iii, p. 300 *et seq.*:

"Even the self-mutilation necessary for the attainment of the status of the eunuch-priest may have arisen from the ecstatic craving to assimilate oneself to the goddess and to charge oneself with her power, the female dress being therefore assumed to complete the transformation."

Although space will not permit my discussing the amazing history of Chinese and African eunuchs, I herewith append a bibliography on the subject which may be of use to those wishing to pursue it further.

General.—[Ancillon, C.] *Traité des Euneuques, dans lequel on explique toutes les différentes sortes d'euneuques*, etc., 1707; P[ierre] P[ierrugues], *Glossarium Eroticum Linguæ Latinæ*, Parisiis, 1826, under "Eunuchus," etc., pp. 198-201; "Outidanos" [Sir R. F. Burton] and "Neaniskos" [L. S. Smithers], *Priapeia*, 1890, pp. 16, 54; R. F. Burton, *Thousand Nights and a Night*, vol. i, pp. 132n^5, 283n^2; vol. ii, p. 50n^3; vol. v, p. 46n^1; Supp., vol. i, pp. 70n^1, 71*n*, 72*n*; E. B. Tylor, "Eunuch," *Ency. Brit.*, vol. ix, p. 890; Havelock Ellis, *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*, vol. ii, pp. 327-328; vol. iii, pp. 9-10, 237-238; vol. v, pp. 183-184; vol. vi, pp. 612-614; Remondino, *History of Circumcision*, 1891, pp. 82-104; Westermarck, *Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas*, vol. ii, pp. 408, 414, 488n^6; Frazer, *Golden Bough*, vol. i, p. 38; vol. ii, pp. 144-145; vol. v, pp. 206, 269, 270n^2, 278, 283; vol. vi, pp. 258, 272; vol. x, p. 430; H. H. Ploss, *Das Kind*, Leipzig, 1884, vol. i, p. 340; vol. ii, p. 418; C. Rieger, *Kastration in rechtlicher, socialer und vitaler Hinsicht*, Jena, 1911; P. J. Möbius, *Über die Wirkungen der Kastration*, Halle, 1903.

Classical.—Herodotus, iii, 48; viii, 105; Xenophon, *Cyrop.*, VII, v, 60-65; Martial. iii, 24, 58, 81; vi, 2, 67; xi, 81; Juvenal, i, 22; vi, 365-366; Seneca, *De Matrimonio*, ed. Hase, p. 429; Ammianus Marcellinus, XIV, vi, 17.

Biblical.—Deut. xxiii, 1; 2 Kings ix, 32; xx, 18;

Isaiah lvi, 3; xxxix, 7; Jerem. lii, 25; xxix, 2; Dan. i, 3; Matt. xix, 12; Acts viii, 27.

Various.—Assyria: Jensen, *Zeitschrift für Assyriologie*, vol. xxiv, 1910, p. 109*n*[1]; Klauber, "Assyr. Beamtentum," *Leipziger sem. Studien*, vol. v, 3, 1910, p. 117. Persia: Brisson, *De Regio Persarum Principatu*, ed. Lederlin, Strassburg, 1710. Egypt: Rawlinson, *History of Ancient Egypt*, 1881, chap. xxii; A. von Kremer, *Ægypten*, 1863, vol. ii, pp. 87-89; Quatremère, *Hist. des sultans mamlouks de l'Egypte*, Paris, 1837, vol. i, 2, p. 132. Rome: Gibbon, chaps. vii, xix, xxxii, xxxiii. China: Yule and Cordier, *The Book of Ser Marco Polo*, vol. ii, pp. 115-116; ditto, *Cathay and the Way Thither*, vol. iv, p. 82; Dames, *Book of Duarte Barbosa*, vol. ii, p. 147; Stent, "Chinese Eunuchs," *Journ. North China Branch Roy. As. Soc.*, N.S., xi, 1877, pp. 143-184; J. J. Matignon, *Superstition, Crime, et Misère en Chine*, "Les Eunuques du Palais Impérial de Pékin," 1901; "Eunuchs of the Imperial Palace," *T'u Shu Chi Ch'êng* (*The Chinese Encyclopædia*), x, 121-140; Muslim: Muradja d'Ohsson, *Tableau gén. de l'Empire othoman*, Paris, 1820, iii, 302-304; C. Snouck Hurgronje, *Mekka*, 1889, vol. ii, p. 24.

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